THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 13, '08 5cts. THE COPY

The Care of Gems

By GEORGE F. KUNZ

DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Wick Fancy Hat Bands

(The band with hooks—all rights reserved)

The new and classy WICK patterns are ready —Swastika and Spear-head raised figures, Uneven Vertical Stripes, Fraternity Ideas. All colors—2 inches wide, 50 cents. Look for the Wick label. Choice of 1600 other distinctive patterns.

Buy of your dealer, or send us 50 cents for each 2-inch or 1½-inch band; 25 cents for each 1¼-inch band.

Fasten with the "little hooks"; never wrinkle, bag, or slip. College and club colors, plaids, stripes and raised figures. Make your own choice, or let us send you one of the latest things, with our book of color combinations.

Dashing Penfield college poster (four feet long, five colors) *free* with each mail order of a dollar or more.

WICK NARROW FABRIC CO.

726-728 MARKET ST. PHILADELPHIA

'Athletic' As comfortable as 'Outing' but with round corners.

'Country Club' 3 Heights Low—No. 1 Medium—No. 2 Higher—No. 3

"Outing"

Three Heights
"Yachting" Low | "Outing" Medium | "Touring" Higher

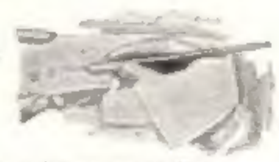
NO Spring & Summer Collar ever designed has ever equaled, for style, the "Outing" collar, originated by us.

Corliss-Coon Collars

Hand Made—Two for a quarter

Don't just ask for a collar.

If you want Better Collars—with style, individuality and long wear; Better Collars than the ordinary machine-made two-for-a-quarter collar—you must be sure that you get *Corliss-Coon Collars.*



"How many trips to the Laundry?"

How to get them.

Your furnisher will supply you. Or we will send you our Style Book on request and you can order by mail.

Corliss, Coon & Company
Department V—Troy, N. Y.

GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor

The **Gem Junior** with the **New Bar** does the hand-work of the barber, tightens the skin and raises the hairs vertically, giving a perfect, close, delightful shave with no scraping. Just lather and shave—that's all.

New frame with Bar sent to present users of the **Gem Junior Safety Razor** on receipt of 25c. No exchanges.

$1.00

Complete with 7 selected blades, frame, shaving and stropping handle, in handsome case.

Separate set of 7 Gem Junior blades 50c

Each Gem Junior blade is absolutely guaranteed to shave better than any other regardless of name or price. Each bears the name. *Beware of imitations.*

A booklet "The Gentle Art of Self Shaving" including a full course in shaving, sent Free.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY

34 Reade Street New York

London E. C.: 95 Aldermanbury
Paris: 24 Rue de Constantinople. Hamburg: Pickenhuben 4

We are the original Modern Safety Razor Makers.

SUMMER "Porosknit" UNDERWEAR

50¢ The GARMENT

ENJOY COOL COMFORT ALL SUMMER

¶ Dress for it—put on the coolest thing in undergarments—*"Porosknit."* Feels just like a veil over the body—open knit texture—featherweight but as wear proof as any underwear you've ever known. A health factor because the pores of the skin are free and *"Porosknit"* lets out the heat and perspiration and lets in the fresh, cooling air. No "sweat-soaken" undergarments to "stick" to the body, but easy-fitting-elastic and in every wise a proper and distinctive underwear. Made in all styles with the *"Porosknit"* label sewed on every garment. Insist on the label—it's there for your protection against counterfeits.

If you can't find *"Porosknit"* at your dealer—write for our booklet "Inside Information."

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, 1 Washington Street AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

Get this Free Book

Telling How One Operator Made $1400.00 IN ONE MONTH Profit

Find out how for 4 years others have made splendid success making "Candy Floss" at Conventions, State Fairs, Race Tracks, Parks, Picnics and Resorts all over the world with "Empire" Candy Floss Machines. Presidential Year is just the time. Only small space needed near any place people meet. No experience necessary—pays for itself in a few days. Write today for book showing what others are doing with

Empire Candy Floss Machines

Start at once. Work only part of time. Quickly makes a little ordinary grocery sugar into **Candy Floss**, filling big packages of most enticing sweetness. Sells on sight. Profits very large. Will pay you to write today for Book 13.

Empire Candy Floss Machine Co.
Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BRASS BAND Instruments THE BEST

Let us send you our big new catalog of 312 pages full of illustrations of Band and Orchestra Instruments. If you want the best you must have a "Lyon & Healy" Cornet—sent anywhere on trial and approval. See our unequaled endorsements of leading players. New bands can also get better and cheaper outfits from us than elsewhere. **Complete Sets for 10 men, $80.** New Champion Cornets, $8.00. Monthly payments may be arranged. **Old Instruments taken in exchange.**

FROM

LYON & HEALY

64 Adams Street, CHICAGO

An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Picnic Time is Near

No other basket like this Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket for outings. Keeps contents cool on hottest days. A piece of ice in the ice compartment lasts 24 hours.

HAWKEYE Refrigerator BASKETS

are built of rattan with lining of rust-proof metal, easy to keep clean. Asbestos and felt packing prevents heat penetrating. Piping around lid makes basket air-tight. All sizes. Strong, hygienic, ideal for light housekeeping. Ask your dealer for Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket. Write us for our free descriptive booklet. Gives dainty recipes.

BURLINGTON BASKET CO.
240 Main St., Burlington, Ia.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, **Chicago Correspondence Schools, 738 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.**

Expert Photo. Finishing Promptly by Mail

Highest Grade Work. Reasonable Prices. Enlargements and Copies a specialty. Splendid Agency Proposition for Ladies or Gentlemen. 2 cts. for particulars.

Robt. P. Johnston, 12 North Main St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

My new catalog No. 21 showing Flags in colors and illustrating every necessity for outfitting

Motor Boats and Yachts

sent Free. Reliable goods, low prices, prompt delivery.
HOPKINS, 119 Chambers Street, New York

PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

HAVE YOU READ OUR VACATION BOOK?

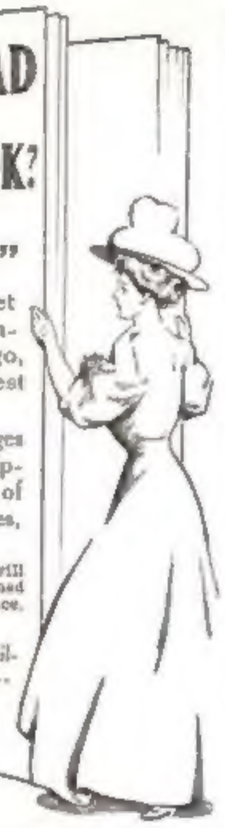
"Mountain and Lake Resorts"

It will tell you how to get the best out of your Summer vacation, where to go, how to go, and the best place to stay.

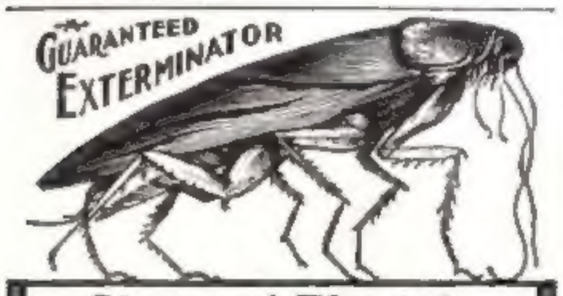
This beautiful book of 112 pages is fully illustrated, gives description of the various resorts, list of hotels, boarding houses, rates, railroad fares, etc.

Send 10c. in stamps and a copy will be mailed to you, or it may be obtained free at any Lackawanna ticket office.

GEORGE A. CULLEN
Gen. Pass. Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, Department 15, 90 West St., New York City



Lackawanna Railroad



Stearns' Electric Rat and Roach Paste

is guaranteed to rid the house, barn or store of cockroaches, rats, mice, water bugs, etc. Sold by druggists or general stores everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price.
2 oz. box, 25c; 16 oz. box, $1.00.
STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE COMPANY
Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.

Genuine Panama Hats $1.00

Rare Bargain in Genuine Panama Straw Hats

Made possible only by our importing them from South America and selling direct to the user. These Hats are warranted Genuine all Hand-woven, unblocked, and can be worn in that condition by Gentlemen, Ladies, Girls and Boys, or can be blocked by purchaser in any shape or style. These Panama Hats are just as serviceable and will wear as long as a $10.00 Panama Hat. The difference is solely in the fineness of weave, these Hats being a little coarser weave than the more expensive kind. Assorted sizes. Weight about 2 oz. each. Sent postpaid, securely packed, on receipt of **$1.00.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Order today. Supply limited.

PANAMA HAT CO., 161 William St., New York City

LEARN BY MAIL TO BE A
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

They earn
$2,500 to $10,000 a year

We fit you to pass the C. P. A. Examination and equip you for practice anywhere. Our instruction is individual—no classes. Course embraces **Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law**—also **Bookkeeping** and **Business Practice.**

Write to-day to Dept. N, mentioning subject that interests you.

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, INC.
27-29 East 23d Street, New York

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced rates on household goods to and from all points on the Pacific Coast. 443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 851 Terminal Building, Boston; 101 Columbia Building, San Francisco; 200 Central Building, Los Angeles.

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC RAM

Pumps day and night. No cost for power—no coal, no steam, no oil, no labor. Write for catalogue A D, and guaranteed estimate. We furnish Caldwell Tanks and Towers.

Niagara Hydraulic Engine Company
140 Nassau St., New York. Factory: Chester, Pa.

100 ENGRAVED WEDDING INVITATIONS $7.00

Each Additional Hundred $2.50. Delivered anywhere in the U. S.—Highest quality, latest styles. Samples on request.
GEO. W. SEXTON, Stationer, 1329-135 State St., Chicago, Ill.

The Editor's Column

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $2.25 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75
Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

When Your Subscription Expires

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. Should you receive a renewal blank after having sent your order for renewal please disregard the notice. We begin to pack the mail bags a week or more before mailing, and your copy may have already been packed. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. Each edition is exhausted almost immediately after publication so that it is impossible for us to begin subscriptions with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. At least two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British Army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bobby Burnit and His Father's Business

¶ The Bobby Burnit series of stories, by George Randolph Chester, impresses us as being the most original set of short stories that has come out this year.

¶ From our readers we hear that they more than compensate for the disappointment that ensued when Mr. Chester's Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford series came to its necessary conclusion.

¶ Wherefore, we take this opportunity to satisfy the curiosity of thousands of our correspondents. Yes, there will be more of the Bobby Burnit stories; four more, to be exact.

¶ The next one, BOBBY'S ILLUMINATION, explains how old John Burnit's son fools with electric lighting politics and electrocutes a lot of genuine money.

¶ In this process Bobby gains some valuable experience that brings him to the fighting point. He has been separated from some large fragments of his father's fortune; now he is going to fight with his own brawn, his own brain and his own resources. And this, we suspect, is what Bobby's father wanted him to learn.

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret.
The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.
The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.
If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample.

If you are a devotee send us a eulogy.

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

NO MONEY DOWN **MEN'S SUITS ON CREDIT** $1.00 A WEEK

Buy Men's Stylish Suits and Topcoats direct from our factory by mail, for

$15 and $18

We require no security, and trust any honest person anywhere in the United States.
We send garments on approval—you don't pay a penny till you get the clothes and find them satisfactory—then pay **$1.00 a week.**
We are twice over the largest Credit Clothiers in the world. We operate 73 stores in the United States, and have over 500,000 customers.

FREE Send today for our line of Stylish Spring and Summer samples, self-measurement blank, tape, and full particulars of our convenient payment plan, all free to you. Commercial rating, $1,000,000.

Menter & Rosenbloom Co.
92 St. Paul Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Our $5,000.00 Challenge

We challenge any mantel in the market to compare or compete with

KING MANTELS

price for price and grade for grade.
We have spent more than $5,000.00 to put a copy of the challenge into the hands of every person interested in mantels.

Are You Interested in Mantels?

Then write for our **Challenge Catalog "De Luxe"** pages, (11 x 14) with supplement "Colonial Beauties." It costs us 50 cents to deliver, but we send it to interested persons only, who state number of mantels needed, and send **12 cents** to pay expense of mailing.
FREE—"Evidence," a book of 72 pages, showing 45 styles of **KING MANTELS** with letters from satisfied buyers. Some in your vicinity. *Write today.*

KING MANTEL CO.
547-549 W. Jackson Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

Learn Merchant Tailor Cutting

Few occupations today offer greater opportunity for advancement and consequent reward than that of cutting men's clothes.
Custom cutters are in demand everywhere. Ordinary cutters receive $1500 to $2000 per year; the best $3000 to $7000.
We are presenting, not only a new plan of instruction, but the **only simple system** of cutting clothes ever devised. We teach from life-size patterns, one lesson at a time, by mail, every detail and principle of a system so simple that any intelligent man can grasp it and, after becoming proficient in the art, can find a lucrative field for his services.
Write for Booklet D—Free.

Rochester Academy of Men's Clothes Cutting, Inc.
Beckley Bldg., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"HOW TO REMEMBER"
Sent Free to Readers of this Publication.

Stop Forgetting

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, inexpensive. Increases income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business details, studies, conversation; develops will, public speaking, personality. Send today for Free Booklet. Address

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 933 Auditorium Bldg., CHICAGO

Ivory Soap is as useful at the seashore as it is at home.

Please remember that.

Please remember also that it is a very easy matter to find room in your trunk for four or five cakes of Ivory Soap; and that the need for it will arise at least a dozen times a day.

The soap which most summer hotels furnish is all right in its way. But it isn't as good as Ivory. Nor can it be used for so many different purposes—for the bath, for the toilet, for shampooing, as well as for cleansing all sorts of things which you may not care to entrust to the hotel laundress.

There is no "free" (uncombined) alkali in Ivory Soap. That is why it will not injure the finest fabric or the most delicate skin.

Ivory Soap . . . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1908, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 180 PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 13, 1908 Number 50

THE BIGNESS OF BIG BILL

By Samuel G. Blythe

THERE are two kinds of fat men—fat men, and men who are fat; or, to make a closer analysis: (*a*) fat men in whom the fat predominates, and (*b*) fat men in whom the man predominates. Fat men of type *a* are of no consequence. You could set up a row of them a block long and blow them over by waving a straw hat at them. They are the chaps who have no shoulders, no chests, no legs—nothing but paunch. Fat men of the other type are big fellows, with broad shoulders, fine chests, sturdy legs and some stomach, men who do not look as if they had swallowed a bass drum, but have their weight evenly distributed over them, albeit there may be a trifle too much about the equator. All the fat men in history have been of this type, and history, it may be remarked in passing, has been made by fat men, and unmade, too, if that side of it should bother any.

At that, fatness is a relative term. The man who weighs one hundred and forty thinks the man who weighs one hundred and eighty is fat, and the man who weighs one hundred and eighty cannot see how the man who totes two hundred and ten pounds can move about. The man who weighs two hundred and ten thinks himself just about right and looks with amazement on the chap who has a burden of two hundred and fifty pounds. So it goes up to the behemoth stage. There are few men who acknowledge themselves to be fat. The other fellow may be fat, but not me. That is the outward and vocable sign of the inward and spirituelle desire. Secretly, every fat man envies every lean man and every lean man envies every fat man.

The whole world is divided into two classes, generally speaking: Thin people who are trying to get fat and fat people who are trying to get thin.

When He Gets Firmly Seated on the Back of a Horse the Only Way the Horse Can Get Him Off is to Fall Down and Roll Over, and Then the Chances are He Wouldn't Get Off

Occasionally there is a philosopher who doesn't give a hoot. That philosopher is always a man. No woman ever was content to be fat, or thin, either, although most of them are one or the other. The lack or abundance of a waist-line is the cause of more secret sorrow than anything in the world, unless it is money; but thin people and fat people can get money—sometimes—and it is mighty hard to upholster a bony frame; harder, indeed, than any other human project except decushioning a padded one. Still, a thin person can worry along in reasonable comfort by handing out commiseratingly to the fat person that good, old one: "Gee, I wish I had thirty pounds of it," while a fat person is rarely honest enough to say: "I wish you had," for fat persons put on bold airs and say they wouldn't be anything but fat, all the time searching for a method that will get them thin, and avoiding weighing machines as if they were pestilential.

Somebody asked the late Thomas B. Reed how heavy he was, and Reed replied: "No gentleman weighs more than two hundred pounds," which shows that Reed had it on his mind, too, for Reed weighed two hundred and fifty, or more. When William H. Taft bulged into this Administration it was quite a bulge. He was the biggest man who had been in a Cabinet since Wilson S. Bissell, of Buffalo, was Postmaster-General under President Cleveland, Mr. Cleveland being somewhat of a heavyweight himself. Mr. Bissell was a real, honest fat man. He was no puny piker weighing only something more than two hundred. He had substance. He filled a victoria nicely, not spreading more than an inch or two over the guards on either side. He had the records until Taft came along. Now, Taft is a real, honest fat man, too. He is fat. That is all there is to it. And he admits it, which shows he is a philosopher. When he first arrived from the Philippines to be Secretary of War, somebody asked him how heavy he was. "No gentleman," Taft replied solemnly, "weighs more than three hundred pounds."

Everybody had laughed, before Taft came, at Secretary Root's joke. Taft had been sick, and they were worried about him. One day he cabled from the Philippines: "Rode twenty miles up the mountain to-day. Feeling fine."

Whereupon, Mr. Root, just to show that while he is not a merry wag, as such, at home, he is a pretty-fair, long-distance, one-sixty-five-a-word cablegram jester, wired back: "How is the horse?"

That is the stock Taft-Root joke. They both enjoy it. The President tells it with gusto. Everybody springs it whenever Mr. Root and Mr. Taft are around and all hands go off into gales of laughter. The only jarring note is the thought that, perhaps, nobody told it to the horse.

However, the Root joke prepared us for a large Secretary of War. That was what we secured. The previous occupant of the job had been Mr. Root, the telegraphic joker. Now, Mr. Root's general style of personal architecture may be described as non-protuberant. He is a straight-up-and-down person, rather willowy than wide. He had been sitting in an ordinary revolving chair, just the same kind of a revolving chair all the other fierce dogs of war in the department sit in. Mr. Taft took the oath of office and tried to sit in the chair. It was like trying to put a mattress in a hatbox. One arm of the chair flew to the right and the other to the left. Mr. Taft spread, not to say exuded, over that chair like a ton of hay in a pony cart.

All business in the War Department was suspended. They brought in two armless chairs and lashed them together. That gave the new Secretary a modicum of seat. Then they made him a new one, made it of oak, buttressed and bolted and balustraded, broad and deep. It was a man's chair, such a one as Gog or Magog might have used, and the little thin chaps in the department used to come around when the Secretary wasn't there and lose themselves in it. You could pack three bureau chiefs in that chair and have room enough left for a reasonably-emaciated private secretary.

Mr. Taft has had a great number of biographers since he became the heir-apparent—he hopes—of this Administration, biographers who have touched lightly on his corpulent characteristics and have contented themselves with saying he is a "large" man. Inasmuch as the world is made up mostly of men who are not well enough nourished to acquire the massive dignity and poise that go with an eighth of a ton, or so, of flesh, and these men are envious and jealous, the term "fat man" has come to be a sort of a reproach, as if a citizen whose vertebræ cannot be seen from the front is a reprehensible character. Every real type *b* fat man looks with amused tolerance on these animadversions. They all know whence they spring. If a fat man is a real fat man he is not ashamed of it. He is proud of it. Still, nobody wants to be *too* fat.

Mr. Root's General Style of Personal Architecture May be Described as Non-Protuberant

When Taft first burst on our view, after he was

made Secretary of War, he certainly could cast a shadow. He was no globular person with a six-and-seven-eighths head, a pair of spindly legs and a circumference of five feet around the waist. He was big everywhere. His head was big enough for his shoulders and his shoulders wide enough for his chest. His chest merged grandly into his stomach without one of those outward abdominal flares observed in the fat men who are only fat in the centre, and his legs were veritable pillars of solid flesh, capable of supporting that huge body and supporting it firmly and forever. To be sure, there were a few chins more than were absolutely necessary, but that was a detail. The ensemble was magnificent.

One of these days, when we get our paternal system of government beyond the message-to-Congress stage, and really doing business, there will be a law passed forbidding any man who measures more than thirty-six inches around the waist to wear a frock coat. Frock coats were designed for thin people. When a fat man puts one on he immediately gives a lifelike imitation of the rear end of a hack. However, custom has decreed that the frock coat and the silk hat must be worn by statesmen on state occasions. That is where custom errs, but the fact remains. Now, Elihu Root can wear a frock coat and get away with it. He can ensconce himself in this futile garment and still seem fit for human companionship. But—and one shudders at the thought—let William Howard Taft put one on, and he looks like a bale of hay without the middle hoop.

All the Fat Men in History Have Been of this Type, and History has Been Made by Fat Men

Circumstances over which he had no control, especially in the early days of his cabinet-eering, threw the tail coat on the massive form of Mr. Taft on many occasions. The tailor had been skillful. He had left folds of cloth in front so there might be a semblance of drape, but the effect could not be gainsaid. When he wrapped himself in one of these ghastly garments Mr. Taft appeared to approximate a ton. He weighed no more, of course, than he did in a suit of white duck, or not much more, at any rate, but the frock coat wreaked its revenge. He looked as if he did.

The consequence was that people who knew him well came around and said: "Bill, you are getting too fat. Better do something for it."

The Only Real Way to Reduce Fat

DO SOMETHING for it! Any living skeleton can hand out advice to a fat man. Do something for it! Those are easy words to say. But—and here is the problem that vexes every fat man, every man who, righteously joyous in his flesh, does not want to get *too* fat—what under the shining sun can a fat man do?

Exercise, says one kind of experts. Excellent! Exercise is a sure cure for fat. You put on sweaters and walk or run day after day, until your feet feel as big as watermelons and as hot as tamales, and your eyes pop out of your head. You play handball and ride horseback and throw the medicine ball and work valorously for weeks. Then you weigh yourself and discover you have taken off twenty pounds. It is great. But business demands some attention and you stop for a time. Whereupon, you attain the twenty pounds you have lost and twenty more. Moreover, when you are exercising you eat more and drink more. I knew a fat man who rode a bicycle all one summer on doctor's orders to reduce his flesh. He went in for century runs and long spins and worked night and day at it. Then, at the end of the summer, he weighed himself and found he had gained thirty pounds. Exercise is all right, if you can exercise all the time, but most people cannot and the rest will not.

Any person who takes drugs to reduce his flesh deserves to have no flesh at all. There isn't a fat man in the world who doesn't know, way down in his heart, that the only way to take off flesh and take it off in chunks is to stop eating. By and large, thin men are greater eaters than fat men, so it isn't so much of a tax for fat men, in a general sense, to stop eating. They can diet if they will. The trouble with dieting is that, in order to get results, you must stop eating the only things you like to eat.

They came around to Taft and said: "Bill, you are getting too fat. Better do something for it." Of course, it was all due to that miserable frock coat, but they dinned it at Taft so hard he thought he was getting too fat, and he began to look around for something to do to get rid of some of it. He weighed at that time three hundred and thirty pounds, a mere bagatelle for him, but they harped at him, and he imagined he weighed four hundred and fifty and was getting bigger every minute.

No man has attained the majesty of three hundred and thirty pounds without going through reduction torments in various forms. Taft has had his share. He had been fighting fat, off and on, for years, and he had seen the fat win every bout. This time he did not jump wildly at a diet or hire himself out for a punching-bag to a physical torture artist. He had been a judge and was then a statesman, so he looked at the matter in a calm, sage manner and canvassed the world for a process that would do what was necessary.

The great, generous American people sympathized with him when the news got around that he intended to reduce. He was overwhelmed with letters from people who had sure cures for obesity they wanted to give or sell—mostly sell—to him. He found out about men who could take off his flesh at the rate of two pounds a day, and when he looked up these artists discovered most of them weighed more than two hundred pounds, each, themselves. Nerved to desperation by frequent glimpses of himself in the glass when he had that frock coat on, he scoured the world for a man who had a record for eliminating extra flesh, and secured him in England.

Fox's Martyrs Not in the Running

THIS artist sent his recommendations. He had a patron in India who weighed more than three hundred pounds when he began with him. Now he was a gazelle-like creature of two hundred and twenty. A lady patient had lost a hundred and nine pounds, which enabled her to look on life with warmer feelings and to wear her old dresses. One young man had been reduced two hundred and thirty-eight pounds, which, it seemed to Mr. Taft, rather went beyond reduction and trenched on eradication.

The Secretary had no desire to displace his curves with angles. All he wanted was to become rather less curvilinear. To be the biggest man, physically, in an Administration is a good trade-mark, especially when that bigness is combined with a mental outfit that corresponds. It isn't dignified to call Mr. Taft Big Bill, but Mr. Taft rather likes it, at that. It was his idea to take off, say, sixty pounds, which would ease up a bit on the seams of his clothes, but not detract, materially, from his massiveness.

He engaged the London man. Then began that six or eight months of self-sacrifice—literally that—which became the admiration of all who love to read Fox's Book of Martyrs and many who do not know the difference between Mr. Fox's immortal work and the latest manual on bridge whist. Mr. Taft was never a great eater, but it took a reasonable supply of food to keep that three hundred and thirty pounds energized. One morning he rose, sniffed at the breakfast that was in preparation, gazed out at the green trees and greener grass, sighed and said: "Good-by, hot biscuits and wheatcakes. Farewell, sausages and lamb chops. Au revoir, eggs and everything else that make for the joy of living. Here, at this moment, I enter on a dun-gray existence. Here I begin to play it low down on my faithful palate. Avaunt food and quit my sight. I am now on a diet."

And he was on a diet, for fair. "You will understand," said the English expert, "that sugar is entirely debarred, and that fats, milk, cheese, cream, eggs and all bread and farinaceous foods are cut off." That was a running start, but it was merely the preliminary. When he came to scan that regimen he dimly realized the horrors of the coming months. For breakfast, his generous doctor allowed him six ounces of grilled lean steak or chop or chicken or game or white fish—six ounces and no more. For luncheon he could have four ounces of lean meat or fowl and five ounces of carefully cooked green vegetables and four ounces of stewed fresh fruit without sugar. For dinner he was allowed to gormandize on a sip of soup, eight or nine ounces of lean meat, or four ounces of fish and four ounces of meat, and the same amount of green vegetables and fruit as at luncheon. He could eat green salads, but must take no oil. In place of bread he had gluten biscuits, which he called his "dog biscuits." He could eat no raw fruit.

Isn't eight ounces of grilled lean meat a dainty dish to set before a three-hundred-and-thirty-pound man? Eight ounces of grilled lean meat, and ex-Mayor Van Wyck, of New York, not so big as Taft, once ate nine pounds of beefsteak at a sitting!

The horrible details of that struggle will never be known. Secretary Taft, being a philosopher and having enough will-power to hang on, laughed in a melancholy way whenever he was asked about his fight, and said he was feeling "first rate." He went to banquets with his little package of dog biscuits, ate a bit of chicken and said he was having a bully time. Those near him, however, saw the famished light in his eyes, saw his breast heave and his lips quiver when they brought around the terrapin and the filet and the canvasback. Mrs. Taft, watching the battle from the domestic coign of vantage, fixed up dishes of which the Secretary was very fond and told him to eat and forget the diet. Sometimes he fell, but not often.

A Loss Equal to One Knox

THE fight went on for months. A few ounces of lean meat or a few ounces of chicken or white fish! Day after day he sat down to that unvarying round. He always had some of his biscuits with him and nibbled at one now and then. But when he went to bed he knew he would get up to lean meat, lean fish and lean chicken. Everything in the world seemed lean but himself. He loathed breakfast, hated luncheon and despised dinner. Still, he had set the mark, and he didn't quit. Daily visits to the scales showed him he was falling off. The weight went rapidly at first and then slower and slower, but it disappeared. After months of it he stepped on the scales one day and found he had lost eighty pounds. He had suspected as much, for he had kept a force of tailors busy altering his clothes, an incident in dieting, by the way, which is not so inexpensive as may be thought! Walking over to the window he threw his biscuits out as far as he could throw them, and for dinner that night he had everything he could think of that had been interdicted by his reduction expert.

He was still Big Bill, big enough to be bigger than anybody else in the Administration, but not so big as he had been by about the total weight of Philander C. Knox, Senator from Pennsylvania. It wasn't necessary for him to continue the diet, although he did not drop it entirely. Eating had become such a perfunctory performance with him that it was easy enough to keep to weight. He has

(Concluded on Page 27)

Frock Coats were Designed for Thin People

THE CARE OF GEMS

By
George Frederick Kunz, Ph. D.
TIFFANY'S EXPERT IN PRECIOUS STONES

WE SPEND much time in the care of the beautiful things we have about us and in the study of them. We do not leave our houses, our gardens, our parks or our pictures to take care of themselves; why is it, therefore, that many owners of beautiful gems are so careless in the matter of giving them all the attention they properly deserve? Probably this is because of the popular notion that a gem retains its attractive properties under all conditions, when, in reality, precious stones—at least many of them—are like the flowers, which need tender care to keep them in the full freshness of their beauty.

The value of a piece of jewelry is augmented by the gems it contains, and if these are kept bright and clean and unstained, how much more pleasure will be derived from their possession. There is less excuse for wearing dust-dimmed gems than there is for wearing soiled gloves, and the mere fact that a diamond is a diamond never excuses any neglect of its care. Nevertheless, many women who are fastidiously particular as to every other detail of their dress do not think it necessary to bestow the same care upon their jewelry. Jewels and gems, however, are most attractive when properly cleansed by a competent jeweler, who is able to produce a brightness and cleanliness that cannot be obtained by those not having the facilities for the purpose. Nevertheless, the gems in jewelry can easily be cleansed and brightened by very simple methods, with the exception of turquoises and pearls, which require special care in cleaning.

The modern jeweler can clean jewelry and gems more rapidly and better than ever before. The polishing of the gold is done with lathes which revolve three thousand times per minute. On the end of these lathes there is fastened a soft Canton flannel wheel-buff about one inch thick, so pliable that it can be crumpled in the hand, but when revolved at the rate of half a mile a minute it becomes almost as stiff as a board. On the frayed ends of the flannel rouge is rubbed. It requires but a touch of a ring, a bracelet or a chain to this buff, and the article will be polished as brightly as if an hour's time had been expended upon it in the old way.

The settings are then very carefully gone over with a small brush, and a linen thread, with rouge on it, is used to polish up the intricate corners. The jewelry is then washed out in warm soapsuds and water, and, after having been rinsed in clean water, is placed in a sieve filled with warm boxwood sawdust, the sieve preventing the jewels from becoming lost in the larger receptacle.

How to Clean a Diamond

THE colored Roman or Etruscan gold, as it is variously called, is a pure gold, and jewelry of this kind can be restored to its original color, or this color can be produced on bright gold by two methods. First, by gilding the surface with fine gold, or, if the article is heavy enough gold, by boiling it in an acid or a cyanide solution, which is very dangerous. The acid removes all the alloy and leaves only the fine pure gold as a surface coating. The Burmese red and brown, and the Indian yellow and brown finishes, are usually produced by various acids, or by applying a dusting of rouge or other coloring matter.

The diamond, fitly called the king of gems, possesses a combination of qualities—hardness, brilliancy and beauty—not found in a like degree in any other stone. It is unaffected by hot or cold water, by acids, alkalies, or any cleansing materials, or, in fact, by anything save an extreme heat of a furnace, when it is slowly consumed. To clean diamonds, warm or even hot water may be used, containing one-fourth part of either alcohol or ammonia; this may be applied with a soft linen cloth or tissue-paper, or a perfectly clean, new brush, and will remove any ordinary impurities. These are almost always due to grease—either from perspiration, or from soap used in washing the hands—which congeals upon all natural gems because they are cold, and then allows dust from the atmosphere to gather and adhere to the stone. This adherence of grease to gems, and particularly to diamonds, has been known for a long time, but only of late has it been put to practical use, and in a remarkable way.

At the great South African diamond mines of the DeBeers Company the last stage in "winning" the gems is that of passing the concentrate, containing the diamonds, together with garnets and various other minerals, over inclined tables, by a current of water. Here the diamonds were picked out by hand, until one of the employees discovered that if the table were covered with tallow, or a kind of grease, the diamonds would adhere to it, while all the other materials passed on. The "grease separator," as it is called, is now used exclusively, and its work is unfailing, saving gems a quarter of a pinhead in size.

The Hot Boxwood Sawdust Bath

AFTER the diamond has been thoroughly cleansed with diluted alcohol or ammonia, as above described, it should be rinsed in clear, warm water, and then placed in fine boxwood sawdust which is free from resinous matter, and which can be heated before the gems are cleansed. The sawdust produces a clearer and more brilliant surface on the gem. It may be obtained of any jeweler. Jewelers' soap may also be used for cleaning diamonds, and, indeed, for most of the other precious stones, care being taken to remove all traces of the soap by the application of plenty of warm water and alcohol or ammonia. Little cleaning boxes for jewelry containing everything required can be obtained.

Rose diamonds, however, if set with a foiled back, should never be wet—only rubbed off with a soft cloth moistened with the same mixture as above described. For any thorough treatment they should always be intrusted to a jeweler, who will clean and refoil them.

Rubies, sapphires, emeralds, aquamarines, topazes, tourmalines, amethysts, and many other gems, may be cleaned and dried in the same manner as described for diamonds, with a single precaution: the water, with alcohol or ammonia, should never be hotter than the hand can bear quite comfortably. This caution is due to the fact that these gems frequently contain microscopic cavities inclosing liquid carbonic acid. So minute are these inclusions that thousands may be present in the space of a square inch. The heat may cause minute explosions in these little cavities from the expansion of the imprisoned carbonic acid, and thus flaws or fractures may be produced in the gem itself. The water, therefore, should not be too hot.

Agate, bloodstone, jade, carnelian, black onyx, and all the other ordinary gems will stand any amount of washing with the same liquids; but for chrysoprase it is important that only ammonia be used with the water, and not alcohol.

Turquoise, the most sensitive and changeable of gemstones, is not affected, when genuine and of true color, by ammonia, which is the great grease eradicator; but, as with chrysoprase, alcohol should not be used, as it has a penetrative quality, and would deposit any grease inside the turquoise and change the color. Avoid wetting turquoises with perfumes. Many turquoises have been ruined by them. The alcohol containing the fatty acids of the perfumes penetrates the stone and changes the blue copper coloring to a green. Some turquoises retain their color for centuries, but others are very unstable, hence reliable jewelers often replace those that change within six months after sale. To clean a turquoise, mix one part of pure spirits of ammonia with nine parts of water. Moisten a clean cloth with this, rub the turquoise gently and quickly, and then dry with an absolutely pure linen cloth. The reason for haste is that the turquoise is somewhat absorbent, and it is necessary that the surface impurity be removed without allowing time for any penetration of it into the gem.

The pearl, the queen of gems, which has reigned for twenty-five centuries, is not a mineral substance, as is well known, but is secreted by the pearl oyster. This gives pearls a different structure, which renders them exceedingly sensitive and demands great care in cleaning them. They are not solid, like mineral gems, but are made up of thin layers disposed like the coats of an onion or similar plant-bulb, a mineral and animal substance, one within another; and hence if any impurity penetrates beneath the surface, if there is a break or flaw, and gets between these layers, it causes a stain that cannot be removed. Whole pearls are not easily acted upon, but half-pearls, or those that have been drilled for necklaces, are liable to injury in cleaning. For whole pearls, a mixture of lukewarm water and alcohol—not more than a teaspoonful to a glass—may be used; apply it with a soft linen cloth, rubbing gently, and immediately wipe dry with the same cloth. It is important that pearls be not put into water, especially if drilled or halved. Half-pearls should never be wet, only wiped on the exposed face with a cloth dampened with a very weak solution of alcohol. It is the same with drilled pearls. If put into water the impurities from the surface are liable to penetrate, causing permanent discoloration.

What Pickles Did to a Precious Pearl

A SINGLE instance will serve to show the importance of removing pearl rings when there is any danger of their coming in contact with acids. A lady who owned a splendid pearl, set in a ring, noticed one day that its lustre had entirely disappeared. She could not understand the reason, and took her ring to a jeweler for his opinion. Suspecting the true cause, he inquired whether any acid had touched the pearl. At first the lady could not recall any such circumstance, but finally she remembered that she had put up some pickles without removing her ring. Naturally, the vinegar had dissolved the carbonate of lime which mainly constitutes the pearl, and had destroyed the beauty of the gem. But, as the destruction was only on the surface, an expert "pearl peeler" removed the upper layer, leaving the pearl as beautiful in lustre as before. Within the past month a lady dropped a costly pearl ring worth ten thousand dollars on a stone floor. A piece was chipped from the side and a part of four layers fell off. The owner was much distressed about it; but a few hours of careful work by a pearl manipulator restored her pearl to almost its original beauty.

Pearls, on the other hand, are very durable; and some experiments made by the writer and others on pearls weighing a few grains each, showed that if you stood on such a pearl it would sink into pine and other woods if the entire weight of the body was put on the heel that pressed it into the wood.

In order to keep pearls in good condition it is well to wear them frequently, as exposure to light and air seems to preserve their lustre. It has frequently been remarked that pearl heirlooms which have been carefully preserved in caskets have lost their brilliancy and become dark or almost black. Pearls have been worn for over a century, and pearls may be worn for fifty years and more without showing the slightest

(Concluded on Page 32)

Haggerty the Lionhearted

A Test by Fire and a Triumph by Tactics

And Haggerty's Ears Began to Burn as the Lionizing Began

By ERNEST POOLE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AS HAGGERTY listened he softly exploded in fierce mutterings. Calm with pride, the voice of his small brother Jim came in from the kitchen, where he had gathered his gang:

"Say. If youse fellers t'ink I'm a liar, s'posin' yer look at de headline. . . . Here it is! 'HAGGERTY DE LIONHEARTED!' Dat's me big brudder, Dan! . . . *Now* will yer listen?"

Jim began reading slowly, impressively pausing from time to time; and in the exciting parts his voice rose theatrical, thrilling and clear; for he already knew it by heart:

"When big Dan Haggerty heard de scream of 'Fire!' ring out in de night, an' lookin' up saw de buxom young widder Cronin leanin' far out of her t'ird story front—*wid de black smoke belchin' out over her head*—he had no heroic t'rill—fer Haggerty isn't dat kind! . . . In forty jumps he was up at her door. As he jerked it open *a sheet of flame—leaped out—an' drove him back!* . . . He stopped—took one deep breat'—an' den plunged in!

"Wid little five-year-old Mike, de widder was edgin' out furder an' furder as dough gettin' ready ter jump. Already de *wall of flame was nearin' de skirts of her dress!* Haggerty *cursed* de dress!

"Ten seconds later, wid de winder closed behind ter keep back de draft, big Dan sat outside on de narrow ledge, wid tiny Mike clingin' tight ter his neck an' de widder close beside him—*held in a grip of steel by de brawny Haggerty arm.*

"As Haggerty later remarked, 'Say. Dere was nawthin' to it at all.' Fer Dan is a ironworker, an' up on de tops of skyscrapers his daily job is ter sit on nothin', look down a few hundred feet an' yell fer a fresh supply of red-hot bolts ter work wid. So now he felt at home. He sternly told de kid *ter shet up,* . . . an' den he looked round at de widder.

"Wot Haggerty felt de next moment can't never be told. From de street below de anxious crowd could see he was talkin' hard up dere in de moonlight. *Soon dey saw de lovely young widder nestle up closer an' bravely smile.* . . . But wot made her smile is a secret, for, when at last de long ladder was raised—*an' big Dan walked easily down wid de woman an' child in his arms*—on de pavement below Mrs. Cronin kept quiet. In fact, wid her eyes tight shut, she never moved from her snug position, until de observant Mike exultantly shouted, 'Ma! We're on de ground!'

"Den Haggerty looked sorry.

"'Aw, it was nawthin',' he growled angrily to de reporter. 'Nawthin' to it at all!'

"But dis remains ter be seen. Dan is a bachelor, aged twenty-six. He lives wid his parents *an' young brudder Jim* at number Ninety-t'ree Bull Street. An' it is said by some dat his bank account is a fat one. When last seen—he had lit his pipe—an' was walkin' reflectively—down de street!"

"What a Little Fool You are—but I Promised *Him* I'd Do it, an' I Will!"

Alone in his tenement bedroom, as Haggerty glared into Bull Street below, so delightedly waiting to greet him, the hairy right arm that lay on his knee drew tight in quivering bumps and cords, his reddish hair stood up like a bush in a storm, and his long, bony cheeks burned with the blood that was pounding his temples. Slowly his mutterings died away and his heavy brows drew into a scowl—a scowl of sharp suspense.

What would Nora say?

Nora had black, crinkly hair and snappy eyes to match; thin lips that set at times, cheeks that flared in two bright spots, and a tongue as quick as Dan's was slow. She worked in a Broadway store and she knew just how to put on clothes. From the night, one year before, when Dan had triumphed over that spruce young clerk, Billy Howe, he had been Nora's faithful "steady." At picnics and dances, at Coney and at the "theayter," the Haggerty heart and mind had been gripped slowly tighter and tighter, until now the mere thought of the way she would laugh made him empty and cold, made him puff his clay pipe till it glowed in the dark and the blue smoke poured through the window.

When the kitchen clock struck eight he slowly rose, lit the gas and turned to his small, yellow mirror.

"Naw," he muttered in fierce disgust. "No shavin' or dressin' to-night! It'd only give her more av a chance!" Carelessly he threw on his rough working jacket and tipped his slouch hat back over his head.

And carelessly, with his pipe in his teeth, he sauntered off down the street. It was a warm June night, the stoops and the sidewalks were crowded, and Haggerty's ears began to burn as the lionizing began. As he came slowly along he saw chattering groups of girls grow suddenly silent and stare with delight. From the men came winks and solemn remarks. Small urchins stood with mouths agape.

One wretched youngster marched ahead with a bundle of papers, not crying his wares, but only pointing down to the page and jerking his head significantly back. And, at a respectful distance behind, small brother Jim and the gang followed in awestruck wonder. This was not all. As he neared Nora's abode the hero heard chuckles of happy suspense; a discreet and unconscious procession was straggling toward the scene of encounter; even old Irish ladies rose eagerly panting and hobbled along. Big Dan's teeth set till his pipe tilted up at the moon. But his stride was not shortened so much as an inch. For Haggerty was game.

Until suddenly out of the darkness there rippled a laugh, merry and low and clear as a bell. And then the pipe dropped from his teeth and shivered in fragments before him.

Utterly dazed, his heart pounding with shame, Dan stooped to pick up the pieces. And Nora jumped forward to help him.

"Why, Dan!" As her voice rang out its tone was so friendly and kind that Haggerty gave a quick glance of grateful relief, which was met by a look of such flashing scorn from the eyes close to his that he rose up slowly and stood staring down bewildered, amazed; while a sharp little girl, who had peered in between, grabbed the arm of her intimate friend and gleefully said, "It's de icy!"

"Why don't you come an' sit down?" Nora's voice was kindly as ever. Still dazed and defenseless, Dan awkwardly spread his huge frame out over the steps by her side. The eager onlookers ranged round, or leaned from the windows and fire-escapes. And Nora's voice rose gay and high to reach them all.

"My!" she exclaimed admiringly. "Wouldn't I like to have been that widder? Wouldn't I? H'm!"

"What *could* I hev done?" Dan's deep, rough voice was low and fiercely appealing. "Tell me that! I was goin' right by whin she yelled. Kin a man *help* goin' by?" A melodious ripple of laughter.

"Help goin' by? I should say not! The widder lives there, don't she?"

"*I* didn't know it! I niver layed eyes on the woman before! An' whin I was wid her I ain't even had time to see her at all!"

"O-oh! What a—sh-ame! Why *don't* you drop round an' see her to-night? She'll feel awful hurt if you don't, Dan. After all you did—an' said!"

"Said? I only cussed the woman—cussed at her not to jump!"

"Oh, Dan." Her voice was reproachful. "How could you—way up there in the moonlight so romantic—with her so lovely an' helpless—her an' her little child. With all *she* said—an' smiled so brave—an' nestled close!"

"She *had to*—on a winder-sill!"

"Of course she did. An' Dan. They do say she's a beaut. So young, too—only twenty-*eight*. An' lively. Her husband died a *year* ago."

"How'd *you* know all this?" Dan's rage was rising fast. And as, at his question, a titter came from a fire-escape

close above, Nora's face grew crimson; up she leaped and stood before him, blazing with wrath:

"Because—people—told me—Mister Haggerty! Don't think I asked! I haven't time!" She forced her voice into sweet and icy quiet. "I'm afraid I'll have to be goin' up now. I'm fixin' a dress fer the dance next Saturday night. *Mister Howe* has asked me." She gave him a kindly smile. "But *do* come round to-morrow night, Mister Haggerty—*do*. An' tell me how the widder thanks you."

"Hold on!" As she turned to go big Dan had risen and stood with his head bent slightly forward. "Don't 'Mister Haggerty' me!" His voice shook in spite of him. "I ain't done yet, Miss Nora! . . . I ain't done yet! . . . Good-night!"

He walked quickly down the street, leaving behind him a fast-spreading hubbub of voices. Slowly the eager old ladies, still panting, hobbled home with glittering eyes.

Dan was mad—tingling, growling, stiffening mad. No awkward reddening now. His face was white, his jaws were set and his eyes looked straight ahead.

"Yez got me in," he muttered between his teeth. "An' now, me thunderin' widder, it's yerself that is goin' to git me out!" He tried to call up her image to curse it; and failing, he made a picture to suit: a creature sly and smiling with fiendish delight as her coils wound round her prey. By the time that he rapped on her tenement door this image was vivid and clear in his mind.

"Oh, it's you, Misther Haggurty! Well?"

As the widow Cronin snapped this out her rosy face turned the color of Dan's, and her gray eyes gleamed in a way that made Haggerty start slightly back. He stared. The tenement room was wet and black, and it smelt of the fire. The widow shone by contrast. Shapely, neatly dressed, with bare white arms and soft brown hair, a face with rich, red lips and dimples that suddenly deepened with scorn. Dan looked searchingly down at his feet.

"I'm sorry I can't ask yez in! The room ain't pleasant even fer me! But I'd ruther stay here thin be down in the strate—*afther what's been said in the paper—Misther Haggurty!*"

Big Dan gave her one puzzled look, and then broke into a nervous laugh.

"This night," he said, "is full av surprises!"

"What d' yez mane?" He flushed and took a step forward.

"I mane, Mrs. Cronin, that I ain't anny more tickled thin you! I mane that I ain't spoke a wurrd to anny reporter! Hev you?"

"Hev I? . . . Misther Haggurty—go slow!" Haggerty took one look—and did.

"Don't mind what I said, Mrs. Cronin. I'm crazy—clean out av me mind. An' do yez know why?" His voice all at once became husky and low. "It's the gurrl that I've lost, ma'am, the gurrl who is boilin', sizzlin' mad, an' won't believe what I'm tellin' her. She thinks ivery wan of thim lies is the truth. An' so now I'm here askin' fer help, Mrs. Cronin, help in the trouble I'm in!"

The face of the widow had changed. Utterly staggered, it was her turn to look down. She shot a glance up at Haggerty—towering, helpless, appealing. There was a moment's silence.

"Yez look on the square," she said slowly, at last. "What d' yez want me to do?" Dan grew suddenly red to his ears.

"Tell her," he finally blurted, "tell her ye didn't stay—where ye was—wan second more'n ye had to!"

The eyes of the widow flashed: "You bet I'll tell her, good an' hard! Anny man, woman or child who believes that lie is a blitherin' Mattawan fool!"

"Good!" Haggerty grasped her hand. "Ye're on the level, ma'am!" He was beaming with relief. "An' afther givin' her that—jest make it clear an' strong—*how kard I was cussin' up on the ledge!*"

As young Mrs. Cronin surveyed him, a thoughtful expression crept into her eyes, as though she were searching her memory. But before she could reach a conclusion she heard a slight noise behind her. She wheeled.

"Mike," she cried, "go back to bed—an' shet the door!"

"Now, Mr. Haggurty," she said soothingly some minutes later. "Lave her to me. I'm an older woman—or annyhow I ain't no chit of a gurrl. An' I know how to handle 'em bettur thin you. There is things to be said an' there's things to be let all alone. Jest you lave *her* alone. Let her think that maybe she has *insulted* you jest a little too far—not belavin' you, you so honest. Don't ye worry at all, not fer wan minute. Light your old pipe an' take it aizy. Come here to-morrow night, afther I've seen her, an' I'll tell yez what's been done."

Haggerty stood silent.

"Mrs. Cronin," he said at last, "I done ye wrong! . . . I'll do as ye say. Good-night."

"Good-night, Misther Haggurty."

Down in the street, his heart so warmed by hope and relief that he never saw those who were watching, Dan looked up at the black window-ledge and smiled.

"There's a rale woman," he said to himself. And he chuckled. "Bring Nora round? Av coorse we will!" Then very tenderly, "Poor little Nora."

He went off to buy a new pipe.

On the next evening at seven o'clock young Mrs. Cronin was hard to beat. As she glanced into her bedroom mirror she frankly admitted it, saw she was dangerous, smiled; and with a steady hand she added a few final touches.

In the street all this was quickly noted; excited forerunners bore the news; and when the widow arrived at her goal there were eager mutual friends at hand, and the stiff introduction was through in a moment. There followed an awkward silence. But Mrs. Cronin broke it with firm decision.

"I'm here," she said, "to stop some lies that've been said concernin' this young man iv yours—an' meself!" Alone but unflinching she eyed the hungry crowd. "I think," she added, "we cud talk more convanient if ye'd come fer a walk."

Nora reflected swiftly, a bright red spot on each cheek.

"With pleasure," she snapped. "But I can't be long, for me friend Mister Howe is comin' to call."

"It won't take anny time," said the widow, beaming.

In deep disappointment the gossips watched them turn the corner into a darker street.

The interview was short indeed.

"You're makin' a big mistake," began Mrs. Cronin slowly. "I'm older thin yerself ——"

"Yes," said Nora. The widow bit her lips.

"I've sane more av min! An' the one ye've got is a man to hang on to—if ye can! He's the rale thing, Miss Nora!"

"So soon?" Nora murmured. The other laughed shortly.

"What a little fool yez are," she remarked with the frankness of Bull Street. "Yez don't desurrve to be told. But I promised *him* I'd do ut, an' I will!" Her voice grew impressive and slow. "As fer Misther Haggurty—the things that he said to me up on the winder-sill—ivery blissid wurrd he said—no true lady kin repate!"

"I should think not," cried Nora indignantly. "She'd be so mean!"

"Because," said the widow, "ivery wurrd he spoke was prufanity somethin' awful!" At the memory, the light of keen pleasure gleamed in her eyes. "Somethin' awful," she repeated.

"Oh, Mrs. Cronin." Nora's voice was a gentle rebuke. "How can you talk so ungrateful—with him so excited to save you an' not knowin' what he was sayin'. An' *you* so excited too, over bein' saved so romantic. Don't annyone like to be saved?" The widow Cronin's face turned white.

"D' yez mane to infurr," she said very quietly, "that I—*injoyed* what happened?" All at once Nora's clear, merry laugh burst out in the darkness, fresh and young and completely triumphant.

"I should say not," she gasped. "I don't infer nothin'—nothin' at all! Good-night, Mrs. Cronin. It was so good of you to help me—so kind. Good-night!" And with this parting shot she was gone. But the silvery laugh still floated back through the night.

The Honest, Flushed Face of Big Dan Rose Vividly in Her Mind

The widow stood motionless, her pale face twitching. After a moment she turned with a bounce and started home. On the way certain chuckles and titters from groups on the doorsteps made her blood boil; her thinking soon grew swift and clear; and up in her bedroom she took a long look at the mirror.

"Now!" she muttered.

"Ma," came a small, tired voice from the bed. "Kin I please have a drink?"

"You bet ye can, me darlin'!" And leaning over the five-year-old, holding the glass to his lips, the eyes of the widow grew lonely and moist. "Poor little kid," she said tenderly, "you wid a ma who ain't got wan frind to stand by her—the laughin'-stock iv the strate. But wait! We'll fix her yet!"

"Who—Ma?"

"Mike," said his mother sternly, "shet up an' go to sleep!"

"Now, Mr. Haggurty," she was saying a half hour later, "I want yez to look me right in the eye." Haggerty did. The parlor had been repapered and set to rights. The widow was still in her dangerous garb, but her eyes showed a deep, honest purpose that could not be doubted. Slowly the gloom and discouragement passed from big Dan's haggard face. The widow looked up with a friendly smile.

"I mane bizniz, don't I?"

"Ye do," said Haggerty. "But how in ——"

"Never yez mind the buts! I begun wrong to-night from thinkin' she had bettur sinse thin she has. I've told ye what *she* said an' *I* said wurrd fer wurrd. So yez know what ye're up agin now. An' now if ye don't want me help, say so like a frind. I ain't bein' where I ain't wanted. But if yez do, an' will do what I say wid no questions asked—*if yez kape on wantin' that gurrl ye'll git her, Misther Haggurty!*"

Dan looked at her hard, turned and walked to the window and stood there a moment. Then he came back.

"Mrs. Cronin," he said, "go ahead."

From that night on through many dragging weeks there came gloomy evenings for Dan. Every night at seven o'clock, summing up all the nerve he possessed, in the face of the neighborhood's winks and grins, he walked to the Cronin stoop, which had been cleared of all loungers, and here alone with the widow he sat and smoked for an hour.

This was the agreement. But at the end of a week Haggerty fiercely protested.

"Yer scheme," he said, "may be fine fer a woman, but fer a man it ain't! It's sittin' an' doin' nawthin'—nawthin' at all!" He had risen. Mrs. Cronin looked quietly up.

"Wait an' see," she said. She held his eyes with hers. Haggerty hesitated, then drew a deep, patient breath and sat down.

While the widow talked he smoked and gave short answers. At times, glancing uneasily over the street, he caught the glitter of vigilant eyes; he noticed the sudden silence of people passing by. Now and then the word "lion-hearted" came softly to his ears. And

(Continued on Page 28)

"Yer Scheme," He Said, "May be Fine fer a Woman, but fer a Man it Ain't!"

THOMAS F. RYAN

His Personality and His Point of View

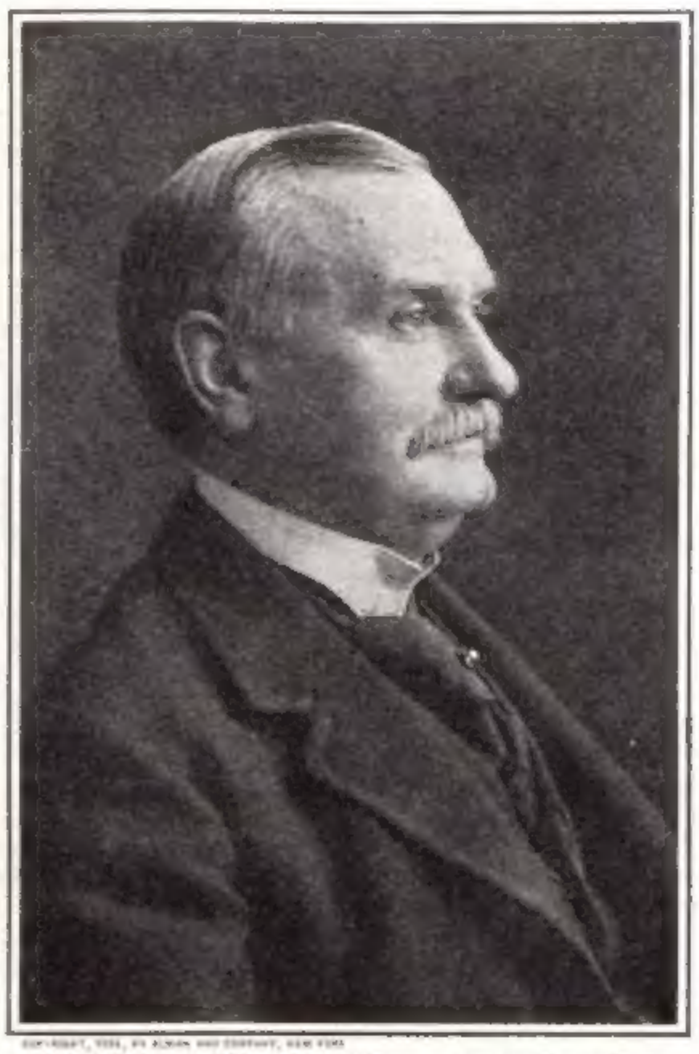
By Isaac F. Marcosson

THERE should be more publicity in corporate affairs. It will do much to disarm the unwarranted suspicion of the public. Publicity will be the best means toward obtaining a better understanding of the aims and purposes of the corporations that serve the people from whom they get their franchises. The people have a right to know the facts about the conduct of corporations, and these facts can only be given out by the men who own and control them. In this way the confidence in corporations, which has been shaken, will be restored."

With these words Thomas F. Ryan departed from the traditions of silence that have made him for years the sphinx of Wall Street and a most distinctive and picturesque character in big finance.

Mr. Ryan, the storm centre of more financial agitation than almost any other man of his day, with a fight on his hands all the time, has always gone his way in silence. He is at once the least known and the best known of the notable business figures. He has seen no interviewers; he has never talked for publication; he resents being made into material for human interest historians. "Ryan doesn't talk" is one of the first things you hear when you go down to Wall Street. It was only when the most savage of all attacks on him had subsided, and when it was emphasized to him that what he had to say was of interest to the American people (for, like many men of large achievement, he has no perspective on the value of his own utterance), that he reluctantly surrendered.

This article is the first published expression of Mr. Ryan's views on a variety of subjects of wide significance, and the first revelation of his personal side. It could not have been obtained save by daily contact with him, and I have had this opportunity. I have watched him at his home and in his office; I have walked and ridden with him. The disclosure of the depth and breadth of his opinions was no less impressive than the gradual unfolding of those qualities, generally unknown to the world.



A Bad Man to Have for an Enemy, but a Good One to Have for a Friend

To be close to Mr. Ryan is like ranging up alongside a Kentucky thoroughbred horse, so suggestive is he of sustained power and action. His stride is springy; he is tall, erect, well groomed, heavy of bone and broad of shoulder. Clear and cold of eye, immobile of visage, firm of jaw and with an unyielding mouth, his face is flooded with kindliness. He talks in a low, soft voice through which runs a genuine Virginia accent, and there is about him a sense of fine courtesy. In short, he is adamant and velvet, a bad man to have for an enemy, but a good one to have for a friend.

The Facts About the Equitable Deal

THE most spectacular of Mr. Ryan's achievements, the one which has brought him most prominently before all the people and at the same time caused more discussion than any other act of his, was his purchase of the control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. I asked him to tell me frankly of his real relation to the company and the facts which led up to it. He said:

"Three years have confirmed what I said when I bought control of the Equitable. The controlling factor in that purchase was the desire to do a public service; to do a constructive service into which the element of money-making did not enter at all. I have kept the faith which that resolution involved and will continue to do so. The stock which I own is in the hands of trustees who control it absolutely. My only return on it is the annual dividend of seven per cent. on its par value which is fixed by the charter, and that, considering the price I paid for it, could hardly be called a profit.

"In no way have I interfered with the management of the society. I have even remained silent when, in the few instances during the reconstruction period, my advice was asked for. I have never borrowed a dollar from the Equitable, nor has any company in which I am interested done so through my instrumentality. Not a single security in which I am interested has been sold to it, or bought from it, by me directly or indirectly or through my influence. There has been vicious and malicious misrepresentation on this point, of course, as on others. It has been repeatedly charged, for instance, that millions of Equitable money has been invested in 'Ryan securities,' whereas the facts are that these investments were made by the old management long before I had any idea I should ever be connected with the Equitable. Even then I had nothing to do with them. The finance committee which has charge of the society's investments is a model committee. I know two directors who are members of it, but I have never made any suggestions to them regarding investments, nor would I presume to do so. I have never met the other members of the committee and would not know them if I met them on the street.

"The Morton Trust Company, in which I am largely interested, has not a dollar of Equitable money on deposit with it, though I do not believe there could be any just criticism if it did carry such a deposit. In no way have I profited financially to the extent of a dollar from my ownership of Equitable stock.

"The facts which led to the purchase of the stock were these. The situation was more critical than many people imagined. As the only other means of ending its internal troubles the Equitable was threatened with receivership. I knew that, if this came, it would result in a financial disaster that would be national, and probably international, and that the policyholders in the Equitable as well as other big companies, all of which were perfectly sound, would suffer great and needless loss.

"I knew that the country would be years in recovering from such a panic as would have ensued and, taking a purely selfish view, I appreciated that I should sustain heavy losses.

"It seemed to me that a man who could secure control of the society and be instrumental in removing its difficulties and restoring confidence in it would, in addition to protecting his own interests, which was a minor consideration, be doing the whole nation a service. The other men who might have done it were connected, in one way or another, with the Equitable or insurance interests. I was the only man who could buy who had no such connections. I believed that I was the man to do this thing and I did it."

How Paul Morton was Chosen

"IMMEDIATELY after the purchase of this stock I divested myself from its voting power by turning it over to the Honorable Grover Cleveland, Honorable Morgan O'Brien and Mr. George Westinghouse. As Mr. Cleveland said on his last birthday, he accepted his trusteeship in the conviction that I had no selfish purpose to serve and would not interfere with him in any way, and the same is true of the other trustees. My deed of trust to them is absolute and as nearly perpetual as can be made under the New York law. They alone can terminate it; I have nothing to say about it. The only stipulation I made in thus transferring the stock was that it should be voted in favor of mutualization. This has since been carried out, and twenty-eight of the directors of the society out of the total fifty-two are elected by the policyholders. The remaining twenty-four are selected by the trustees without dictation or interference from me.

"In this connection, truth compels me to say that I did not select Paul Morton for the presidency of the Equitable, although I should like to claim the credit for it. When the trouble in the Equitable was nearing its climax, it was suggested by some of the directors that they bring in some strong man from the outside who was not identified with either faction, elect him chairman of the board with plenary powers, and then, if he straightened out things satisfactorily, make him president. David H. Moffat, I believe, was the first to propose Mr. Morton, whom he had long known. His suggestion was approved by several other directors and they asked Mr. Morton if he would take the place. He told them that he was under verbal contract with me for another work, and that, while he would like to undertake the insurance task on account of its constructive nature, providing he were given a free hand as to men and measures, he could not do so until I released him. Then they called on me. I was considering the purchase of the Hyde stock, but had not thought of Mr. Morton for the presidency until they suggested it. I agreed to release him if the Equitable directors agreed on him as the man they wanted. He was unanimously elected chairman of the board under the conditions which he had stipulated the day after I bought the Hyde stock, although at the time of his election only two of the directors knew that I had acquired the stock.

"This is how Paul Morton came to be president of the Equitable. That it was a wise selection time has shown."

In view of Mr. Ryan's domination for many years of the street-car lines in New York City, I asked him what he thought about municipal ownership.

"I am not opposed to municipal ownership," he replied, "but I am opposed to municipal operation.

"Municipal operation of railroads puts the personnel (all voters) into the hands of politicians, destroys the independence of the working-men and places them on the level with the great group of miscellaneous labor which depends for employment, not on efficiency and ability, but on political subservience. The tendency of municipal operation is to weight the property down with superfluous placemen. Three or four are employed to do a single man's work. Practice has demonstrated this tendency here and abroad.

"Municipal operation is the fattest of political plums; in several great centres of population it would turn over as spoils, to politicians, over a million of men now politically free. The result of this kind of management would be that the city would furnish the public a service that would cost more than the city would receive from it.

"No corporation, whether it be a public utility or not, can do its duty by the people or the stockholders when it carries the burden of political blackmail. The largest and most significant lesson of all the recent corporate disclosures, especially in New York City, is that the corporations should have resisted political forces at the start. I am unalterably in favor of an absolute divorce of business from politics. I learned my lesson on this point and so expensively that I am not likely to forget it."

The Real Causes of Discontent

DISCUSSING the Socialistic unrest which has been manifesting itself in various quarters, Mr. Ryan said:

"You will find the real causes of the widespread social and industrial discontent in two things: in the tariff and in railroad rebates.

"Congress should use its power to revise the tariff and should speedily pass a bill having this in view. The change should take effect, however, not at the time of the passage of the bill but in several years. This would give the business interests time to be adapted to the change.

"A high tariff now is wrong. It was all right when the infant industries needed nursing. But they have thrived and waxed fat. It is only fair to the people that they should share in the fruits of this protected expansion in the shape of lower prices for commodities.

"I believe that if you will reduce the cost of living and pay the worker a fair wage for his service, the occupation of the demagogue in this country will be gone.

"As to railroad rebates, no greater evil was ever fastened on our business life. They have done more to corrupt industry and paralyze business ambition than anything else. Their complete elimination is a guarantee of a revival of individual competition in business all over the country which will, in the end, prove of great benefit to

the railroads. In bringing this about, President Roosevelt has performed one of the greatest public services ever achieved by an occupant of the White House.

"Paul Morton was one of the first to call attention to the evils of rebating and the first to declare war on the system after he had opposed it in railroad meetings for years. While he has been misrepresented and abused, as has every man who has ever tried to do a great public service, I have no doubt he will live long enough to receive the credit that is due him."

As I talked with Mr. Ryan about the various abuses of corporate power, and especially those affecting the transportation lines of all kinds, I found him becoming more and more interested in a complete change from the old order of mystery and secrecy. It was at this point that he made the declaration about publicity which opens this article. He followed it up by saying:

"I am also in favor of a uniform system of accounting for public service corporations similar to that which has been devised for the steam railroads of the country. This would make for intelligent and comprehensive publicity. It would secure greater stability of security values and, by promoting confidence, would vastly encourage investments by the people in the public service corporations that serve them."

Immigration the Hope of the South

MR. RYAN alluded frequently to the South, and especially to Virginia, his native State. In view of his intimate connection with great enterprises in the South such as Tobacco, the Southern Railway and others, I asked his opinion of the future of the whole section.

"I am, of course, deeply interested in the whole development of the South," he said. "I was born there, you know, and I expect to spend a good deal of time there. I believe the whole South is soon to enter upon an era of great industrial and agricultural expansion.

"Most people do not stop to realize that if it had not been for the Civil War, all the great trunk lines of the country would have run north and south instead of east and west. The fact that they did point westward instead of southward is one reason why the real development of the South has been retarded. Colonization had to follow the railroad west and it built up large communities.

"Save for some remote sections the South to-day does not lack railroads. The mileage is ample. What it needs is a larger and more efficient carrying service. The Southern lines should have the same capacity as the transcontinental lines. Business would develop up to this capacity. Every day I hear from farmers and shippers who say: 'We want more service; we are willing to pay higher rates for it.'

"The South cannot enter upon its highest productivity and prosperity until the problem of tilling the land is settled. There must be labor. You cannot depend upon the negro, for he is lazy. I believe the solution lies in the immigration to the South of able-bodied foreigners like the peasants of the south of France. I mention these because, like the Scandinavians who have thrived in our Northwest, they would remain in the country and let the nation have the benefit of their savings, unlike the Italians, for example, who go back home as soon as they have saved some money.

"One reason why there has been such a comparatively restricted movement of immigrants to the South is that most of them land in New York. If they happen to come from a sunny clime and reach here in cold weather, they cannot be persuaded that any place in the United States is warm. The result is that they herd together in and about New York and stay there. You could keep these immigrants in the South if you landed them at Southern ports such as Savannah, Charleston and New Orleans. Here they would find a climate to their liking, and I think they would remain in the South and help rebuild the old commonwealths.

"You hear a great deal about the menace of immigration, but I do not believe there is any menace in it. The real danger to the business institutions of the country is not the foreigner but our own native-born demagogue—the nation savior for revenue or political preferment only.

"Speaking of development, I don't think any of us to-day realize what the future of the United States will be. All our waste lands will have to be utilized to supply the vast population. The outlying regions of Maryland, Delaware and Virginia will be as thickly populated as New Jersey, and Pennsylvania between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, are now.

"The growth of the country will demand bigger things than are being achieved to-day. You will live to hear it said, 'Ryan and the other men of his time didn't do such big things.'"

I asked Mr. Ryan if he thought that, with the great development of the country, great fortunes would continue to pile up.

"Yes, I do," he replied. "Wherever you find industry, energy and brains, coupled with opportunity, you will also find great wealth."

Thomas F. Ryan at the Age of Five

The subject of great wealth, one, by the way, with which Mr. Ryan is intimately familiar, naturally led to the matter of the attacks on Wall Street.

"The attacks on Wall Street," he declared, "are a mistake. Wall Street is merely the hub around which financial interests revolve. But there is a greater Wall Street, which is the financial fabric of the whole country. All industry and most commercial enterprise draws its life blood from it. Therefore, when you attack Wall Street you attack at the same time the business of the country. The country and business need a rest from agitation."

"How about the trusts?" I asked.

"I think it is only fair," he said, "to say of the great industrial combinations of the country which have been managed with intelligence and have been successful, that they have reduced the cost of production and at the same time cheapened prices, thereby directly benefiting the consumer."

The Ryan Way of Doing Things

ONE of the main difficulties in interviewing Mr. Ryan is that he seems to have no interest in details. He leaves these to subordinates. Any question concerning the main point he promptly and frankly disposes of. For example, when I asked him what he thought was the greatest achievement with which he had to do, he answered with the word "Tobacco." To get him to talk about that great deal beyond saying, "We agreed to do this; we agreed to do that," is almost impossible. After he has told you that he and Lord Winterstoke arranged, in a few hours, the terms of a peace that settled a trade war in which nearly fifteen million dollars had been wasted in three years, the story, so far as he is concerned, stops. He is not reticent. It appears simply that beyond stating results he does not think it worth while to go. All his life he has dealt in results.

He does not seem to care whether you are informed that the tobacco trade which he pacified amounts to one million or one billion dollars a year, or that the virtual partnership made between the English and American interests averted the most expensive trade war ever waged, or that he brought about the greatest international union of trade interests yet effected. It is one of his extraordinary qualities that all past activity is to him a blank wall.

Since Mr. Ryan's sense of proportion is well developed, and his measuring unit large, you rely upon his simple assertion that the tobacco deal was big. As you obtain the details incidentally you get a near view of the man and his methods, and you wonder, perhaps, how a single individual, even of Mr. Ryan's qualities, would walk into the enemy's country unattended by lawyer or secretary and dispose of matters so promptly.

What happened was this: The tobacco war between the English and American companies had eaten up millions of dollars and threatened to demoralize the whole trade. Mr. Ryan was interested in the American companies. He thought it was time to end the trouble, so he went to London to do it. He went alone. Every day he confronted the combined boards and attorneys of the English companies, about twelve in number. The conferences, which were held in the boardroom of the London and Northwestern Railroad, were formal and imposing, with much talk and no action. This was not the Ryan way.

One day he took Lord Winterstoke into a side room. They sat down at a small table and Mr. Ryan began to write on a sheet of paper, no larger than any ordinary envelope. When he got through writing he had outlined the details of the basis of settlement, which ended hostilities and which included, among other things, full return to the American interests for the money which they had expended and a satisfactory division of world territory for business. This incident is typical. Whatever disorderly thing his hand has touched has become orderly.

After his aggressive silence, Mr. Ryan's most distinguishing trait is his aloofness. He has, in the main, gone it alone and kept his own counsel. His plans, therefore, have never leaked. When he struck it was often over night and without warning, and the stroke was swift.

Yet when I asked him if he had ever laid down any definite business rule to follow, he said:

"No, I never have followed any rule. I've simply worked hard and kept at it. My experience has led me to believe that in this country men are judged not so much by what they are as by what they do. Therefore, satisfaction comes from doing things.

"I have always found it a good plan, however, to master the details of an enterprise before moving. I like to take hold and build up. It is good to lead forlorn hopes. But when I have finished a work it ceases to have interest for me. I prefer to look forward rather than backward; I'd rather speak of what I have accomplished rather than discuss what I am going to do."

I asked him to indicate the qualities which in his opinion most make for a young man's success these days. Mr. Ryan said: "Industry, sobriety and concentration."

And right here may be repeated a little incident which throws light on Mr. Ryan's methods. He is a director in many corporations, and is the type of director who directs. As a result, he has often surprised lawyers with his knowledge of law. Several years ago one of his sons found a worn set of Chitty's Blackstone in the attic. Taking it downstairs, he said: "Father, whose books are these?"

Mr. Ryan picked them up fondly, and said: "I bought those books when I was starting out in business as a boy. I thought that, in order to succeed, I'd have to know law, so I studied Blackstone at night."

Watered Stock in Railways

WHEN the subject of watered stock in street railways is mentioned to Mr. Ryan he smiles. This is especially true if the conversation takes place in the office of his home on Fifth Avenue in New York. He has lined this office with the originals of some of the cartoons of him that have been printed in the newspapers. In his library are four massive volumes containing the reproductions of the Ryan cartoons. His activities for the past dozen years have kept more than one famous cartoonist on his job. Having a sense of humor he shows these cartoons to his friends.

These cartoons, which have colored the general opinion of him, would indicate that one of his chief occupations as street-railway man (and it is as such that he is most widely known, despite the fact that he has long since outgrown this field) has been to pump water into traction stock or remove the clothes from Father Knickerbocker's back. For twenty years he has been arraigned for everything that has gone wrong with the New York transportation lines.

(Concluded on Page 31)

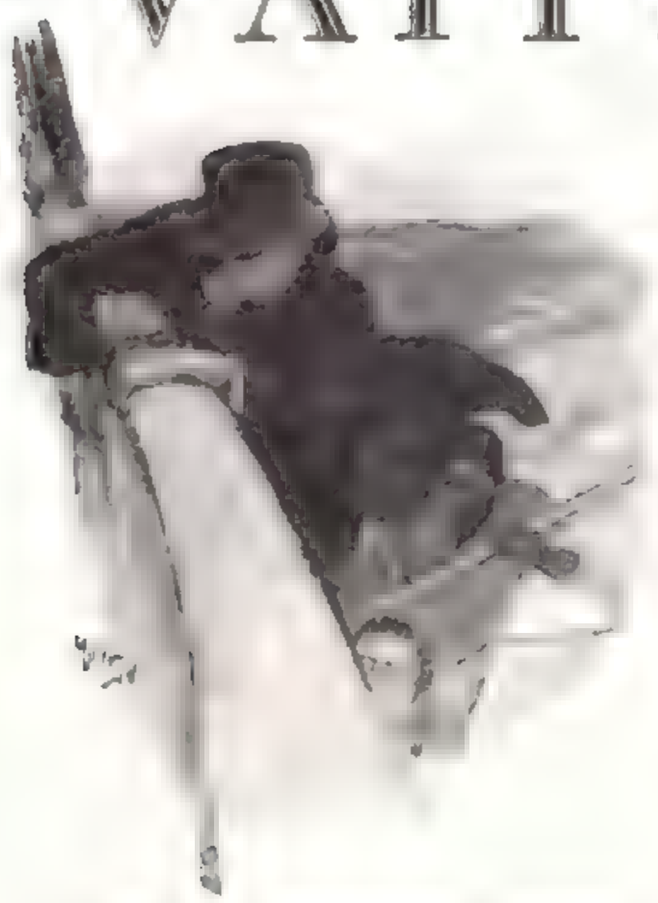
Thomas F. Ryan at the Age of Twenty-one

VAITI THE QUEEN

The Tale of the Pearl Pirates

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WIDNEY



"It is My Duty," He Said, Shivering with Fright

"THERE'S a sail on the starboard bow," said the missionary.

He was a fat, elderly man, of a pale, "longshore" complexion, and he wore a black suit and white tie, though the latitude was just five degrees south of the line. Nevertheless, the Reverend Isaac Grubb was a bit of a sailor, and he had the sailor's eye for distance.

"So there is," said the mate, fetching a glass and taking a good look. "Trading schooner, I reckon. Won't pass within three miles of us, on that tack."

The mission schooner Glory was what is known to the islands as a "kerosene steamer"—that is, she owned a fifty-horse-power engine run by benzoline. It was going full speed ahead now, sending an excited pitter-patter, pitter-patter, across the empty seas, and forging the vessel along at something like four knots an hour.

"Might change our course a bit and see if she has any papers. She's from Auckland, I'll be bound," said the mate, who was thirsting for news—and other things. It was his first trip on a mission ship, and he had had time to develop a cordial hate of the very sight of a teapot-spout since leaving port some weeks before.

"I do not feel the want of news," said the Reverend Isaac, a little primly. "And I don't care for the company on those trading vessels. I hope the captain will consider my wishes, and keep on our present course."

"You bet," affirmed that official, stepping out of the little chart-house and extending a hand for the glass. "Benzoline at ten shillings a case is too dear to throw away payin' visits."

The young mate, disappointed, went down into the cabin. He had an idea that the passenger might back him up. The Glory did not take passengers, as a rule, being meant only for the conveyance of missionaries, their families and their stores. But at sea, a few days back, they had encountered the British man-of-war Caradoc, and the Caradoc's commander had been very urgent indeed about transferring a castaway they had picked up on an uninhabited island. The Glory was bound for Auckland, and the Caradoc was on a surveying trip likely to last some months. In the course of a very few days the rescued castaway—who was the half-caste girl, Vaiti, sometime Queen of the Liali Islands, and for years notorious as one of the most daring and adventurous characters in the island world—had contrived to set half the ship's company by the ears through her beauty and what the Irish doctor described as her "general divilment." A prolonged trip with that young woman on board was the very last thing that the commander desired, and the encounter with the mission ship seemed to him quite a special providence.

Vaiti was handed over, therefore, and started on her way to Auckland, where she intended to find out what had become of the sole piece of property she now retained in the world—the schooner Sybil, transferred to her possession by the recent death of her father.

She had been very quiet on the trip, but the mate had a shrewd idea that a change of company would not come amiss to Vaiti, any more than to himself. Therefore, he went down into the cabin, and roused her out of a doze on one of the lockers by the announcement that a sail was in sight. The girl woke instantly, and was up the companion in a flash. Arrived on deck, she took one glance at the oncoming sail, then twisted her loose native dress tight with a quick turn and knot, snatched the glass out of the captain's hand, and sprang into the rigging like a monkey or a sailor. She was up into the fore-crosstrees before the missionary had time to do more than gasp at her unseemly behavior, and, with one arm hooked about a stay, began to examine the stranger vessel narrowly.

"What do you make of her?" hailed the captain, laughing at the girl's audacity. He had rather a weak spot for the island beauty, though the missionary persisted in referring to her as a "brand."

Vaiti, for all reply, tore off her sash, and waved it in the wind like a pennant.

"Iorana! Iorana Sipila!" she cried, balancing suicidally on the crosstrees.

"Here, let up that nonsense; you'll break your silly neck," yelled the captain. "Come down out of that. What'd she say, Mr. Grubb?"

"She said 'Greeting to Sybil,'" said the missionary, with rather a puzzled expression.

"The—Heavens—she did!" said the captain, biting off an unmissionary exclamation with some difficulty. "She means her father's ship—the one she used to live in. Why, she and he used to paint the islands red in that there hooker. She's been in more sorts of trouble, has that schooner, than anything else in the islands with a keel on it. Who has her, and what brings her here now, I'd like to know?"

"That's what I say," said the mate eagerly. "If we was to go and see what news she had from Auckland ——"

"Yes, we'll send a boat over," said the captain. "And I'll take her myself," he added, wiping the anticipatory smile off the mate's face as neatly as a slate is wiped with a sponge.

Vaiti had come down again by this time, as quickly as she went up, and was in her cabin putting on a clean frock. The missionary had kindly given her an outfit from the stores of garments they were carrying for a native school, and Vaiti had altered the things to suit her own taste. It was a very smart figure that appeared on the deck, while the boat was getting ready to start. A white muslin Mother Hubbard, adorned with a crimson silk cummerbund given her by the infatuated captain, well set off her brilliant, dark beauty. The silver hilt of her knife shone on her hip, and in the splendid masses of her curling hair, flowing unbound over her shoulders, floated a gay plume of blue and scarlet feathers.

"Oh, Jimini!" cried the mate, staring at the latter decoration, "she's bin and took the tail off my Fiji parrot!"

The bird itself, slinking shamefacedly round the corner of the hatch, with most of its splendid plumage rudely shorn, squawked in melancholy answer. The captain, who had not been trading in parrots, burst out laughing.

"You won't get no fifteen shillings for that indecent objic', in Auckland or anywhere. Take it home and cover it up," he counseled, staring admiringly at the dark face overshadowed by the vivid plume. Certainly, Vaiti knew what adornments suited her, if she was unscrupulous in the means she took to obtain them.

With every stroke of the oars that took the boat nearer to the schooner Vaiti grew more excited, though she showed no emotion, after her custom. Certainly the Sybil was about the last thing she had expected to meet, up here. The ship, which was lying to, waiting their arrival, was in excellent order, every rope taut, sails new and white, fresh paint, brasswork winking in the sun. Two or three natives—Solomon Islanders, apparently—were standing about the decks, and three white men were leaning over the rail.

Vaiti knew none of them. But when a fourth figure came up the companion, and crossed the deck with the unmistakable brisk walk of the man who has served his king afloat, the girl's heart stopped beating for as long as you might count two, and then began knocking hammer-strokes against her side that made the silver hilt of the dagger in her sash quiver visibly in the sun. She knew that face—that strong, clean-shaven, heavy-jawed countenance, with its steely eyes, and small, firm mouth, and the curious, contradictory, deep dimple in the sunburnt cheek. She had seen it, in dreams, many a time, though, in reality, seldom—never at all since that wild night in the cannibal islands, two years before, when she had saved the life and the career of the man who stood looking at the oncoming boat over the rail. She would have married him in those days if he had held up a finger. But Lieutenant Tempest, of His Majesty's Navy, excellently connected, and with a fine career before him, had not been the man to offer an island girl the love which had to do with plain gold rings.

Aye, and she had been near to answering his message, and following him to Sydney, ring or no ring. But a crown came between, and she had taken the crown.

Now the crown was gone, and the kingdom was lost, and she was poor and friendless. And the well-born Tempest, of His Majesty's Navy—what was he doing, in a trading schooner, out among the islands?

That he was in command was clear enough by the orders he gave, though there was no frippery of gold bands or buttons about his plain white suit. One of the men, at his word of command, superintended the getting out of the ladder, and set a kerosene case under the bulwarks for a step. Another disappeared down the companion, and shortly afterward returned and busied himself in the lazarette. Tempest himself stood ready to receive the guests with a formality quite as uncommon on trading schooners as the dazzling cleanliness of the decks and the neat Flemish coiling of all the ropes' ends.

What she had expected him to say or do Vaiti hardly knew. Her strange adventures and misfortunes of the last few months were known to the whole Pacific, and she was more or less of a heroine to the island world, so it was no wonder that the one white man left unemployed nearly stared his eyes out of his head at her, as she came up the side. But Tempest did not stare at all. He merely took a good look at her, then lifted her across the bulwarks in his arms, and gave her a sounding kiss before he set her down.

"So You've Come Back to Me at Last, My Beauty!"

"So you've come back to me at last, my beauty!" he said, calmly ignoring the gaping ship's company.

Vaiti instantly boxed his ears, with a force that made him stagger, and said briefly (in effect) that she hoped to see his ultimate condemnation first. She had come to find out what he was doing with her ship, she added, and she would also like to know what he wanted here at all.

Tempest, his cheek streaked dark red with a bruise that would blacken before long, laughed and replied courteously that he would see to all that, by and by; but she must excuse him if he first had a word with the captain of the Glory.

They went down into the cabin, all together, and the captain exchanged news with Tempest, giving him the latest information from the islands and hearing all that was to be heard from Auckland.

"Yachting, sir?" asked the captain. He could not help feeling respectful toward this well-bred, well-dressed man, who had his ship in such excellent order.

"No, trading," answered Tempest. "I bought this ship from the executors of her late owner, in Auckland. The Queen of Liali was supposed to have been drowned off the coast of Liali, in a gale, until the ship that picked her up sent a wireless to the new Marconi station to say they had her. Of course, the executors will hand over the money to this lady as soon as she likes."

"Beg your pardon, sir," ventured the captain doubtfully, "but I thought you was in ——"

Tempest did not help him out.

"In the navy," completed the captain, a little nervously.

"Did you?" inquired Tempest in a voice that invited no further questions. "I can't offer you anything to drink, Captain. This is a temperance ship. Will you take some coffee?"

Laden with a bundle of newspapers and well filled with luncheon of a quality unknown on board the Glory, the captain prepared to depart.

"Are you ready, ma'am?" he inquired.

The three were alone in the cabin. Tempest answered for Vaiti. "She's not coming back," he replied. "And see here! Tell that parson of yours if he wants to make a five-pound note for his confounded mission he may come over with his choker and his prayer-book for a wedding Sharp's the word, Captain; there's some weather coming."

The captain opened his mouth like a frog and stared, speechless. Vaiti opened hers to more purpose, though briefly. Whatever she might feel, or had felt, about Tempest, in her secret heart, she was the last woman in the world to take orders from him—or thought she was. Tempest laid his hand on her shoulder.

"You've got a nasty habit of using unladylike language, Vi," he observed. "You'd better drop that. I'm a pretty hard case, but I prefer to do all the swearing that's wanted myself. Go on, you, sir; what do you want to hang about like that for, with the weather and the glass as they are?"

Indeed the fair day was darkening in an ugly manner, and the barometer—had the captain chanced to consult it that day, which he had not—stood unpleasantly far down.

As one hypnotized, the merchant-seaman walked out. Tempest had not served the king for nothing all the best years of his life.

Vaiti, her eyes sparkling with something that might have been rage, or might not, attempted to follow him. But Tempest, who knew rather more about the ways of women than any one man has a right to know, read her like a book, and kept his hold. She pulled the ever-ready knife out of its sheath, and set its needle-sharp point right upon the thick, blue vein in his throat. Tempest laughed in her eyes, and kissed her across the blade. And the knife fell tinkling to the floor.

When the boat got back to the Glory the sea was getting up and the schooner was pitching fiercely. The captain gave Tempest's message, and added his own opinion that the missionary would much better stay where he was. It was scarcely safe in a boat now, and would be very unsafe indeed in half an hour.

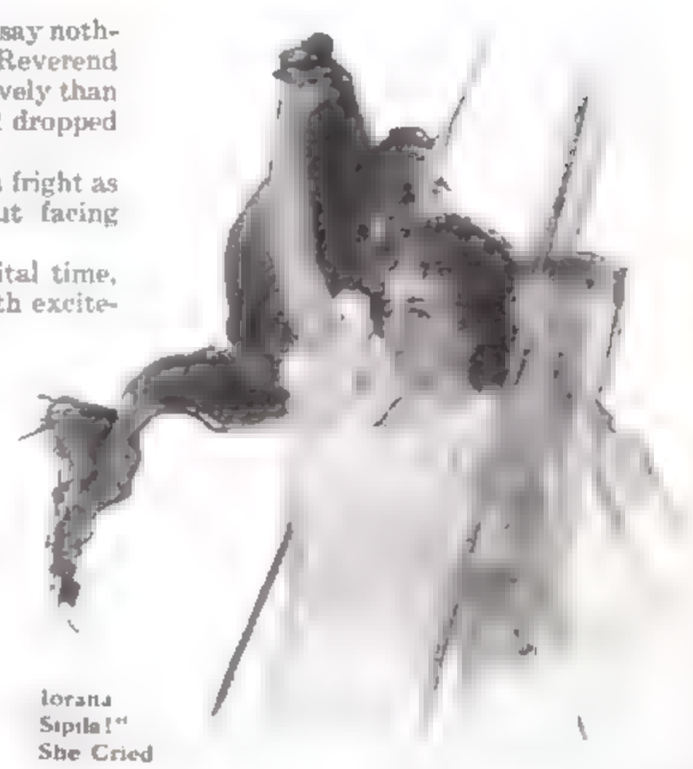
"Nevertheless, I shall go," said the Reverend Isaac, buttoning his black coat round him. "The woman is a brand not plucked from the burning, and the man is a man of sin—I have heard too much about this fellow already—but if I do not marry them they will certainly go away unmarried, and the evil will be at my door."

The captain thought it very likely they would, but he thought it more important that he should get on his course again, and endeavored to persuade the missionary against going.

"It's as much as your life is worth—to say nothing of my boat," he declared. But the Reverend Isaac climbed down the ladder, more actively than his size would have led one to expect, and dropped into the plunging whale-boat.

"It is my duty," he said, shivering with fright as he felt the fierce snatch of the sea, but facing determinedly toward the Sybil.

The native crew rowed him over in capital time, despite the weather. They were wild with excitement, for they had heard what was going on, and they shouted island choruses all the way, except when a bucketful of salt spray smacked into the face of a singer and choked him. When they reached the ship the three white men were standing at the ladder, and the rigging was decked out with flags. A roll of red bunting was laid down on the deck as carpeting, and the saloon was bright with half the contents of the signal locker. At the far end of the table stood Vaiti in her white dress, her face as fixed and inscrutable as a figurehead, and Tempest, his fine teeth showing in a cheerful sailor grin.



Iorana Sipila!" She Cried

"Shove ahead, parson," he commanded; "I want to get on deck and see to the ship"

The ceremony was a brief one, and shorn of all unnecessary formalities, but it was as good in law as words and witnesses and a correctly drawn-up certificate could make it. Two of the white men stood at the door, and signed their names after the bride and bridegroom, after all was over. When it came to the ring Tempest took Vaiti's hand in his own, removed the broad gold band and the ruby guard that she had worn as Queen Consort of Liali, and tossed them out through the port. She was married for the second time—and for the first time to the man whom she cared for—with Tempest's own seal ring.

Throughout the brief ceremony the little cabin rocked and pitched so that the wedding party could scarcely keep their feet, and the wind shouted wickedly in the rigging overhead. The signatures were scarce affixed when the bridegroom, tossing a banknote to the missionary, dropped his bride's hand, and made a bolt for the deck, where his voice in another moment filled the air with loud commands. The two white men were after him at once, and bundled the parson down the side with small ceremony.

"Poor devil! he was yellow with fright," observed the man who seemed to be acting as mate, as he obeyed Tempest's hail on to the poop.

"He's a confounded good-plucked one; if you'd been half as afraid of anything as he was of getting drowned coming over you'd never have done it. Look alive, man; I don't want to see the masts ripped out of her."

In another half-hour the Sybil and the Glory were almost out of sight of one another in the heights and hollows of a tempest-beaten sea, and Vaiti, swaying on her feet like a poppy on its stem, as she balanced herself upon the narrow floor of her own old cabin, felt that the old life had begun again—the old life, gilded with a new radiance that until then her stormy, solitary soul had never known.

The sun was lately down, and the wonderful afterglow of the Pacific had painted the sky pure pink from east to west. The little white crystals of the stars and the large white crystals of the moon hung on the hollow arch like raindrops on a rose. The sea beneath, taking the first shadow of night, was silver-gray, sleep's color.

Right up in the bows of the ship, looking aft toward the planet Venus and the trembling pencil of light she cast across the water, sat Tempest and his bride. Vaiti's head was on her husband's shoulder, and their hands were linked. They were entirely indifferent to the glances of the crew. Island blood is void of self-consciousness, and a man who has spent most of his life in the navy is not likely to have much shyness left in him.

The crew was interested, nevertheless, and the three white men—mate, boatswain and cook—were most especially interested. The marriage was a fortnight old by now, and this was the first occasion on which the happy pair had appeared to be on really amiable terms in public. They were clearly deep in love with each other, but just as clearly at war for the prize of supremacy. Neither before had ever owned a master. Tempest had thrown away a brilliant career, under circumstances not untouched with actual disgrace, because of this lawless strain. Vaiti had wrecked a kingdom in the self-same manner. And now Greek had met Greek with a vengeance—and the inferior executive of the ship was profanely betting on the result.

There had been storms on board the schooner, though the weather had been true honeymoon time, and, if winds were fair on the water, they were often foul in the cabin. Sometimes the loving pair did not speak for days at a time—that is, Vaiti would not, and Tempest indulged her. Sometimes there were fierce arguments that resounded over half the ship, and meals were served with such fiery sauce that the mate was half afraid to eat. Once it was whispered that "the old man had rope's ended his missus," and, at the same time, it was known that Tempest had acquired a rather serious knife-wound in the shoulder. Which of the two events preceded the other, and which had been the cause of the trouble, was a problem debated with much relish out of hearing of the cabin. In the morning the married pair would be seen amicably pacing the deck together. By the second dog-watch Vaiti would have locked herself into her cabin (having thoughtfully provisioned it beforehand) and would utterly decline to move out of it for several days. It is impossible to express the joy that these dramatic happenings gave to the rest of the ship's company, who were suffering from the stagnation of a long voyage, and who were, like all sailors, ready to be interested in the veriest trifles of the day's happenings, not to speak of such an entertainment as this.

Sitting there, however, in the magic afterglow of the sunset, with the star of Love hanging round and clear before the gray eyes and the brown, the stormy pair seemed to have found something like agreement at last. The sailors could see that Vaiti was talking—not the most ordinary of events, for the Sea Queen was sparing of words by nature—and it was evident that she had something interesting to say, for Tempest was listening with the utmost attention, and asking questions every now and then.

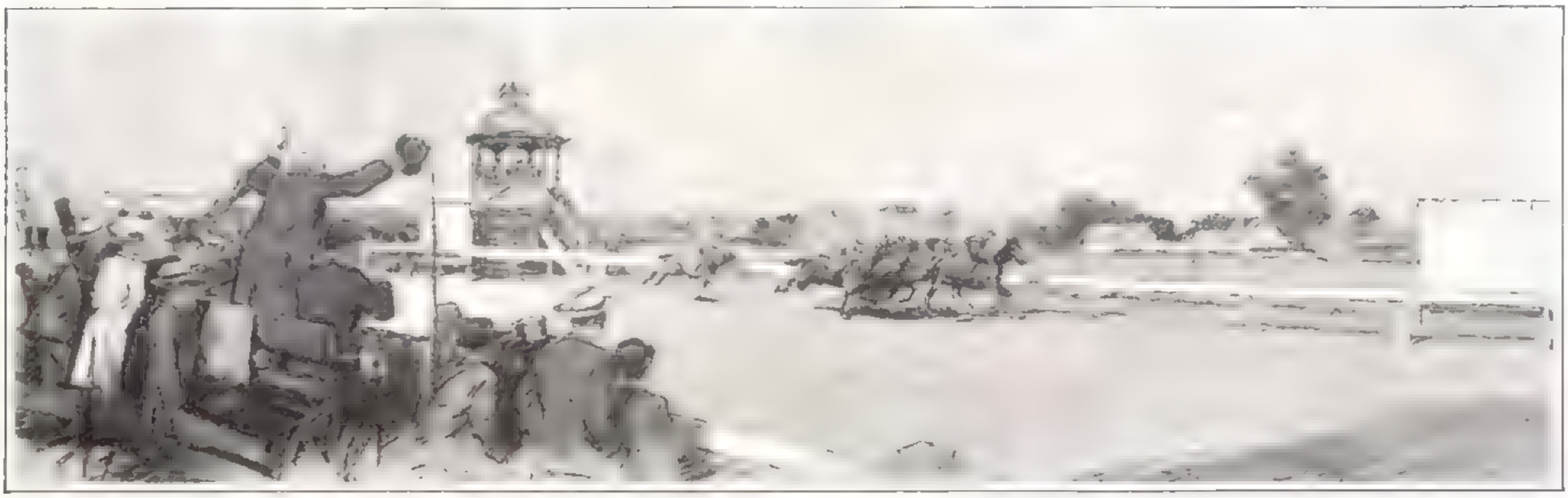
He rose to his feet at last, pulling Vaiti with him, and placed his hands on her shoulders. He swayed her to and fro as he spoke, and the crew began to hope that there was another interesting row at hand. Tempest's words could not be heard beyond the bows, but they would have dispelled the happy delusion, though they were scarcely words of peace.

"Done with you, Vi! I've ruined my life safe enough, as far as anything decent goes. You know that, though you've had the blessed common-sense to keep off questions. And you've made rather a hash of yours. What? Then we'll go to the devil together. Hanged if we don't. What's the use of pretending to be respectable in the islands? Broken men—broken men—every one

(Continued on Page 23.

"And We Intend to Rob Them, Which Makes Us Pirates, Too"

BIG KELLY



He Talks on the Sport of Kings

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

I SEE this la-a-ad Hughes up in Albany," observed Old Timmy, as the circle down at Doloran's settled to its usual seats," is makin' it hot for th' racin' guys. Do yez look on bettin' th' ponies as a vice, Kell?"

"Well," responded Big Kelly, with a conservative air, "I don't know as I'd call it a vice so much as a sucker play. Comin' in from th' track, didn't you ever lamp off th' owners an' bookmakers flashin' by in their autymobiles, while th' poor mutts who've been playin' ag'inst 'em is paddin' th' asphalt for theirs? Well, that's th' answer. I think any man who'd bet th' races ought to have his head examined."

"They call it th' shpo-o-ort av kings," said Old Timmy argumentatively.

"Sport of kings! Sport of come-ons, rather! But lettin' it go as th' sport of kings, what's that got to do with th' bunch of human four-spots that go chasin' to th' track every day?

"Them 'sport-of-kings' gazabos'll go on, too, an' give you a line of talk as to how racin' improves th' breed of horses. Next they'll unload a lot of guff about its bein' healthy, out on th' grass, under th' clear sky, with th' smell of th' fresh breeze in your nose. You notice they ain't sayin' a word concernin' th' mothers an' kids livin' in hot two-room tenements, an' jumpin' sideways for grub besides, while th' husbands an' fathers is blowin' in their bank-rolls in th' bettin' ring, an' gettin' healthy.

"An' th' crack about improvin' th' breed of horses!—such bluffs makes me tired! Did you ever size up one of them skates that's bred for racin'? They ain't bigger 'n a dog. You could carry one of 'em with a pair of shawl-straps. Improve th' breed of horses! It's like holdin' tops'l yacht races to improve th' breed of battleships.

"An' th' little jocks, too—mere kids! I've wondered th' Gerries didn't get after 'em."

"F'r all that," observed Old Timmy stubbornly, "thim la-a-ads that's mixed up wit' th' racin' game is, just th' sa-a-ame, good fellys."

"'Good fellows!'" repeated Big Kelly with contempt. "Bloomin'dale an' Blackwell's Island is full of 'good fellows.' I recollect"—and Big Kelly put on a reminiscent look—"seein' a picture once of a girl—a young wife, she was—lyin' with her head on an untouched dinner-table—fallen asleep, poor thing! The clock in th' picture pointed to midnight. There she'd been waitin', with th' dinner she'd cooked with her own little lovin' mitts, for that bum of a husband to come home. Under th' picture it said, 'For he's a jolly good fellow!'

"Say, that picture got on my nerves. A week later I'm down by th' old Delmonico joint; it's mebby one o'clock in th' mornin'. As I'm goin' by, out floats a fleet of Willies, all singin' in honor of a dude who's in th' middle: 'For he's a jolly good fellow!' It brings back that picture, an' I begin to fill up.

"'Who's that student?' I asks th' boor who's slammin' carriage doors on th' curb. 'Is he a married man?'

"'He's married all right.' With that I tears into him, just as that Calla Lily Quartette reaches, 'W'ich nobody can deny!'

"This is a good while ago an' I could slug a little. By th' time th' copper got there, that 'jolly good fellow' was a pick-up for an ambulance.

"'W'at did you clout him for, Kell?' asks th' copper.

"'Because it's one o'clock in th' mornin',' says I, 'an' he's a married man. Until furder orders, I'm out to do up every sport, soused or sober, I catch lettin' on he's a "jolly good fellow," an' him with a wife at home.'

"'Right you be!' says the cop. Then turnin' on th' Willies, who's pickin' th' 'jolly good fellow' off th' pavement, he says: 'You guerrillas do a sneak, now, or I'll run youse in. It's ten for one you're all married.'"

"Well, I'm not married," interjected Old Timmy snappishly. "I'm not married; I niver was married; I niver will be married. Take that from me."

"They talk," pursued Big Kelly, ignoring Old Timmy's interruption and making signs to Doloran—"they talk of curfew laws for th' kids. What this town needs is a curfew law for husbands, an' orders to th' p'lice to collar every one of 'em found loose on th' streets after nine o'clock, unless his wife's along."

"But about this crushade," remarked Old Timmy—"about this crushade Gov'nor Hughes has started ag'inst racin': D'yez think, Kell, thim crushades is a good thing?"

"There's always been crusades," returned Big Kelly easily; "it's th' way humanity's gaited. Every sport, even if he don't go 'round blowin' about it, has got it tucked away in his make-up that he himself is th' real thing. Every dub who's different from him he figgers is worse'n him. In two moves he's out crusadin' to make that other party, who's different, act like him.

"In th' old days it was religion; th' paynims was th' fall guys. Now it's rum, or racin', or some such stall. Once let a community get th' crusade bug, something's got to go. In a little village, where I'm at last summer, there bein' no grog-shops or racin' to get busy with, they ups an' bounces an old sport out of th' only church in town for pitchin' horseshoes."

"But about thim paynims, Kell! Thim la-a-ads musht be new wans; shure, I niver heard av thim befure."

"It's hundreds of years ago, Timmy. Th' paynims hung out in Palestine, an' for a religion strung their play with a party called Mahomet. Bein' they was paynims, of course th' Christians is naturally sore on 'em; an' so, when Europe's feelin' grouchy, an' like huntin' trouble, th' crusade spirit 'd flare up. Next, mebby Richard over in England would pass th' word to Philip in France an' th' other lads with crowns.

"'How about it?' he'd say. 'Cast your regal peepers towards Palestine. D'you "make" them paynims? Ain't they th' tough lot? They won't eat pork; they toe in when they walk; they don't drink anything worse 'n coffee; they've got brown skins; they worship Allah. Also,' says he, 'we can lick 'em for money, marbles or chalk. What d'you say, me royal brothers? Let's get our gangs, an' hand 'em a wallop in behalf of th' true faith.'

"Philip an' th' other crowned lads, at this, would agree with Richard.

"'Them paynims are certainly th' worst ever!' they'd say; an' one word 'd lead to another, until th' crusade be on. Some afternoon you'd hear th' boys in th' street yellin' 'Wustry!' an' there it 'ud be, in big black type, 'Richard, Philip an' their gallant band of strong-arms have landed in Palestine.'

"As far as I can see, th' Christians always had it on th' paynims—always had them heathen shaded, when it come to a scrap. Th' Christian had th' punch; an' th' paynims must have been wise to it, for no sooner would Richard, Philip and their roly-boly boys hit th' dock, when th' paynims would take it on th' run for th' hills. Their Mullahs would try to rally 'em, an' give 'em an argument, an' tell 'em that, whoever got downed fightin' Christians, th' prophet would back his ticket through for paradise direct, an' no stop-overs.

"It was just th' same, a case of nothin' doin'.

"'That's all right about th' prophet!' they'd retort, givin' th' Mullahs th' laugh; an' then they'd beat it for th' next ridge.

"Not bein' able to get on a match, the paynims declinin' their game, th' Christian lads would cut loose an' rough-house th' place, an' in a way of speakin' stand th' Holy Land on its head. Do what they would, however, they couldn't coax th' paynims into th' ring with 'em; an' so, after a while, they'd decide that Palestine's th' deadest place they'd ever struck. Also, they'd begin gettin' word from home that their wives was talkin' of a divorce, an' their children so far forgettin' themselves as to go marryin' th' children of their pet enemies, an' one way an' another their domestic affairs was gettin' on th' fritz.

"At this, Richard'd go loafin' over to Philip's tent, an' say:

"'Philly, my boy, I don't know how this crusade strikes you, but, if I'm any judge of these great moral movements, we're in Dutch. An' so,' he'd go on, 'not to put too fine a point on it, Philly, it's me for Merrie England by the night boat.'

"With that they'd break for home; an', when they got there, mebby hand out a taste of th' strap to mamma an' th' babies, just to teach 'em not to get to runnin' funny next time father's far away. As for Palestine, by th' time it's quit of 'em, there'd be th' noble paynim back on th' job ag'in. He's there right now.

"No; Richard an' th' others never'd go crusadin' ag'in. Once was enough. It took 'em th' balance of their lives to get their crowns an' sceptres out of th' hock-shop, an' put their kingdoms back on a cash basis.

"That's in th' old time," continued Big Kelly; "crusadin' then is more a matter of phys'cal voylence. Now it's a moral stunt. Still, it has much th' same start to-day as it had then, an', so far as I have run down th' dope, much th' same finish.

"Take this racin' racket. Of course, everybody is on to it that racin's a gamblin' game; an' if th' kid-glove squeeze that owns th' tracks 'd front up an' say so, instead of singin' mankind a song about improvin' th' breed of horses, an' how th' bettin'-ring—front row, back line an' free field—ain't nothin' but a health resort, they wouldn't be in so bad as they be. Th' world wasn't born yesterday. Also, it ain't down on a criminal so much as it is on a hypocrite.

"As I says, racin's a gamblin' game; without th' bettin' it don't go. Bein' fly to which, th' track-owners at the go-off go sashayin' up to Albany, an' shove through th' Percy-Gray law. That's years ago; an' th' effect is to declare every crook a crim'nal except themselves. You can touch a boob for his leather inside a race-track fence, but, if you trim him outside th' fence, you get thrown in.

"This is a good thing for them wise babies who own th' race-tracks; but th' pool-rooms, an' other combinations

(Continued on Page 30)

THE FIRING LINE

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

CHAPTER XI

THE transport wagon was now in sight ahead, and Bulow, one of the guides, had released a brace of setters, casting them out among the open pines. Away raced the belled dogs, jingling into the saw-scrub, and Shiela nodded to him to prepare for a shot as she drew her own gun from its boot and loaded, eyes still following the distant dogs.

To and fro raced the setters, tails low, noses up, wheeling, checking, quartering, cutting up acres and acres—a stirring sight!—and more stirring still when the blue-ticked dog, catching the body-scent, slowed down, flag whipping madly, and began to crawl into the wind.

"You and Shiela!" called out Cardross as they trotted up, guns resting on their thighs. "Gray and I'll pick up the singles."

The girl sprang to the ground, gun poised; Hamil followed her, and they walked across the sandy open where scarcely a tuft of dead grass bristled. It seemed impossible that any living creature bigger than an ant could conceal itself on that bare, arid sand stretch, but the ticked dog was standing rigid, nose pointing almost between his forefeet, and the red dog was backing him, tail like a ramrod, right forefoot doubled, jaws a-slaver.

The girl glanced sideways at Hamil mischievously.

"What are we shooting for, Mr. Hamil?"

"Anything you wish," he said, "but it's yours anyway—all I can give. I suppose I'm going to miss."

"No, you mustn't. If you're out of practice remember to let them get well away. And I won't shoot a match with you this time. Shall I flush?"

"I'll put them up. Are you ready?"

"Quite, thank you."

He stepped up beside the ticked dog, halted, took one more step beyond—whir-r-r! and the startled air was filled with wings; and crack! crack! crack-crack! spoke the smokeless powder.

Two quail stopped in mid-air and pitched downward.

"They're not my birds," said Hamil. "Shiela, how *could* you do such a thing under my very nose and in sight of your relatives and three unfeeling guides!"

"You poor boy," she said, watching the bevy as he picked up the curious, dark, little Florida quail and displayed them. Then, having marked, she quietly signaled the dogs forward.

"I m not going," he said; "I've performed sufficiently."

She was not quite sure how much of disappointment lay under his pretense, and rather shyly she suggested that he redeem himself. Gray and his father were walking toward one dog who was now standing; two quail flushed and both fell.

"Come," she said, laying her hand lightly on his arm; "Ticky is pointing and I *will* have you redeem yourself."

So they went forward, and three birds jumped and two fell.

"Bravo!" she exclaimed radiantly; "I knew my cavalier, after all!"

"You held your fire," he said accusingly.

"Ye-s."

"Why?"

"Because—if you ——" She raised her eyes half serious, half mockingly: "Do you think I care for—anything—at your expense?"

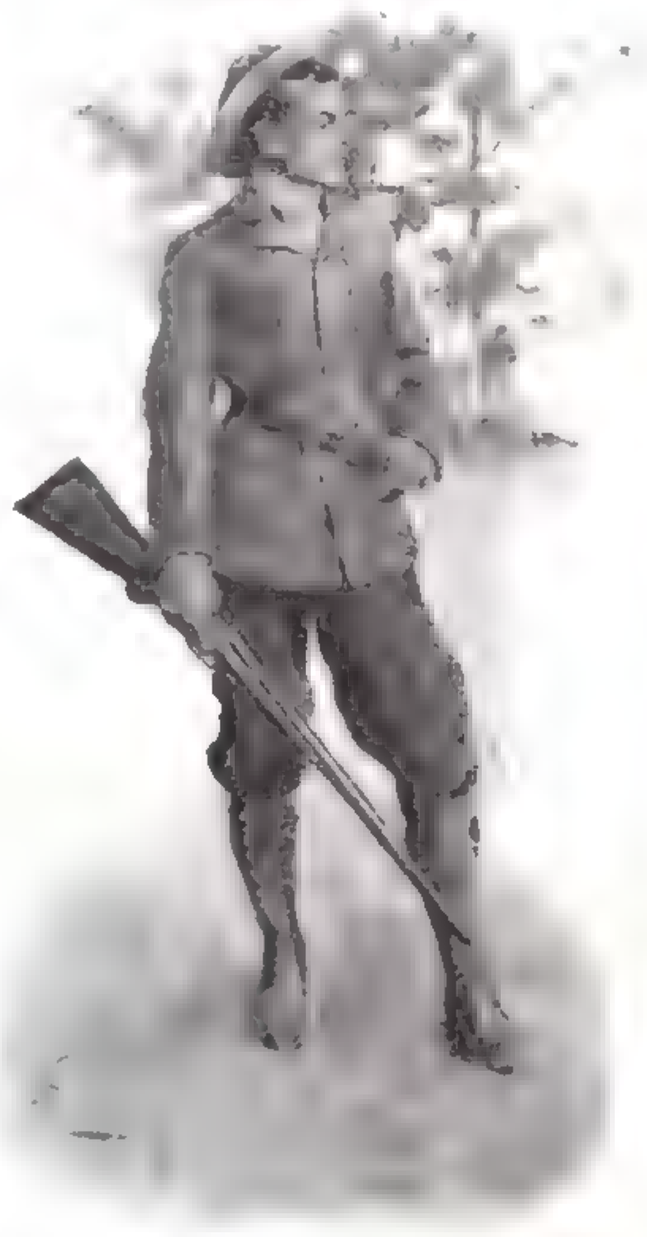
A thrill passed through him. "Do you think I mind if you are the better of us, you generous girl?"

"I am not a better shot; I really am not. . . . Look at these birds—both cocks. Are they not funny—these quaint little black quail of the semi-tropics? We'll need all we can get, too. But now that you are your resistless self again I shall cease to dread the alternative of starvation or a resort to alligator tail."

So with a gay exchange of badinage they took their turns when the dogs rounded up singles; and sometimes he missed shamefully, and sometimes he performed with credit, but she never amended his misses nor did more than match his successes, and he thought that in all his life he had never witnessed more faultless field courtesy than this young girl instinctively displayed. Nothing in the world could have touched him more keenly or convinced him more thoroughly. For it is on the firing line that character shows; a person is what he is in the field—even though he sometimes neglects to live up to it in less vital moments.

Cardross and Gray had remounted; Bulow cast out a brace of pointers for them, and they were already far away. Presently the distant crack of their guns announced that fresh bevies had been found beyond the branch.

The guide, Carter, rode out, bringing Shiela and Hamil their horses and relieving the latter's pockets of a dozen birds; announcing luncheon at the same time in a voice softly neglectful of *l*'s and *r*'s, and musical with aspirates.



"I'm Not Going," He Said; "I've Performed Sufficiently"

As they followed him slowly toward the wagon which stood half a mile away under a group of noble pines, Hamil began in a low voice:

"I've got to say this, Shiela; I never saw more perfect sportsmanship than yours; and, if only for that, I love you with all my heart."

"What a boyish thing to say!" But she colored deliciously.

"You don't care whether I love you—that way, do you?" he asked hopefully.

"N-no."

"Then—I can wait."

She turned toward him, confused.

"Wait?" she repeated.

"Yes—wait; all my life, if it must be."

"There is nothing to wait for. Don't say such things to me. I—it's difficult enough for me now—to think what to do —— You will not speak to me again that way, will you? Because, if you do I must send you away. . . . And that will be—hard."

"Once," he said, "you spoke about men—crashing through the barriers of friendship. Am I like that?"

She hesitated, looked at him.

"There were no barriers."

"No barriers!"

"None—to keep you out. I should have seen to it; I should have been prepared; but you came so naturally into my friendship—inside the barriers—that I opened my eyes and found you there—and remembered, too late."

"Too late?"

"Too late to shut you out. And you frightened me last night; I tried to tell you—for your own sake; I was terrified, and I told you what I have never told a living soul before—that dreadful, hopeless, nightmare thing—to drive you out of my—my regard—and me from yours."

His face whitened a little under its tan, but the flat jaw muscles tightened doggedly.

"I don't understand—yet," he said. "And when you tell me—for you will sometime—it will not change me."

"It *must!*"

He shook his head.

She said in desperation: "You cannot care for me too much because you know that I am—not free"

"Cannot?" He laughed mirthlessly. "I *am* caring for you—loving you—every second more and more."

"That is dishonorable," she faltered, white as death.

"Why?"

"You *know!*"

"Yes. But if it does not change me how can I help it?"

"You can help making me care for *you!*"

His heart was racing now; every vein ran fiery riot.

"Is there a chance of *that*, Shiela?"

She did not answer, but the tragedy in her slowly lifted eyes appalled him. Then a rushing confusion of happiness and pain almost stupefied him.

"You must not be afraid," he managed to say, while the pulse hammered in his throat, and the tumult of his senses deadened his voice to a whisper.

"I am afraid."

They were near the wagon now; both dismounted under the pines while Bulow came forward to picket their horses. On their way together among the trees she looked up at him almost piteously: "You *must* go if you talk to me again like this. I could not endure very much of it."

"I don't know what I am going to do," he said in the same curiously deadened voice. "You must tell me more."

"I cannot. I am—uncertain of myself. I can't think clearly when we—when you speak to me—this way. Couldn't you go North before I—before my unhappiness becomes too real—too hard?—couldn't you go before it is too late—and leave me my peace of mind, my common-sense?"

He looked around at her. "Yes," he said, "I will go if there is no decent chance for us; and if it is not too late."

"I have my common-sense still left. It is not too late."

There was a silence. "I will go," he said very quietly.

"W-when?"

"The day we return."

"Can you leave your work?"

"Yes. Halloran knows."

"And you *will* go?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

Another silence. Then she shook her head, not looking at him.

"There is no use in going—now."

"Why?"

"Because—because I do not wish it." Her eyes fell lower; she drew a long, unsteady breath. "And because it is too late," she said. "You should have gone before I ever knew you—if I was to be spared my peace of mind."

Gray came galloping back through the woods, followed by his father and Eudo Stent. They were rather excited, having found signs of turkey along the mud of a distant branch; and, as they all gathered around a cold luncheon spread beside the wagon, a lively discussion began concerning the relative chances of "roosting" and "yelping."

But there was plenty of time to decide what to do when they reached camp; and half an hour later they started, wagon and all, wheels bumping over the exposed tree roots which infinitely bored the well-behaved dogs, squatting forward, heads in a row, every nose twitching at the subtle forest odors that only a dog could detect.

Here and there a crimson cardinal, crest lifted, sat singing deliciously on some green bough; now and then a summer tanager dropped like a live coal into the deeper jungle. Great shiny blue, crestless jays flitted over the scrub; shy black and white and chestnut chewinks flirted into sight and out again among the heaps of dead brush; red-bellied woodpeckers, sticking to the tree trunks, turned their heads calmly; gray lizards, big, ugly, red-headed lizards, swift, slender lizards with blue tails raced across the dry leaves or up tree trunks, making even more fuss and clatter than the noisy cinnamon-tinted thrashers in the underbrush.

Every step into the unknown was a new happiness; there was no silence there for those who could hear, no solitude for those who could see. And he was riding into it with a young companion who saw and heard and loved and understood it all. Nothing escaped her; no frail air plant trailing from the high water oaks, no school of tiny bass in the shallows where their horses splashed through, no gopher burrow, no foot imprint of the little wild things which haunt the water's edge in forests.

Her eyes missed nothing; her dainty close-set ears heard all—the short, dry note of a chewink, the sweet, wholesome song of the cardinal, the thrilling cries of native jays and woodpeckers, the heavenly outpoured melody of the Florida wren, perched on some tiptop stem, throat swelling under the long, delicate, upturned bill.

Void of self-consciousness, sweetly candid in her wisdom, sharing her lore with him as naturally as she listened to his, small wonder that to him the wilderness was paradise, and she, with her soft, full voice, a native guide. For all around them lay an enchanted world as young as they—the world is never older than the young!—and they "had eyes and they saw; ears had they and they heard"—but not the dead echoes of that warning voice, alas! calling through the ancient wilderness of fable.

Considerably impressed by her knowledge he was careful not to embarrass her by saying so too seriously.

"For a frivolous and fashionable girl who dances cotillons, drives four, plays polo, and reviews her serious adorers by regiments, you're rather perplexing," he said. "Of course, you don't suppose that I really believe all you say about these beasts and birds and butterflies."

"What has disturbed your credulity?" she laughed.

"Well, that rabbit which crossed ahead, for one thing. You promptly called it a marsh rabbit!"

"*Lepus palustris*," she nodded, delighted.

"By all means," he retorted, pretending offensive skepticism, "but why a *marsh* rabbit?"

"Because, monsieur, its tail was brown, not white. Didn't you notice that?"

"Oh, it's all very well for you to talk that way, but I've another grievance. All these holes in the sand you call gopher burrows sometimes, sometimes salamander holes. And I saw a thing like a rat run into one of them and a thing like a turtle run into another, and I think I've got you now ——"

Her delightful laughter made the forest silence musical.

"You poor boy! No wonder your faith is strained. The crackers call the gopher a salamander, and they also call the land turtle a gopher. Their burrows are alike and usually in the same neighborhood."

"Well, what I want to know is where you had time to learn all this?" he persisted.

"From my tame Seminole, if you please."

"Your Seminole!"

"Yes, indeed, my dear, barelegged, beturbaned Seminole, Little Tiger. I am now twenty, Mr. Hamil; for ten years every winter he has been with us on our expeditions. A week before we start Eudo Stent goes to the northwest edge of the Everglades, and makes smoke talk until he gets a brief answer somewhere on the horizon. And always, when we arrive in camp, a Seminole fire is burning under a kettle, and before it sits my Little Tiger wearing a new turban and blinking through the smoke haze like a tree-lynx lost in thought."

"Do you mean that this aboriginal admirer of yours has already come out of the Everglades to meet you at your camp?"

"Surely he is there, waiting at this moment," she said. "I'd as soon doubt the stars in their courses as my Seminole, Coacochee. And you will see very soon, now, because we are within a mile of camp."

"Within a mile!" he scoffed. "How do you know? For the last two hours these woods and glades have all looked precisely alike to me. There's no trail, no blaze, no hills, no valleys, no change in vegetation, not the slightest sign that I can discover to warrant any conclusion concerning our whereabouts!"

She threw back her head and laughed deliciously.

"My pale-face brother," she said, "do you see that shell mound?"

"Is that hump of rubbish a shell mound?" he demanded scornfully.

"It certainly is; did you expect a pyramid? Well, then, that is the first sign, and it means that we are very near camp. . . . And can you not smell cedar smoke?"

"Not a whiff!" he said indignantly.

"Can't you even *see* it?"

"Where, in Heaven's name, Shiela?"

Her arm slanted upward across his saddle. "That pine belt is *too* blue; do you notice it now? That is smoke, my obstinate friend."

"It's more probably swamp mist; *I* think you're only a pretty counterfeit!" he said, laughing as he caught the volatile aroma of burning cedar. But he wouldn't admit that she knew where she was, even when she triumphantly pointed out the bleached skull of an alligator nailed to an ungainly blackjack. So they rode on, knee to knee, he teasing her about her pretended woodcraft, she bantering him, but in his lively skirmishes and her disdainful retorts there was always now an undertone which they both already had begun to detect and listen for: the unconscious note of tenderness sounding at moments through the fresh, quick laughter and gayest badinage.

But under all her gayety, at moments, too, the dull alarm sounded in her breast; vague warning lest her heart be drifting into deeper currents where perils lay uncharted and unknown.

With every intimate and silent throb of warning she shivered, responsive, masking her growing uncertainty with words. And all the while, deep in her unfolding soul, she was afraid, afraid. Not of this man; not of herself as she had been yesterday. She was afraid of the unknown in her, yet unrevealed, quickening with instincts the parentage of which she knew nothing. What might be these instincts of inheritance; how ominous their power, their trend; she did not know; from whom inherited she could never, never know. Would engrafted and acquired instincts aid her; would training control this unknown heritage from a father and a mother whose very existence must always remain without concrete meaning to her?

Since that dreadful day two years ago when a word spoken inadvertently, perhaps maliciously, by Mrs. Van Dieman, made it necessary that she be told the truth; since the dazed horror of that revelation when, beside herself with grief and shame, she had turned blindly to herself for help, and, childish impulse answering, had hurled her into folly unutterable, she had, far in the unlighted crypt of her young soul, feared this unknown sleeping self, its unfolded intelligence, its passions unawakened.

Through many a night, wet-eyed in darkness, she had wondered whose blood it was that flowed so warmly in her veins; what inherited capacity for good and evil her soul and body held; whose eyes she had; whose hair and skin and hands, and who in the vast blank world had given color to these eyes, this skin and hair, and shaped her fingers, her mouth, her limbs, the delicate rose-tinted nails whitening in the clinched palm as she lay there on her bed at night awake.

The darkness was her answer.

And thinking of these things she sighed unconsciously.

"What is it, Shiela?" he asked.

"Nothing; I don't know—the old pain, I suppose."

"Pain?" he repeated anxiously.

"No; only apprehension. You know, don't you? Well, then, it is nothing; don't ask me." And, noting the quick change in his face—"No, no; it is not what you think. How quickly you are hurt! My apprehension is not about you; it concerns myself. And it is quite groundless. I know what I must do; I *know!*" she repeated bitterly. "And there will always be a straight path to the end; clear and straight, until I go out as nameless as I came in to all this. . . . Don't touch my hand, please. . . . I'm trying to think. . . . I can't, if we are in contact. . . . And you don't know whom you are touching; and I can't tell you. Only two in all the world, if they are alive, could tell. And they never will tell you—or tell me—why they left me alone."

With a little shiver she released her hand, looking straight ahead of her for a few moments, then, unconsciously, up into the blue overhead.

The jaw muscles in his face tightened.

"I shall love you always," he said. "Right or wrong, always. Remember that, too, when you think of these things."

She turned as though slowly aroused from abstraction, then shook her head.

"It's very brave and boyish of you to be loyal ——"

"You speak to me as though I were not years older than you!"

"I can't help it; I am old, old, sometimes, and tired of an isolation no one can break for me."

"If you loved me ——"

"How *can* I? You *know* I cannot!"

"Are you afraid to love me?"

She blushed crimson, saying: "If I—if such a misfortune ——"

"Such a misfortune as your loving me?"

"Yes; if it came, I would never, never admit it! Why do you say these things to me? Won't you understand? I've tried so hard—so hard to warn you!" The color flamed in her cheeks; a sort of sweet anger possessed her.

"Must I tell you more than I have told before you can comprehend the utter impossibility of any—love—between us?"

His hand fell over hers and held it crushed.

"Tell me no more," he said, "until you can tell me that you dare to love!"

"What do you mean? Do you mean that a girl does not do a dishonorable thing because she dares not?—a sinful thing because she's afraid? If it were only that——" She smiled, breathless. "It is not fear. It is that a girl *can* not love where love is forbidden."

"And you believe that?"

"Believe it!"—in astonishment.

"Yes; do you believe it?"

She had never before questioned it. Dazed by his impatience, dismayed, she affirmed it again, mechanically. And the first doubt entered as she spoke, confusing her, awakening a swarm of little latent ideas and misgivings, stirring memories of half-uttered sentences checked at her entrance in a room, veiled allusions, words, nods, that she remembered but had never understood. And, somehow, his question seemed a key to this cipher, innocently retained in the unseen brain-cells, stored up without suspicion—almost without curiosity.

For all her recent eloquence upon unhappiness and divorce, it came to her now in some still, subtle manner that she had been speaking of things in the world of which she knew nothing. And one of them, perhaps, was love.

Then every instinct within her revolted; all her innate delicacy, all the fastidious purity recoiled before the menace of his question. Love! Was it possible? Was this that she already felt, *love?* Could such treachery to herself, such treason to training and instinct arise within her and she not know it?

Panic-stricken she raised her head; and at sight of him a blind impulse to finish with him possessed her, to crush out that menace—end it forever—open his eyes to the inexorable truth.

"Lean nearer," she said quietly. Every vestige of blood had left her face.

"Listen to me. Two years ago I was told that I am a common foundling. Under the shock of that—disclosure—I ruined my life forever. . . . Don't speak! I mean to check that ruin where it ended, lest it spread to—others. Do you understand?"

"No," he said doggedly.

She drew a steady breath. "Then I'll tell you more if I must. I ruined my life forever two years ago! . . . I must have been quite out of my senses—they had told me that morning, very tenderly and pitifully—what you already know. I—it was—unbearable. The world crashed down around me—horror, agonized false pride, sheer terror for the future ——"

She choked slightly, but went on:

"I was only eighteen. I wanted to die. I meant to leave my home, at any rate. Oh, I know my reasoning was madness; the thought of their charity—the very word itself as my mind formed it—drove me almost insane. I might have known it was love, not charity, that held me so safely in their hearts. But when a blow falls and reason goes—how can a girl reason?"

She looked down at her bridle hand.

"There was a man," she said in a low voice; "he was only a boy then."

Hamil's face hardened.

"Until he asked me I never supposed any man could ever want to marry me. I took it for granted. . . . He was Gray's friend; I had always known him. . . . He had been silly sometimes. He asked me to marry him. Then he asked me again.

"I was a débutante that winter, and we were rehearsing some theatricals for charity which I had to go through with. . . . And he asked me to marry him. I told him what I was and he still wished it."

Hamil bent nearer, face tense and colorless.

"I don't know exactly what I thought; I had a dim notion of escaping from the disgrace of being nameless. It was the mad clutch of the engulfed at anything. . . . Not with any definite view—partly from fright, partly, I think, for the sake of those who had been kind to a—a foundling; some senseless idea that it was my duty to relieve them of a squalid burden ——" She shook her head vaguely: "I don't know exactly—I don't know."

"You married him."

"Yes—I believe so."

"Don't you *know?*"

"Oh, yes," she said wearily, "I know what I did. It was that."

And after he had waited for her in silence for fully a minute she said in a low voice:

"I was very lonely, very, very tired; he urged me; I had been crying. I have never cried since. It is curious, isn't it? I can feel the tears in my eyes at night sometimes. But they never fall."

She passed her gloved hand slowly across her forehead and eyes.

"I—married him. At first I did not know what to do; did not realize, understand. I scarcely do yet. I had supposed I was to go to mother and dad and tell them that I had a name in the world—that all was well with me at last. But I could not credit it myself; the boy—I had known him always—went and came in our house as freely as Gray. And I could not convince myself that the thing that had happened was serious—had really occurred."

"How did it occur?"

"I will tell you exactly. We were walking home, all of us, along Fifth Avenue, that winter afternoon. The avenue was gay and densely crowded, and I remember the furs I wore and the western sunset crimsoning the cross-streets, and the early dusk, and Jessie ahead with Cecile and the dogs. And then he said that now was the time, for he was going back to college that same day, and would not return before Easter—and he urged it, and hurried me—and—I couldn't think; and I went with him, west, I believe—yes, the sky was red over the river—west, two blocks, or more. . . . There was a parsonage. It lasted only a few minutes. . . . We took the elevated to Fifty-ninth Street and hurried east, almost running. They had just reached the Park and had not yet missed us. . . . And that is all."

"All?"

"Yes," she said, raising her pale face to his. "What more is there?"

"The man?"

"He was as frightened as I," she said simply, "and he went back to college that same evening. And when I

had become still more frightened and a little saner I wrote asking him if it was really true. It was. There seemed to be nothing to do; I had no money, nor had he. And there was no love—because I could not endure even his touch or suffer the least sentiment from him when he came back at Easter. He was a boy and silly. He annoyed me. I don't know why he persisted so; and finally I became thoroughly exasperated. . . . We did not part on very friendly terms; and I think that was why he did not return to us from college when he graduated. A man offered him a position, and he went away to try to make a place for himself in the world. And after he had gone, somehow the very mention of his name began to chill me. You see, nobody knew. The deception became a shame to me, then a dull horror. But, little by little, not seeing him, and being young, after a year the unreality of it all grew stronger, and it seemed as though I were awaking from a nightmare, among familiar things once more. . . . And for a year it has been so, though at night, sometimes, I still lie awake. But I have been contented—until—*you* came. . . . Now you know it all."

"All?"

"Every word. And now you understand why I cannot care for you, or you for me."

He said in a deadened voice: "There is a law that deals with that sort of man ——"

"What are you saying?" she faltered.

"That you cannot remain bound! It's monstrous. There is a law ——"

"I cannot disgrace Dad!" she said. "There is no chance that way! I'd rather die than have him know—have mother know—and Jessie and Cecile and Gray! Didn't you understand that?"

"You must tell them, nevertheless, and they must help you."

"Help me?"

"To free yourself ——"

Flushed with anger and disdain she drew bridle and faced him.

"If *this* is the sort of friendship you bring me, what is your love worth?" she asked almost fiercely. "And—I cared for you—cared for the man I believed you to be; bared my heart to you—wrung every secret from it—thinking you understood! And you turn on me, counseling the law, divorce, horrors unthinkable!—because you say you *love* me! . . . And I tell you that if I loved you—dearly—blindly—I could not endure to free myself at the expense of pain—to them—even for your sake! They took me, nameless, as I was—a—a foundling. If they ever learn what I have done I shall ask their pardon on my knees, and accept life with the man I married. But if they never learn I shall remain with them—always. You have asked me what chance you have. Now you know! It is useless to love me. I cared enough for you to try to kill what you call love last night. I cared enough to-day to strip my heart naked for you—to show you there was no chance. If I have done right or wrong I do not know—but I did it for your sake."

His face reddened painfully, but as he offered no reply she put her horse in motion and rode on, proud little head averted. For a few minutes neither he nor she spoke, their horses pacing neck and neck through the forest. At last he said: "You are right, Shiela; I am not worth it. Forgive me."

She turned, eyes level and fearless. Suddenly her mouth quivered.

"Forgive *me*," she said impulsively; "you are worth more than I dare give you. Love me in your own fashion. I wish it. And I will care for you very faithfully in mine."

They were very young, very hopeless, deeply impressed with one another, and quite inexperienced enough to trust each other. She leaned from her saddle and laid her slim, bare hand in both of his, lifting her gaze bravely to his—a little dim of eye and still tremulous of lip. And he looked back, love's tragedy dawning in his gaze, yet forcing the smile that the very young employ as a defiance to Destiny and an artistic insult in the face of Fate: that Fate which looks back so placid and unmoved.

"Can you forgive me, Shiela?"

"Look at me!" whispered the other fool, divinely exalted in her folly. And Love looked sideways at Fate.

A few moments later she hastily disengaged her hand.

"There seems to be a fire yonder," he said; "and somebody seated before it; your Seminole, I think. By Jove, Shiela, he's certainly picturesque!"

A sullen-eyed Indian rose as they rode up, his turban brilliant in the declining sunshine, his fringed leggings softly luminous as woven cloth of gold.

"He—a—mah, Coacochee!" said the girl in friendly greeting. "It is good to see you, Little Tiger. The people of the East salute the—Uchee Seminoles."

The Indian answered briefly and with dignity, then stood impassive, not noticing Hamil.

Never Had He Tasted so Heavenly a Banquet

"Mr. Hamil," she said, "this is my old friend Coacochee or Little Tiger; an Okichobi Seminole of the clan of the wind; a brave hunter and an upright man."

"Sommus-Kala-ne-aha-ma-lin," said the Indian quietly; and the girl interpreted: "He says, 'Good wishes to the white man.'"

Hamil dismounted, turned and lifted Shiela from her saddle, then walked straight to the Seminole and offered his hand. The Indian grasped it in silence.

"I wish well to Little Tiger, a Seminole and a brave hunter," said Hamil pleasantly.

The red hand and the white hand tightened and fell apart.

A moment later Gray came galloping up with Eudo Stent.

"How are you, Coacochee!" he called out; "glad to see you again! We saw the pine tops blue a mile back."

To which the Seminole replied with composure in terse English. But for Mr. Cardross, when he arrived, there was a shade less reserve in the Indian's greeting, and there was no mistaking the friendship between them.

The guides and the wagon had now arrived; camp was already in the confusion and bustle of unloading equipage and supplies; picket lines were established, water-jars buried, blankets spread, guns, ammunition, rods and saddles ranged in their proper places.

Carter unsheathed his heavy cane-knife and cut palmetto fans for rethatching where required; Eudo Stent looked after the horses; Bulow's axe rang among the fragrant red cedars; the Indian squatted gravely before a characteristic Seminole fire built of logs, radiating like the spokes of a cart-wheel from the centre, which was a hub of glowing coals. And whenever it was necessary he simply shoved the burning log-ends toward the centre where kettles were already boiling and sweet potatoes lay amid the white ashes, and a dozen wild ducks, split and skewered and basted with pork, exhaled a matchless fragrance.

Table-legs, bench-legs, and the bases of all culinary furniture, like the body of the camp, were made out of palmetto logs driven into the ground to support cedar planks for the tops.

And it was seated at one of these tables, under the giant oaks, pines and palmettos, that Shiela and Hamil ate their first camp repast together, with Gray and his father opposite.

Never had he tasted so heavenly a banquet, never had he dreamed of such delicacies. Eudo Stent brought panfuls of fried bass, still sizzling under the crisp bacon; and great panniers woven of green palmetto, piled high with smoking sweet potatoes all dusty from the ashes; and pots of coffee and tea, steaming and aromatic.

Then came broiled mallard duck, still crackling from the coals, and coontie bread, and a cold salad of palm cabbage, nut-flavored, delectable. Then there was some spring water and a light German vintage to mix with it. And after everything, fresh oranges in a nest of Spanish moss.

"This is a peaceful place," said Cardross, narrowing eyes watching the lake through the haze of his pipe. "I almost hate to disturb it with a gunshot; but if we stay here we've got to eat." And, turning toward the guides' table where they lounged over their after-dinner pipes: "Coacochee, my little daughter has never shot a wild turkey. Do you think she had better try this evening or go after the big duck?"

"Pen-ni-chah," said the Seminole quietly.

"He says, 'turkey-gobbler,'" whispered Shiela to Hamil; "'pen-nit-kee' is the word for *hen* turkey. Oh, I *hope* I have a chance. You'll pair with me, won't you?"

"Of course."

Cardross, listening, smiled. "Is it yelping or roosting, Little Tiger?"

"Roost um pen-ni-chah, aw-tee-tus-chee. I-hoo-es-chay."

"He says that we can roost them by and by and that we ought to start now," whispered the girl, slightly excited. "Dad, Mr. Hamil has never shot a wild turkey ——"

"Neither have I," observed her father humorously.

"Oh, I forgot! Well, then—why can't we all ——"

"Not much! No sitting in swamps for me, but a good, clean and easy boat in the saw-grass. Gray, are you going after ducks with me or are you going to sit with one hopeful girl, one credulous white man, and one determined red man on a shell heap in a bog and yawn till moonrise? Ducks? Well, then, we'd better be about it, my son."

The guides rose laughing, and went about their duties, Carter and Bulow to clean up camp, Eudo Stent with Cardross, senior and junior, carrying guns and shell-cases down to the landing where the boats lay; and Shiela and Hamil to mount the two fresh led-horses and follow the Seminole into the forest.

"Shame on your laziness, Dad!" said Shiela, as Cardross looked after her; "anybody can shoot ducks from a boat, but it takes real hunters to stalk turkeys! I suppose Eudo loads for you and Gray pulls the triggers?"

"The turkey you get will be a water-turkey," observed Cardross, "or a fragrant buzzard. Hamil, I'm sorry for you.

(Continued on Page 22)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 13, 1908

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ A chronic kicker always ends by landing on himself.

¶ In the wheel of life most people want to be the hub.

¶ The vainest man living is the man who prides himself on having no vanities.

¶ The man who does things is never the man who tells about them beforehand.

¶ When a man boasts that his word is as good as his bond, you would better inquire into his bank-balance.

One of the Political Portraits

DO YOU recognize anybody from the following descriptive bits: Straining every nerve night and day; in an agony of fear; wildly beseeching the money powers of Wall Street to come to the rescue; repeating, over and over, that Blaine had a big lead, yet lost the nomination?

That nervous wreck, dear reader; that gaunt, hollow-eyed person upon whose leathern and bilious countenance the wolfish grin of desire alternates with the snarl of baffled rage, is none other than your chubby, jovial old friend, William H. Taft.

Trustworthy political portraiture is scarcely to be expected from the Opposition; but this picture of the Secretary of War is not from a source that is in the least tainted with the noxious Democratic heresies of railroad regulation and a thirty-nine per cent. tariff. It appears, on the contrary, in a leading and staunch Republican organ. Since about the middle of May, when the danger that Mr. Taft would be nominated on the first ballot became imminent, some other journals holding the most orthodox views on protection have discovered characteristics singularly at variance with the jolly and placid nature which we had conceived from the various cartoons of Mr. Taft

Being organs, to talk of agonies of fear and paroxysms of despair—which would ruin any fat man's digestion—is merely their way of saying that they wish somebody other than Taft to receive the nomination.

Municipal Bookkeeping

HAVE you ever noticed that very often, in a State or city campaign, each party was able to prove, in cold figures right from the books, that its administration was far more economical than the other party's?

If you would look at the books themselves you would discover, very often, that anybody could prove anything from them—or, more strictly speaking, that nobody could prove anything. Time was in Chicago, and not very long ago, when the comptroller, by consulting the bank-book, could tell that the city had no money, but beyond that all was conjecture, and a corps of expert accountants had to spend many months in practically creating a new set of books for the municipality.

New York's books, we venture to think, are better kept than those of many municipalities; yet the experts cannot agree upon the aggregate of the city's resources and liabilities. Comptroller Metz and the savings-banks—which are the city's largest creditors—demand a reorganization of the accounting system.

Bad bookkeeping, like a boil, is a symptom. Good bookkeeping, anywhere, is the beginning of virtue. "At first I used to keep track of it; but after it got so big I didn't have the nerve to look it up," said a convicted embezzler, speaking of the amount of his stealings. If the Pittsburg bank cashier who committed suicide the other day had drawn up an honest balance-sheet some years ago and looked it in the face his end would probably have been happier.

In judging a city or a State government by the way it keeps books you would probably judge right about nine times out of ten. New York's books, no doubt, are better than many. The demand in that city for still better bookkeeping is a good sign.

Little Ironies of Protection

IT SEEMS to us we have heard a rumor, more or less definite, of somewhat lean times in New England's great cotton industry.

Has it been mentioned in the press that labor was employed on part time, with consequent extensive paring of labor's not too extensive loaf, or did we dream it? At this writing adjustment of the wage scale for the ensuing year is in prospect. "It is figured," says a trade authority, "that the adjustment will cut the price of weaving about fifteen per cent. No trouble, however, is expected to follow the announcement of the new scale"—labor, presumably, deeming a pared loaf superior to none.

It is a pleasure to know that the leanness does not extend to all those who are engaged in this great industry. The Fall River mills have announced their dividends for the first half of the current year. The average return to stockholders is at the rate of practically eight per cent. a year, upon a capitalization which consists in part of "extra stock dividends." Some months ago we pointed out how liberally extra dividends had been paid in 1907.

Stockholders, no doubt, are as firmly convinced as ever that a protective tariff, for the benefit of labor, is essential to the success of the industry.

Modesty Must Prevail

MR. TAFT and Mr. Bryan having individually put themselves on record as in favor of making public campaign contributions previous to election, the work of providing the sinews of war will be pushed with the renewed vigor demanded by what promises to be a somewhat lean year.

And so it should be. For all the sniff of the skeptic there is uplift in the knowledge that a nice ethical point in one's undertaking has not been neglected; there is distinct stimulus in the feeling that everybody who reads the newspapers knows of one's state of mind. It is quite beside the question to call attention to the fact that, despite these heroic declarations, the modesty of contributors to campaign funds will continue to prevail, and that disinterested attempts to give credit to whom credit is due are likely to be met with a lack of appreciation that is chilling, to say the least.

"Let Us Alone"

THE story of the destruction of national resources, iterated in so many quarters of late, begins to make an impression.

By preventable fires and other sins we have wasted as much timber as we have used, and are now, they say, fairly within sight of the end of our supply. We have taken out half the coal in a mine and let the mine cave in on the rest, practically destroying what was left. Much natural gas we have simply let burn. The waste of soil has been enormous

It would be excellent now, in view of the price of lumber, if we could have back some of the hundreds of thousands of square miles of timber which experts say we have thrown away, or some of the billions of tons of top earth that we are now painfully digging out of riverbeds where it should never have gone. Pondering these things, the national thought does, we believe, begin to take a sober and regretful cast, as in the morning after an evening's indiscretion.

And all this immense waste is simply a logical, automatic result of "Let Us Alone." It is the ripe fruit of that grand old policy of non-interference by society collectively with business affairs—a policy which many people still pretend, strangely enough, to admire.

Let everybody slash and burn at his own sweet will without the control of a social conscience—and see where you come out. "Let Us Alone?" We are always sorry to see business men approve a motto which belongs properly to porch climbers.

Getting at the Real Man

PROFESSOR WYCKOFF, who died the other day, undertook with great sincerity to comprehend the completely unfurnished man—the one without resources either of money or connections, set down in the world with only his bodily strength to go upon. For eighteen months he tramped across the continent, earning his bread by what manual labor he could find, or else hungering.

It was an interesting experiment, and his book, The Workers, contains many interesting facts; but, of course, he was not really any more a tramp than as though he had sat in his study the while reading sociological tracts. All the resources of the completely furnished man were every instant at his command. He had only to step into a telegraph office and summon them. The fact that he chose not to do it could not change the immense, basic difference between himself and the real tramp.

To understand any person whose conditions are decidedly different is an art infinitely more rare than either journalism or fiction gives it credit for being. Your young lady novelist will give you, without hesitation, a gentlemanly tenth-century viking or a noble twelfth-century thief by land, but, if she devoted her life to it, she couldn't really understand the Dutch woman, living a mile away, who brings vegetables to the back door.

A recent book on labor, written after much investigation, which was not only sympathetic but quite devotionally earnest, remarks, with surprise, that many workmen, though unblessed by college educations, can grasp economic problems, and that, though entirely innocent of anything like etiquette, they are really courteous to the guests in their homes.

If anybody can truly understand a man differently circumstanced, he is a genius, and geniuses, we all know, are the rare exception.

Paying the Piper

WHAT is doing in Cleveland in street railroad affairs was mentioned here last week. What is doing in New York in the same line is suggested by the following excerpt from the report of the receiver of the Third Avenue Company:

> In accordance with the opinion of the court, I abolished transfers between the Third Avenue and the Metropolitan lines April 11. The result to some extent has been disappointing, as the number of passengers carried during the first few days has fallen off by something like sixty thousand a day. . . . . I am presenting a petition to the court for permission to abolish transfers in the Bronx and with the Manhattan Elevated. If this permission is granted it will cause great inconvenience, but I believe it will be profitable.

In Cleveland, that is, people are paying three cents to ride. In New York many thousands are paying ten cents to ride or else are walking.

Under the old boss rule nobody seriously pretended that the government was honest, yet a majority of the people, with occasional lapses, supported Tammany. The argument was about like this: "Tammany grafts, of course; but it knows how to run New York. We want police protection from burglars and highwaymen, clean streets, extensive public improvements, and no narrow-minded interference with our personal liberty. Tammany gives us that. If it makes business men and corporations divvy up, what's that to us?"

One of the things that it is to us is ten cents for a street-car ride. The pleasant theory that a community may indulge in a dishonest government without having finally to pay for all its robberies is now pretty well exploded.

The Overworked Tragic Muse

IN AN Indiana farmhouse the lair of a murderess by wholesale was discovered. News of the discovery shocked the country. The following Sunday, which was fair, some fifteen thousand people repaired to the scene. Neighborhood parties brought picnic dinners, poked in the excavations whence bodies had been recovered, peeked through a crack at the bones, and disported sociably on the sward. There was a brisk demand for picture postcards, those with the most gruesome subjects finding readiest sale. Peanut and toy balloon vendors plied their trade prosperously, as at a county fair. Some force was necessary to prevent the pleasure-seekers from carrying away the *corpora delicti* piecemeal; but notwithstanding that disappointment the day seems to have been thoroughly enjoyed by all.

This mortuary diversion has evoked a good deal of ill-natured comment; but we really do not see why people should not amuse themselves according to their tastes. The number who are able to exercise their emotions of pity and terror by a perusal of Hamlet and Macbeth are really very small. Others have the emotions and the instinct to use them. Such resources as the city morgue and the funerals of entire strangers are rather crude; but the determination, possessed by many estimable elderly ladies, to have a look at the corpse, has the same root, probably, as Lear's wish, "To take upon us the mystery of things."

With great sagacity certain yellow and widely-circulated newspapers scarcely ever let a Sunday edition go by without some elaborate offering of charnel-house news. Dickens, generally most humane, killed off several promising children merely to treat his readers to a fine, harrowing death-bed scene.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Wise Saws and Modern Instances

WHEN David Albaugh De Armond, of Missouri, talks he makes a noise like filing a saw. Although he has the flossiest name in Congress, except the linked and romantic string attached to Senator Henry Algernon de Nemours Du Pont, of Delaware, a name suggesting cadences of conversation of the "Prithee, pretty maiden, list to the lilt of the cavalier, and he will a sweet tale unfold" type, a speech from him sounds like a boy running a stick along a picket fence. They were all out of lilts when De Armond got his voice, so they gave him a rasp instead, and he has been rasping ever since, rasping until the last rasped foe expires, only a good many of them are alive yet; which means he will continue at the same old stand for some time to come—continue in his abrasive career whenever it seems fit to him to rub down the intolerant majority a bit.

The facts are these: David Albaugh De Armond is Number Two on the list of Democrats in the House of Representatives. John Sharp Williams is Number One, by virtue of being leader, but John Sharp is a human sort of a person, with a sense of humor, which makes a great many of the minority extremely suspicious of him. There are a large number of patriots on John Sharp's side who cannot see a joke and who would get an embolism if they tried to make one; albeit, it is a good deal of a joke, in itself, to be a member of John Sharp's following when the House of Representatives is run under the rules now prevailing, and the interpretation thereof, by those other patriots, Cannon, Dalzell and Sherman. Naturally, these Democratic statesmen have their own thoughts concerning John Sharp. They go to the extent, at times, of calling him frivolous.

Nobody ever called De Armond frivolous. Nobody even suggested it. He is so serious he makes the statue of John Marshall in front of the Capitol look like a bronze representation of Folly. He never had a thought that didn't weigh as much as the Washington Monument. He is so calm and unimpassioned that when he talks he gets frost on his mustache. He puts the cold light of reason on everything, puts it on until one feels like going over and touching him to see if he isn't covered with rime like a silver water-pitcher filled with cracked ice, or one of those mugs they make mint juleps in down in Louisville. No jokes or japes or jibes for David. Life is a serious, searching, solemn business, brief in span, gloomy as a catafalque, and it must not be wasted in a lightsome way.

Moreover—and this is the main point—when Number One on the minority side is often given to persiflage, sometimes tells a story or quotes a poem—to say nothing of writing what he says are poems, now and again—it behooves Number Two to stand ready to prove to the world at any moment that, even though the Democratic leader may provoke a laugh, incidentally, Number Two is there to provoke his colleagues to a serious understanding of the duties entailed upon them, which he does—provoke, I mean—whenever the occasion seems fitting.

An Affair of Honor on the Floor

NATURALLY, there is conflict between John Sharp and David. It could not be otherwise. They look on the whole scheme of things from different viewpoints. The exact details of the opinion John Sharp holds of De Armond, and of the conviction De Armond entertains—no; not entertains: contains—concerning John Sharp can never be known publicly, for, even if all were discovered, not much of it could be printed. Still, it may be said De Armond considers John Sharp a pifflous sort of a person and John Sharp meditates on David as sublimated stuff. From which, it may be surmised, they are not friends.

They came together once, on the floor of the House, after adjournment. The casualties were not many. Williams got a long, zigzag scratch on his cheek, and De Armond achieved a bump on his forehead. As a fight, it was unworthy of record. Two occupants of a Home for the Aged, wearing yarn mittens, could have done better in the way of mutilation. Still, it was a happy little index to the real state of feeling between the two and, as such, was received with satisfaction by the members of the House, most of whom would rather see a fight than make a law, any day. Not, of course, that any statesman would so far forget himself as to engage in a personal encounter with any other statesman; but if any two statesmen did have lapses of memory simultaneously, all other statesmen would be mighty glad to be there and see the hostilities, deprecating the event, but delighting in the eventualities.

De Armond has long nourished the idea that he, personally, is well fitted to be the Democratic leader, holding that no jocund person like John Sharp Williams can realize the enormous responsibilities, to one's country, one's party and one's self, of the place, and not unaffected by the knowledge that, if the Democrats get control of the House, the Democratic leader is reasonably certain to be Speaker. Unfortunately, not many of the Democrats have coincided with this view. They have been with John Sharp, mostly. This has left De Armond no other status than that of rescuer. Whenever John Sharp has let the party go overboard, whenever there is a warning note to be sounded, whenever it is meet to lift an appealing voice and shout: "Stop! What would you?" De Armond takes the cue and the floor, first gazing in a cold and reproving manner at Williams, and then rising with an air that clearly indicates this trend of thought: "Oh, well, I must step into the breach again. And to think they follow that man, when they might be led by me!"

Then we get it. Then that gelid light of reason emerges from that chilly dome of thought and plays on the matter at hand until you can see the icicles forming on the stained-glass ceiling, until the Speaker puts on his earmuffs, General Keifer buttons up his dress suit, and Nicholas Longworth brushes the frost from the top of his shining head. The words seem like cubes of ice, so often used for refrigerating purposes in certain emporiums, sparkling, perfect, but cold as a marble statue of Aphrodite in a blizzard

He is so Serious He Makes the Statue of John Marshall Look Like a Bronze Representation of Folly

Satire and Cold Rice Pudding

THE Constitution? Why, sure! He serves the Constitution glacé, frozen, frappéd and à la North Pole. He can take any portion of that immortal document and congeal it into a sorbet De Armond in a minute and a half. He can pound, expound and compound that elastic but badly-stretched basic law until you think it is snowing sections, paragraphs and amendments, with strong flurries of expositions, interpretations and cross-references. If anything comes up in the House to which he cannot hitch the Constitution, he hitches whatever comes up to the Constitution. He works with equal facility, backward or forward, but always with a stranglehold on the Constitution, of which he is inventor, patentee and sole proprietor.

And when it comes to rasping the majority, rasping that tender-skinned but thick-hided aggregation until Sereno E. Payne gets up and pleads for the regular order with tears streaming down his face and a bottle of emollient in either hand, he is a rasper from Raspville, Raspberry County, R-A-S-P. John Sharp Williams tosses satire at them, and most of them do not know the difference between satire and cold rice pudding. De Armond uses acid exclusively. He pours it on them until they scream, but—and this is the sad verse—always the first-aid-to-the-injured majority employees arrive with the flour and molasses to bind on the burns in plenty of time to allow the original program to be carried through.

Somewhat of a joker himself, Uncle Joseph Cannon put Williams and De Armond on the Committee on Rules, as the Democratic members. They have no functions, for there are three Republicans on the committee. Still, when the three Republicans are fixing up outrages to perpetrate on the helpless minority, Williams and De Armond have a nice, cozy place to glare at one another in. And when Williams gets through satirizing the outrage, De Armond can come along and rasp it, for both have had the advantage of seeing said outrage in course of preparation, and are thus better qualified than any other minority man, who simply hears the rule proposed by John Dalzell and declared passed by the Speaker.

De Armond has represented the Sixth Missouri District in Congress for eighteen years. Before that he was a State Senator, Circuit Judge and Supreme Court Commissioner. There are few, if any, men in the House who are his superiors as lawyers and students. He is a slight man, principally intellect, devoting himself to the task at hand and without patience for frivolity. He is strong, learned and active. His speeches are polished and scholarly. They read like erudite essays, but they sound ——

Well, say, did you ever hear anybody filing a saw?

Couldn't Fool Him

AT A DINNER, recently, William J. Bryan was joking about his repeated attempts to be elected President, although Mr. Bryan considers them no joke, at that.

"After a time," he said, "I shall be in the position of the man, somewhat worse for wear, who came into a dance in Texas. The floor manager saw him and led him out. He came back. Then the floor manager pushed him out. He came back. Finally, the floor manager kicked him out, and he rolled down a flight of stairs. At the bottom of the stairs he considered the matter. 'I know what it means,' he said. 'They can't fool me. Those people in there do not want me to attend that dance.'"

What Happened on July 4

AMBROSE BIERCE, the American author, went into an English music-hall, in London, once upon a time to pass away an hour or two.

The principal attraction was the Human Encyclopædia, who undertook to answer questions on any subject within the range of human knowledge

They asked him how far it is from the earth to the moon, how much a million pounds sterling weighs, and a lot of questions like that, and he rattled off the answers.

Finally, Bierce arose and inquired: "Can you tell us what happened on July 4, 1776?"

The Human Encyclopædia drew himself up. "That, sir," he replied, "was han hinfamous houtrage."

Living on Their Wits

DR. WILLIAM A. WHITE, superintendent of the Government Hospital for the Insane near Washington, was walking about the asylum grounds one day when he met a patient.

"Doctor," said the insane man, "how many crazy folks are there here, anyhow?"

"A great many," the doctor replied. "Two or three thousand."

"Well," continued the questioner, "you'd have a hard time making a living if it wasn't for us, wouldn't you?"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Governor Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, looks like Napoleon, but he is modest about it.

¶ President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale, has some whiskers, but they look as if he didn't care much about them.

¶ Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, wears better clothes and more different kinds than any other governor.

¶ Frederick Upham Adams, known as "Grizzly," invented a cigar-shaped railroad train once, between spells of novel writing.

THE DAREDEVIL

The Story of an Amazing Letter-Writer

Where Work was Easy and Money Plentiful

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

IN THE town of Culiano, in the province of Salano, in Italy, there dwelt a widow by the name of Torsielli, with her two sons, Vito and Antonio. The boys loved their mother devotedly and were no less fond of each other. The height of their ambition was to earn enough money to support her in comfort without need of working in her old age. As it was, she arose before light, made the fire, cooked their breakfast and labored all day in and about the house until they returned from the fields. But she was getting old and at last became bedridden and infirm. She could no longer cook the meals, and the boys had to shift for themselves. Moreover, instead of finding her standing at the door with a smile on her wrinkled face welcoming them to supper on their return, the fire was always out and their mother lay on her couch, no less glad to see them, to be sure, but no longer able to amuse them or minister to their comfort. Then the taxes were increased and hard times came. By twos and threes the men of the village packed their bundles, bade good-by to their friends and families, and left the town, some to seek work in other parts of Italy, but most of them to take the big iron steamships for America, where work was easy and money plentiful. Sadly the boys watched their comrades depart. They would have liked to go, too, to seek their fortunes in this new land of promise, but they could not leave their mother. The following year some of the men who had gone away to America returned in fine clothes and with full purses to tell of the wonderful country beyond the seas, where one could always earn his ten lire every day and do as he liked. "*Viva la libertà!*" they cried, pounding the tables in the café. "Come, comrades! We have plenty of money. Drink to the great country of America!"

Vito and Antonio listened with envy. One evening the elder brother asked Antonio to walk with him. When they had gone a little way he said:

"Toni, I think I shall go to this America. We need more money to make our mother comfortable. If we wait until she is dead the money will be of no use. You can stay here, and when I have made a place for you and her, you shall bring her on the ship to the new country."

Vito was five years older than Antonio, and his word had always been law to the younger brother, so although he was sick at heart at the thought of being left behind, he said nothing against the project, but tried to make it easy for Vito with their mother. The old woman could not bear the thought of her firstborn leaving her, and declared with the tears running down her face that she should never see him again, but at last she yielded to their persuasions and gave Vito her blessing. It would be only a little while before she and Toni would join him, and they would be happy ever after.

Then Toni was left alone with his mother. Every day he arose at the first streak of dawn, prepared breakfast, cleaned the house, saw that his mother was comfortable and then started off for the fields. A month went by, two months, three, a year, but no word came from Vito. Toni assured the poor old woman that they would certainly hear from him the next week or the next, but cruel fear had taken possession of him. Something had happened to his brother! The years swept on. Their mother became more and more helpless. Antonio was obliged to hire a woman to care for her as nurse for a small sum, but it was just enough to leave only a pittance for them to live on. Toni grew thin and haggard. Where could Vito be? Was he alive or dead? Next to his love for Nicoletta Lupero it became the great passion of his life to learn what had become of Vito.

Strollo Wrote the Notice Offering a Reward

He had known Nicoletta from a child and their love had followed as naturally as summer follows spring. It had always been "Toni" and "Nicoletta" ever since he could remember. But she was growing up, and from a boy he had become a man. Yet how could he marry when he could hardly earn enough to support his mother and himself? They talked it all over time and time again. If Vito would only return or good times come it might be possible. But meantime there was nothing to do but to wait. Nicoletta blossomed into womanhood. Had she not been betrothed she would have been called an old maid. Neither she nor Toni took any part in the village merrymakings. Why should they? He was thirty and she twenty-five. They might have married ten years ago had not the elder brother gone away. Toni secretly feared that the time would never come when they would be man and wife, but he patiently labored on earning his two lire, or at most two lire and a half, a day.

Then a man returned from America just for the harvest to see his family. He said that Vito was alive. He had not seen him himself, but others had seen him and he was rich. He told of the plentifulness of gold in America, where every one was comfortable and could lay up a fortune. He himself had saved over five thousand lire in four years and owned a one-third interest in a fruit store. He was going to take his brother's family back with him—all of them. They would be rich, too, in a little while. A man was a fool to stay in Italy. Why did not Toni come back with him? He would get him a place on the railroad where one of his friends was *padrone*.

Toni discussed it all with Nicoletta, and she talked with the man herself.

"Toni," she said at length, "why do you not go? Here you are earning nothing. There you could save in a month enough to keep your mother in comfort for a year. You have to pay the nurse, and that eats up a great deal. While you are here it would cause talk if I came to live in your home to care for your mother, but if you go away I can do so without comment, and it will cost nothing. Perhaps you will find Vito. If not you will soon make enough to send for both your mother and me."

"You are a good girl," he answered, kissing her, "but I could not shift the responsibility of my mother to your shoulders. Still, I will talk to Father Giuseppi about it."

The priest thought well of the plan (he was a little excited over America himself), and agreed to break the matter to the mother.

She begged Toni piteously not to go. He was her only surviving son. Vito was dead. Let him but wait a little while and she would not be there to stand in his way. Then the priest added his personal assurance that it would be for the best, and the mother finally gave way. Toni was obliged to tear himself away by force from the arms of the old woman lying upon the bed, and her feeble sobs echoed in his ears as he trudged down the road with the scarf Nicoletta had worked about his neck, and a small bundle of his tools and most precious possessions on his shoulder. A couple of miles farther on came another harrowing parting with his betrothed, and from the top of the next rise beyond he could see Nicoletta still standing at the crossroads gazing pitifully after him. Thus many an Italian, for good or ill, has left the place of his birth for the mysterious land of the Golden West.

The voyage was for Antonio an unalloyed agony of seasickness and homesickness, and when at last the great vessel steamed slowly up the North River, her band playing and the emigrants crowding eagerly to her sides, he had hardly spirit enough left to raise his eyes to the

mountains of huge buildings from whose craters the white smoke rose slowly and blew away in great wind-torn clouds. Yet he felt some of the awakening enthusiasm of his comrades, and when once his feet touched earth again it was not long before he almost forgot his sufferings upon the ocean in his feverish anxiety to lose no time in beginning to save the money which should reunite him to Nicoletta and his mother. As soon as the vessel had docked a blustering Italian came among the emigrants and tagged a few dozen of them, including Antonio, with large blue labels, and then led them in a long, straggling line across the gangplank and marched them through the muddy streets to the railroad train. Here they huddled in a dirty car filled with smoke and were whirled with frightful speed for hours through a flat and smiling country. The noise, the smoke and the unaccustomed motion made Antonio ill again, and when the train stopped at Lambertville, New Jersey, the padrone had difficulty in rousing him from the animal-like stupor into which he had fallen.

The Italians crowded together upon the platform, gazing helplessly at one another and at the padrone, who was cursing them for a lot of stupid fools, and bidding them get upon a flat car that stood upon a siding. Antonio had to be pushed upon it by main force, but the journey this time was short, and in half an hour he found himself upon an embankment where hundreds of Italians were laboring with pick and shovel in the broiling sun. Here he was given a pick and told to go to work.

Toni soon became accustomed to his new surroundings. Every night he and the rest were carried to Lambertville on flat cars and in the mornings were brought back to the embankment. The work was no harder than that to which he had been used, and he soon became himself again. Moreover, he found many of his old friends from Culiano working there. In the evenings they walked through the streets of the town or sat under the trees playing *mora* and *tocco*. His letters home were quite enthusiastic regarding the pleasant character of the life. To be sure, he could not write himself, but his friend Antonio Strollo, who had lived at Valva, only a mile from Culiano, acted as his amanuensis. He was very fond of Strollo, who was a dashing fellow, very merry, and quite the beau of the colony, in his wonderful red socks and neckties of many colors. Strollo could read and write, and, besides, he knew Antonio's mother and Nicoletta, and when Toni found himself unable to express his thoughts Strollo helped him out. When the answers came he read them to Toni and joined in the latter's pleasure. Toni himself soon became a favorite in Lambertville, for he was simple and gentle, and full of goodwill for everybody. He was very good-looking, too, with his handsome Roman profile, snapping black eyes and black, curly locks. Yet he was sad always, especially so as since his arrival in America he had made no progress toward finding Vito. From time to time he met other Italians who had been working elsewhere, who thought they had seen him or some one that looked like him. But inquiry always elicited the fact that their desire to give him encouragement was greater than the accuracy of their memories. Of course Antonio Strollo, who had become Toni's inseparable friend, shared all his eagerness to find Vito. In fact, Toni had no thought that he did not confide to his friend, and it was really the latter who composed the love letters to Nicoletta and the affectionate epistles to the mother.

Every month Toni divided what he earned into three parts. One of them he deposited in the savings-bank, another he invested in a money order which was sent by Strollo to Nicoletta for the mother, and the last he kept for himself. It was astounding how fast one really could make money if one was industrious. Forty dollars a month, sometimes! That made nearly seventy lire to send to Nicoletta. His bank account grew steadily, and he often saved something out of the money he allowed himself to live upon.

Antonio Strollo, on the other hand, was lazy and spent all his wages on *chianti*, neckties, waistcoats and gambling. Sometimes he would do nothing for a whole month but loiter around the streets smoking cigars and ogling the village girls. These last were afraid of him and called him "The Daredevil."

Toni worked on the embankment for three years, sending his money with a letter to Nicoletta every month. The mother still lived and Nicoletta was giving up her own life to take care of her, but the old woman was very feeble and no longer had any hope of seeing either of her sons again. Moreover, she was now so bedridden that it was useless to think of trying to move her, even if Toni had plenty of money. No, as soon as he was satisfied that Vito could not be found and had saved enough money he must return. How she begged him to return! As Strollo read him the girl's letters Toni wept bitter tears and Strollo wept likewise in sympathy. But no word came of Vito.

Toni, anxious about his mother, despairing of ever finding his brother, pining for Nicoletta and with three hundred dollars lying in the savings-bank, decided to return to Italy. But if only he could find Vito first! Then Antonio Strollo had an idea. Why not advertise, he suggested. He wondered that they had never thought of it before. They would put a notice in Il Progresso, the Italian paper in New York, and see what would come of it. Toni agreed that the idea was good, so Strollo wrote the notice offering a reward for news of Vito.

Two months passed; once more Toni gave up hope, and then, O-never-to-be-forgotten day! a letter came from the post-office from Vito! Toni threw his arms about his friend and kissed him for joy. Vito was found at last! The letter, dated Yonkers, New York, told how Vito had by chance heard of Toni's notice and learned that he was in America. He himself, he said, had prospered and was a padrone, employing many workmen on the water-works. He begged Toni for news of their mother. He confessed himself an ungrateful son never to have written, but he had married and had had children, and he had assumed that she was being cared for by his brother. Toni must forgive him and come to him at once.

"*O Dio!*" cried Toni, the tears in his eyes. "Forgive him? Of course I will forgive him! Come, Antonio, let us write my dear brother a letter without delay and tell him that our mother is still alive. How I should like to see his wife and babies!"

So they prepared a long letter which Strollo took to the post-office himself and mailed. Toni went back to work with joy in his heart and whistled and sang all day long, and of course he wrote all about it to Nicoletta. He was only waiting for his month to be up before starting. Then he would go to Yonkers, make Vito a little visit, and return home to Italy. It would be easy, after that, for Vito would send them money, if necessary, to live upon.

Several letters passed between the brothers, and at the end of the month Toni drew out his money from the bank, received his wages in full and prepared to leave Lambertville. Meantime a letter had come from Nicoletta telling of his mother's joy at learning that Vito was still alive.

As Toni had doubts as to his ability to find his way to Yonkers, Strollo kindly offered to accompany him. Toni had made many friends during his three-years' stay in Lambertville, and he promised to write to them and tell them about Vito and his family, so it was agreed that the letter should be sent to Sabatto Gizzi, in whose house he had lived, and that Gizzi should read it to the others. The address was written carefully on a piece of paper and given to Toni.

So, early in the morning of August 16, 1903, Toni and Strollo took the train for New York. It was a hot day, and once again the motion and speed made Toni feel ill, but the thought of seeing Vito buoyed him up, and by the time they had crossed the ferry and had actually reached New York he was very hungry. In his excitement he had forgotten to eat any breakfast and was now beginning to feel faint. But Strollo said it was a long way to Yonkers and that they must not stop. For many hours they trudged the streets without getting anywhere and then Strollo said it was time to take the cars. Toni was very tired, and he had to climb many flights of stairs to the train. It carried them a long distance, past miles of tenement houses and vacant lots, and at last into a sort of country. Strollo said they should get out. It was very hot and Toni was weak from weariness and lack of food, but his heart was light and he followed Strollo steadily down the wilting road. After going about a mile they crossed some fields near where people were playing a game at hitting little balls with sticks. It was astonishing how far they could strike the balls—entirely out of sight.

"Is this Yonkers?" asked Toni.

"It is near here," answered Strollo. "We are going by a short way."

They entered some thick woods and came out upon another field. Toni was now so faint that he begged his friend to stop.

"Can we not get some food?" he inquired; "I can hardly walk."

"There is a man in that field," said Strollo. "Go and ask him."

So Toni plodded over to the man who was digging mushrooms and asked him in broken English where they could get something to eat. The man told him that it was a long way. They would have to take the trolley to Yonkers. There was a restaurant there called the "Promised Land," where one could get Italian dishes. He seemed to take a kindly interest in Toni and in Strollo, who had remained some distance behind, and Toni gave him a cigar—a "Cremo"—the last one he had. Then Strollo led the way back into the woods.

It was almost sunset, and the long, low beams slanting through the tree trunks made it hard to see. They went deeper and deeper into the woods. Presently Strollo, who was leading the way, stopped and said:

"We are going in the wrong direction. We must turn around and go back."

Torsielli turned. As he did so Strollo drew a long knife and plunged it again and again through Toni's body.

. . . . . .

Strollo spent that night under an assumed name at the Mills Hotel in Bleecker Street. He had stabbed himself accidentally in the knee and also in the left hand in the fury of his attack, and when he arose in the morning the sheets were covered with blood. There was also blood on his shoes, which had been new, but he took his knife and scraped it off. He had experienced a strange sort of terrified exaltation the night before, and in the early light, as he crept downstairs and out of the hotel, he could not have told whether he were more glad or afraid. For he had three hundred dollars in his pocket, more than he had ever seen at any one time before—as much as a man could save in two whole years. He would be a king now for a long time. He need not work. He could eat, drink and play cards and read some books he had heard about. As for finding him out—never! The police would not even know who Torsielli was, to say nothing of who had killed him, for he had removed, as he thought, everything in Toni's pockets. There would be a dead man in the morgue, that was all. He could go back to Lambertville and say that he had left Toni with his brother at Yonkers, and that would be the end of it. First, though, he would buy some new clothes.

It was very early and the shops were hardly open, but he found one place where he could buy a suit, another some underclothes, and a third a pair of shoes. The shoemaker, who was a thrifty man, asked Strollo what was the

In the Evenings They Walked Through the Streets of the Town

matter with the shoes he had on, so Strollo craftily said they hurt his feet. Then he ate a hearty breakfast, and bought a better cigar than he had ever smoked before. There was a bookstore near by and he purchased some books. He felt warm and comfortable now and not afraid at all. By and by he went back on the train to Lambertville and smoked and read all the way, contented as the tiger is contented which has tracked down and slain a water-buffalo.

The same afternoon about sunset, in a lonely part of Van Cortlandt Park, the mushroom digger stumbled over Torsielli's body lying face downward among the leaves. He recognized it as that of the man who had asked the way to something to eat and given him a cigar. He ran from the awful sight and, pallid with fear, notified the nearest police officer. Then things took the usual course. The body was removed to the morgue, and an autopsy was performed, and "Headquarters" took charge of the case. As the deceased was an Italian, Detective-sergeant Petrosini was called in. Torsielli's pockets were empty save for the band of a "Cremo" cigar in one vest pocket, and a tiny slip of paper in another, on which was penciled "Sabatto Gizzi, P. O. Box 239, Lambertville, New Jersey." Whether this last was the name of the deceased, the murderer, or some one else, no one knew. Headquarters said it was a blind case, but Petrosini shrugged his shoulders and bought a ticket to Lambertville.

Here he found Sabatto Gizzi, who expressed genuine horror at learning of Toni's death and readily accompanied Petrosini to New York, where he identified the body as indeed that of Torsielli. He told Petrosini that Toni had left Lambertville in the company of Strollo on Thursday, August 16. This was Saturday, August 18, and less than thirty-six hours after the murder. Strollo, reading his books and drinking in the saloon, suspected nothing. New York was seventy miles away—too far for any harm to come. But Monday morning, walking lazily down the street near the railroad station, Strollo found himself suddenly confronted by a heavily-built man with a round, moon-shaped face thickly covered with pockmarks. Strollo did not like the looks of this stranger, for the latter's gimlet-like eyes looked him over and then transfixed him as if he were expected. There was no time to turn and fly, and besides, Strollo had no fear. They might come and ask him questions, and he might even admit almost all—*almost* all, and they could do nothing, for no one had seen what he had done to Toni in the wood. So Strollo returned Petrosini's gaze unflinchingly.

"Are you Antonio Strollo?" asked the detective, coming close to the murderer.

"Yes, certainly. I am Antonio Strollo," replied the latter.

"Do you know Antonio Torsielli?" continued Petrosini.

"To be sure," answered Strollo. "I knew him well," he added almost insolently.

"Why did you accompany him to New York?" Petrosini then inquired sharply. Strollo paled slightly. He had not known that the police were aware of the fact.

"I had errands in the city. I needed clothes," said Strollo.

"He has been murdered," said Petrosini quietly. "Will you come to New York to identify the body?"

Strollo hesitated.

"Why—yes—certainly. I will go to New York." Then he added, thinking that his words seemed insufficient, "I am sorry if Torsielli has been murdered, for he was a friend of mine."

There was a wait of several hours before the train started for New York, and Strollo utilized it by giving Petrosini a detailed account of his trip with Torsielli. Strollo's account of what had transpired was briefly as follows:

He and Toni had reached New York about twelve o'clock and had spent an hour or so in the neighborhood of Mott Street looking at the parade of "San Rocco." Then they had started for Yonkers and gone as far as the terminal of the Second Avenue El. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. They had gotten out and started to walk. As they proceeded they suddenly had seen a man standing under a tree and Torsielli had said to Strollo:

"That man standing under that tree looks like my brother."

Strollo had replied:

"You know I am not acquainted with your brother."

As they reached the tree the stranger had stepped forward and said to Torsielli:

"Who are you?"

"Who? Me? My name is Antonio Torsielli," had been the reply. "Who are you?"

"I am Vito Torsielli," had answered the stranger. Then the two had rushed into each other's arms.

"And what did *you* do?" inquired Petrosini, as Strollo naïvely concluded this extraordinary story.

"Me?" answered Strollo innocently. "Why, there was nothing for me to do, so I went back to New York."

Petrosini said nothing, but bided his time. He had now several important bits of evidence. By Strollo's own account he had been with the deceased in the general locality of the murder shortly before it occurred; he had given no adequate explanation of why he was in New York at all; and he was now fabricating a preposterous falsehood to show that he had left his victim before the homicide was committed. On the train Petrosini began to tie up some of the loose ends. He noticed the wound on Strollo's hand and asked where it had been obtained. The suspect replied that he had received it at the hands of a drunken man in Mott Street. He even admitted having stayed at the Mills Hotel the same evening under an assumed name, and gave as an excuse that his own name was difficult for an American to pronounce and write. Later, this information led to the finding of the bloody bedclothes. He denied, however, having changed his clothes or purchased new ones, and this the detective was obliged to ferret out for himself, which he did by visiting or causing to be visited almost every Italian shop upon the East Side. Thus the incident of the shoes was brought to light.

Strollo was at once taken to the morgue on reaching the city, and here for the first time his nerve failed him, for he could not bring himself to inspect the ghastly body of his victim.

"Look," cried Petrosini; "is that the man?"

"Yes, yes," answered the murderer, trembling like a leaf. "That is he."

"You are not looking at him," said the detective. "Why don't you look at him. Look at the body."

"I *am* looking at him," replied Strollo, averting his eyes. "That is he—my friend Antonio Torsielli."

The prisoner was now taken to Police Headquarters and searched. Here a letter was found in his hip pocket in his own handwriting purporting to be from Antonio Torsielli to his brother Vito at Yonkers, but *inclosed in an envelope addressed to Antonio at Lambertville.*

This envelope bore a red two-cent stamp and was inscribed:

ANTONIO TORSIELLI, BOX 470,
Lambertville, New Jersey.

Strollo made no attempt to explain the possession of this letter, which, if sent at all, would naturally have come into the possession of the addressee.

"And what was Vito's address at Yonkers?" inquired Petrosini.

"1570 Yonkers," answered Strollo.

"Is that the street number of a house or a post-office number?" asked the detective.

"Neither," said Strollo. "Just 1570 Yonkers."

Thus the infamy of this villain was made manifest. He had invented out of his own brain the existence of Vito Torsielli in Yonkers, and had himself written the letters to Antonio which purported to come from him. He had used the simple fellow's love for his long-lost brother as the means to lure him to his destruction, and brutally murdered him for the sake of the few dollars which his innocent victim had worked so hard to earn to reunite him to his mother and his betrothed.

The wounds in Strollo's hand and knee were found to correspond in shape and character with the thirty-six wounds in Torsielli's body, and the mushroom digger unhesitatingly identified him as the man in the company of the deceased upon the afternoon of the murder.

It almost seemed like the finger of Providence indicating the assassin when the last necessary piece of evidence in this extraordinary case was discovered. Petrosini had hurried to Lambertville immediately upon the discovery of the letter and visited the post-office.

A young lady named Miss Olive Phillips had been employed there as a clerk for twelve years, and had lately had charge of what are known as the "call boxes"—that is to say, of boxes to which no keys are issued, but for the contents of which the lessees have to ask at the delivery window. Petrosini showed her the envelope of the letter found in Strollo's pocket. The stamp indicated that it had been canceled at *Lambertville* on July 26. When she saw the envelope she called Petrosini's attention to the fact that the stamp was a two-cent red stamp, and said, to his surprise, that she was able to identify the letter on that account as one *mailed* by *Strollo* on July 26. As there is no local delivery in the town, she explained, "drop letters," or letters mailed by residents to other residents, may be franked for one cent. Now, in the first place, no Italian in Lambertville, except Strollo, so far as Miss Phillips could remember, had ever mailed a letter to another Italian in the same town. A frugal Italian, moreover, if he had done so, would have put on only the required amount of postage. On the twenty-sixth of July Strollo had come to the post-office and pushed this identical letter through the window, at the same time handing her two cents and asking her to put on a red stamp for him. She had been surprised at this, and had at first thought of calling his attention to the fact that only a one-cent stamp was necessary, but she had refrained and put on the stamp. At the same time she had noticed that it was addressed to "Antonio Torsielli, Lambertville, New Jersey." Strollo had then taken the letter and slipped it into the "drop" and later she had canceled the stamp, taking the opportunity to examine the letter a second time.

Strollo was now placed in the House of Detention as a "witness," a course often pursued when it is desirable to prevent a suspect from knowing that he is accused.

The case against him was practically complete, for it did not seem humanly possible that any jury would hesitate to convict him upon the evidence, but juries are loth to find any one guilty of murder in the first degree upon purely circumstantial evidence, and this was the first purely circumstantial case in a long time. Petrosini, therefore, conceived the idea of trapping Strollo into a complete confession by placing a detective in confinement with him under the guise of being a fellow-prisoner. It was, of course, patent that Strollo was but a child mentally, but he was shrewd and sly, and if he denied his guilt there was still a chance of his escape. Accordingly, a detective named Repetto was assigned to the disagreeable task of taking the part of an accused criminal.

The scheme worked and Repetto afterward received five letters from Strollo sent after the latter had been removed from the House of Detention to the Tombs and indicted for the murder of Torsielli. The first, dated September 22, was merely to inform his supposed friend Silvio of the change in his residence and to inquire the whereabouts of another prisoner named Philip. The second would be pathetic were it not written by the defendant in the case. It carries with it the flavor of the Calabrian hills.

NEW YORK, October 17, 1903.

Sir Silvio:

I write and believe not to sicken you with my words, but it is enough that you are well in health. I take the liberty again not having any one else but you, and I believe to find a brother in you, not a friend. I ask you nothing, only if you have time to come and see me as soon as possible. I ask you this as a favor because I know and believe to find a true friend, as I want to ask you a certain thing at the cost of my life. I will not say any more. Bring me five cents of paper and envelopes to write letters and when you come I will give you the money. Nothing else. I am yours ever. Servant and
Perfect friend,
A. STROLLO.

The third letter from the perfect friend to his equally perfect friend is an extraordinary combination of ingenuity and ignorance. It contains the only suggestion of a defense—that of an alibi.

NEW YORK, October 30, 1903.

Esteemed Friend:

With retard I answer in receiving yours. I was very, very glad. I believe all you told me and I am grateful, and hope you will not betray me, because you know it will cost the life of a

We Sell More Ladies' Garments Than Any Other Firm In the World

STYLE No. C 3231

PRICE $16.98

We pay

C 3231 LINGERIE PRINCESS ROBE

at tucked below the lace girdle. Sizes 32 to 44 front skirt length. We pay expressage. Price $16.98

The "National" Style Book Free

From the Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World

The new styles now worn in New York are pictured in this ... NATIONAL ... for you

NATIONAL ... TODAY

THE NATIONAL POLICY We pay all Postage or Express charges on our Goods to any part of the United States. Your Money Back if you Ask for It.

DAY for you

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.
214 West 24th St. New York City
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches.

A valuable useful novel household necessity. **Green Corn Holder**

Worth One Dollar. While introducing will mail complete set for 25 cents. Agts. wanted every where. Money refunded on request.
A. N. GITTERMAN Ha., 38 Hall St., New York

The Yale Life Saving Automatic Propeller

MEEKS & FOX CO., 80 Ohio St., South Bend, Indiana.

poor unfortunate, so do as you told me, keep things to ourselves, if you wish to help me you will do me a great service, and if God helps me, you can dispose of my life.

So I will have you called unexpected, saying that I did not know if you remembered. So if you are called, the first thing you must do is to make believe to look at me, and then you say you remember of having seen me looking at the pictures in front of place where you work, and you asked me if I wanted my pictures taken and I said no. If they ask at what time say 5:20 or 5:30 P. M., and that you spoke with me for quite a while. if they ask how was he dressed? The coat was black, shoes russett the Trousers with white stripes which is the one I am now wearing; what tie, I don't remember, I only know he was well dressed, the hat was brown, if they ask did he have a mark on his hand? Say no, he had a ring with a black stone, how many times did you see him, say that after your work you were going around Mott Street and you saw me again and how it was eight o'clock or past eight and you saw me with a handkerchief around my hand, and you said to me, why I had my hand so. And he answered that some one struck him, I asked if it hurt much, he said he did not feel it, did both of you go to drink. No. Where else did Strollo go, Strollo said he was going at the Bleecker Street Hotel to sleep, did you see him again. No. Nothing else, if you want to help me reflect well, but you don't need any more words from me say just what I have said and I hope, with faith of a brother not a friend, I am ever your Friend,

A. STROLLO.

It may, and probably will, appear to the reader that a clearer case of guilt could hardly be established, but the action of juries is always problematical, and this was a case composed entirely of circumstantial evidence. The jury would be obliged to find that no reasonable hypothesis consistent with the innocence of the accused could be formulated on the evidence. Thus, even in the face of the facts proven against him, some "freak" juryman might still have said, "But, after all, how do you *know* that Strollo killed him? Some *other* fellow might have done it." Even the "faking" of a defense does not prove the defendant guilty, but merely that he fears guilt, and is ready to resort to feigned testimony to secure his freedom. Many innocent men convict themselves in precisely this way.

Accordingly it was by no means with confidence that the People went to trial, but throughout this remarkable case it seemed as if it must have been preordained that Strollo should not escape punishment for his treacherous crime

No defense was possible, not even the partially-prepared alibi was attempted, and the only thing that savored of a defense was the introduction of a letter alleged to have been received by the defendant while in the House of Detention, and which, if genuine, would have apparently established that the crime had been perpetrated by the "Black Hand."

The offering of this letter was a curious and fatal blunder, for it was later proven by the People to be in Strollo's own handwriting. It was his last despairing effort to escape the consequences of his crime. Headed with a cross drawn in blood it ran as follows:

> I swear upon this cross, which is the blood of my veins, Strollo is innocent. I swear upon the cross the revengeful Black Hand could save me. New York, Oct. 12, 1903. Sir Strollo, knowing you only by name, eight days after that I leave this letter will be sent to you. I leave at seven o'clock with the Steamer Britain the Harbor. Therefore I leave betraying my oath that I have held for the last three years belonging to the Black Hand. I will leave three letters, one to you, one to the Police Officer Capri, and the other to the law, 300 Mulberry Street. All what I am saying I have sworn to before God. Therefore your innocence will be given you, first by God and then by the law, capturing the true murders. I am sure that they already captured the murderer of Torsielli. Who lured you to come to New York was Giuseppi Rosa, who knew you for nearly two years, and who comes from Lambertville, came among us and played you a trick. He is a Calabrise and has a mighty grudge. He and four others are averse to them. Announce the name of the man who stabbed you with the knife was Antonio Villa. He had to kill you, but you was fortunate. He is in jail for the present time and I don't know for how long, but I know that he was arrested. Nothing else to say. I have done my duty in giving you all the information. 407 2nd St., Jersey.

It is clear from the letter that Strollo had formed a vague plan for his defense, which should, in part, consist of the claim that he, as well as Torsielli, had been marked for death by the Black Hand, and that while both had been induced to come to New York, the plans of the assassins had in his case miscarried.

The reader has already observed that purely for the purpose of securing his continued interest in the present narrative the writer has, as it were, told his story backward, reserving as long as possible the fact that the finding of the beloved Vito was a pure fiction invented by the murderer. At the trial, however, the jury listened breathlessly while bit by bit the whole pathetic story was painted before them like a picture. They heard first the story of the mushroom digger, then of the expedition of Petrosini to Lambertville, of the identification of Torsielli's body, of the elaborate fabrications of Strollo, and, in due course, of the telltale letter in the murderer's pocket. Gradually the true character of the defendant's venomous crime came over them and they turned from him in repulsion. The natural climax in the evidence was Miss Philip's extraordinary identification of the defendant sitting at the bar as the man who had mailed, upon the twenty-sixth of July, at the Lambertville post-office the envelope purporting to come from Yonkers and containing the forged letter from the imaginary Vito.

Strollo remained almost to the last convinced that he could never be convicted, but when his own letters in prison were introduced in evidence he turned ashen pale and stared fixedly at the Judge. The jury deliberated but fifteen minutes, their functions consisting of but a single ballot, Then they filed slowly back and, in the waning light of the summer afternoon, just one year after the murder, and at the precise hour at which Strollo had killed his victim, pronounced him guilty of murder in the first degree.

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mr. Train's series of stories of crimes and criminals

THOMAS F. RYAN

(Concluded from Page 9)

The only answer that he has made to this criticism was contained in his testimony before the special Grand Jury, which recently disposed of the allegation of misconduct attributed to the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, the merger of surface lines which he effected. This answer in substance he repeated to me:

"It is not generally known that the fifty-two million dollars of stock now outstanding of the Metropolitan Street Railway system represents $43,240,000 in actual cash paid in, or $83.13 for every one-hundred-dollar share. This is a higher percentage than is generally shown in properties of this kind and compares favorably with steam railroad capitalization. The stock of many of the steam railroads of the country issued twenty-five years ago is all water and was given as a bonus to bond purchasers."

Now see the man as he really is. I once heard Mr. Ryan say: "When I know a man has no sentiment I don't like to do business with him." One of the great ambitions of his life is to see Virginia restored to her old prestige among the States.

This is characteristic of its speaker Mr Ryan, too, has a respect for old age that is little short of reverence. One day he saw in his house two pictures that had been sent on approval. They were copies of Whistler's Carlyle and the portrait of the artist's mother. Both symbolize quiescent old age, and Mr. Ryan's immediate order was, "I want those in my own room."

Ordinarily, Mr. Ryan expresses himself in monosyllables. His economy of speech is habitual. He would rather listen than talk

But what of his relaxations? When Mr. Morgan wants recreation he sails for Europe; Mr. Harriman goes driving in the Orange Mountains; Mr. Hill angles for salmon; John D Archbold plays golf. Mr. Ryan does none of these things. He simply goes home. Home for him is his place, Oak Ridge, in Nelson County, Virginia, where he was born. Here he raises cattle and horses, and swaps stories with his neighbors, who call him "Tom."

His New York house is a fine old mansion down on Fifth Avenue near Washington Square, where he can see his grandchildren play. Most very rich men's houses in New York are museums. Mr. Ryan's is a home.

He has surrounded himself with fine things that have associations and mean something. His habit of silence extends to his hobbies. This is why nothing is heard of his fine collections of seventeenth and eighteenth century line engravings, of his Mino marbles and of his cloisonné, which is as good as Mr. Morgan's.

Many rich men enjoy their collections of pictures vicariously that is, by the mere knowledge of owning them. Mr. Ryan wants his engravings where he can see them. Since new ones are being added all the time (his agents are constantly scouring the world for the finest); he has had his frames made so that the pictures can be easily slipped in and out. When a fresh supply of engravings comes in they are put into the frames and the old ones are removed. Many of the frames are hung along the great stairway, so that Mr. Ryan can see them as he goes up and down. It is a sort of progressive picture gallery.

Mr. Ryan plays solitaire for diversion. In every room of his house there is a little mahogany table covered with green cloth and with a pack of cards at hand. He reads detective and adventure stories, "eats them up," to use his own phrase, and then forgets them as soon as they are finished. Sometimes he stretches out on a big green lounge in his library and turns on the phonograph and listens for hours to such tunes as Old Black Joe, Way Down South, The Little Log Cabin in the Lane, Dixie and Down on the Suwanee River. He never goes to the theatre if he knows beforehand that he is to go. His sons often get six sets of seats for the same play before they land him.

There is one room in Mr. Ryan's house called the "Red Room." It is half library, half sitting-room, with red leather chairs and padded doors. One of the ironclad rules of the house is that when Mr. Ryan goes in there and locks the door, nothing is to cause him to be disturbed. In this room he reads, rests or works out big schemes.

This is the real Thomas F. Ryan, who at fifty-six, having risen from errand boy in a Baltimore dry-goods store to financial chieftainship, is full of strength and vitality. The other leaders of the Street who match him in fortune or power are older. Mr. Morgan, Mr. Hill, Mr. Schiff are all past seventy. Yet for all the control of more than nine hundred millions of capital and surplus by the corporations which he dominates or is identified with, Mr. Ryan has decided to retire while his capacity to enjoy life is undiminished.

When I spoke of the rumors of his political aspirations and of his plans, he said quietly:

"I have no political ambition. There is no office that I would have by gift or election. What I want is peace and quiet. I am going to retire to Oak Ridge as soon as I can consistently, and in justice to my friends, leave the many interests with which I am identified. I am gradually accomplishing this now. I want to go back to old Virginia and live among the people I know and the people who have known me since I was born I love my home I am fond of my cattle and horses and down there I hope to find the peace I want

Figure Out The Cost Before Decorating Your Walls

The best of anything is generally the highest priced, but Alabastine—the artistic, clean and durable wall covering—is an exception

Alabastine, coming in many soft, velvety tints, is not only the most beautiful and dainty of wall coverings, but by using it you save money—and that's worth considering

This Is How Alabastine Saves Money

These figures are the results of actual experience. They show just how much Alabastine saves for the thrifty housekeeper:

	Cost per sq. yd.
Alabastine	1½c
Wall Paper	5c
Oil Paint	10c
Wall Paper (Washable)	19c
Burlap	30c

Alabastine

The Sanitary Wall Coating

The saving is really more than is shown by the figures that we have given above, because you can apply Alabastine yourself—or if you want expert service, you may employ a painter or decorator. Then, when your walls are once covered with Alabastine, you do not have to scrape it off when you wish to redecorate. This saves half the cost of redecoration.

Free Book

Alabastine is sold by hardware, drug, paint and general stores. It comes in sealed packages, 50c for white and 55c for tints. If you want to know more about it just send the coupon below filled out, and a 2 cent U. S. stamp, and we will send you free our book which shows the various tints of Alabastine in colors—and tells you all about it.

Or, send us 10c in U. S. stamps, we will forward a copy of "Dainty Wall Decorations," a valuable and beautifully printed book, crammed full of suggestions for home decoration. It tells how to estimate cost of materials, how to Alabastine a wall, and gives many admirable hints on arranging original color schemes.

The Alabastine Co.,
907 Grandville Ave.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Dept. H, 105 Water St., New York City.

The Alabastine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
I am interested in decorating my home at small expense. Send book
Name_____
Street and No.
Town and State
Inclose 10c. coin or U. S. stamps, for "Dainty Wall

THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from Page 15.

I've tried that sort of thing myself when younger. I'm still turkeyless but wiser."

"You'd better bring Eudo and let us help you to retrieve yourself!" called back Shiela.

But he refused scornfully, and she waved them adieu, then setting in her stirrups, turned smilingly to Hamil, who brought his horse alongside.

"Dad is probably right, there's not much chance for us this way. But if there is a chance Little Tiger will see that we get it. Anyway, you can try the ducks in the morning. You don't mind, do you?"

He tried to be prudent in his reply.

CHAPTER XII

THROUGH the glades the sun poured like a red searchlight, and they advanced in the wake of their own enormous shadows, lengthening grotesquely with every stride. Tree trunks and underbrush seemed afire in the kindling glory; the stream ran molten.

Then of a sudden the red radiance died out; the forest turned ashy; the sun had set; and on the wings of silence already the swift Southern dusk was settling over lake and forest. A far and pallid star came out in the west; a cat-owl howled.

At the edge of an evil-looking cypress "branch" they dismounted, drew gun from saddle-boot, and loaded in silence while the Indian tethered the horses.

Then through the thickening twilight they followed the Seminole in file, Hamil bringing up the rear.

Little Tiger had left turban, plume and leggings in camp; the scalp-lock bobbed on his head, bronzed feet and legs were bare; and, noiseless as a cypress shadow in the moonlight, he seemed part of it all, harmonious as a wild thing in its protective tints.

A narrow tongue of dry land scarcely three inches above the swamp level was the trail they followed. All around tall cypress trees, strangely buttressed at the base, rose pillar-like into obscurity as though supporting the canopy of dusk. The goblin howling of the big cat-owl pulsated through the silence; strange gleams and flashes stirred the surface of the bog. Once, close ahead, a great white bird, winged like an angel, rose in spectral silence through the twilight.

"Did you see!" she breathed, partly turning her head.

"Yes. What was it: the Archangel Michael?"

"Only a snowy heron."

The Seminole had halted and laid his hand flat on the dead leaves under a gigantic water-oak.

"A-po-kes-chay," he whispered; and Shiela translated close to Hamil's ear: "He says that we must all sit down here ——" A sudden crackle in the darkness stilled her voice.

"Im-po-kit-chkaw?" she asked. "Did you hear that? No-ka-tee; what is it?"

"Deer walk," nodded the Seminole; "sun gone down; moon come. Bimeby roost um turkey. Li-kus-chay! No sound."

Shiela settled quietly on the poncho among the dead leaves, resting her back against the huge tree trunk. Hamil warily sank into position beside her; the Indian stood for a while, head raised, apparently gazing at the treetops, then, walking noiselessly forward a dozen yards, squatted.

Shiela opened the conversation presently by whispering that they must not speak.

And the conversation continued, fitfully in ghostly whispers, lips scarcely stirring close to one another's ears.

"What on earth is the matter, Shiela?" he whispered, feeling her trembling.

"Nothing. They say a snake won't strike you if you hold your breath. It's nonsense, but I was trying it. . . . What is that ring I feel on your hand?"

"A signet; my father's." He removed it from his little finger, tried it on all of hers.

"Is it too large?"

"It's a little loose. . . . You don't wish me to wear it, do you? . . . Your *father's?* I'd rather not. . . . Do you really wish it? Well, then—for a day—if you ask me."

Her ringed hand settled unconsciously into his again; she leaned back against the tree, and he rested his head beside hers.

"Are you afraid of woodticks, Mr. Hamil? I am, horribly. We're inviting all kinds of disaster but isn't it delicious! Look at that whitish light above the trees. When the moon outlines the roosting-tree we'll know whether our labor is lost. But I wouldn't have missed it for all the mallard on Ruffle Lake. Would you? Are you contented?"

"Where you are is contentment, Shiela."

"How nice of you! But there is always that sweet, old-fashioned, boyish streak in you which shows true color when I test you. Do you know, at times, you seem absurdly young to me?"

"That's a pleasant thing to say."

Their shoulders were in contact; she was laughing without a sound.

"At times," she said, "you are almost what young girls call cunning!"

"By Heavens!" he began indignantly, but she stilled his jerk of resentment with a quick pressure.

"Lie still! For goodness' sake, don't make the leaves rustle, silly! If there's a flock of turkeys in any of those cypress tops you may be sure that every separate bird is now looking straight in our direction. . . . I won't torment you any more; I dare not. Little Tiger turned around; did you notice? He'd probably like to scalp us both."

But the Indian had resumed his motionless study of the darkness, squatted on his haunches as immobile as a dead stump.

Hamil whispered: "Such a chance to make love to you! You dare not move. And you deserve it for tormenting me."

"If you did such a thing ——"

"Yes?"

"Such a thing as that ——"

"Yes?"

"But you wouldn't."

"Why, Shiela, I'm doing it every minute of my life!"

"Now?"

"Of course. It goes on always. I couldn't prevent it any more than I could stop my pulses. It just continues with every heart-beat, every breath, every word, every silence ——"

"Mr. Hamil!"

"Yes?"

"That *does* sound like it—a little; and you must stop!"

"Of course I'll stop saying things, but *that* doesn't stop with my silence. It simply goes on and on increasing every ——"

"Try silence," she said.

Motionless, shoulder to shoulder, the pulsing moments passed. Every muscle tense, she sat there for a while, fearful that he could hear her heart beating. Her hand, doubled in his, seemed to burn. Then little by little a subtle relaxation stole over her, dreamy-eyed, she sank back and looked into the darkness. A sense of delicious wellbeing possessed her, enmeshing thought in hazy lethargy, quieting pulse and mind.

Through it she heard his voice faintly; her own seemed unreal when she answered.

He said: "Speaking of love, there is only one thing possible for me, Shiela—to go on loving you. I can't kill hope, though there seems to be none. But there's no use in saying so to myself, for it is one of those things no man believes. He may grow tired of hoping, and, saying there is none, live on. But neither he nor Fate can destroy hope any more than he can annihilate his soul. He may change in his heart. That he cannot control. When love goes no man can stay its going."

"Do you think yours will go?"

"No. That is a lover's answer."

"What is a sane man's answer?"

"Ask some sane man, Shiela."

"I would rather believe you."

"Does it make you happy?"

"Yes."

"You wish me to love you?"

"Yes."

"You would love me—a little—if you could?"

She closed her eyes.

"Would you?" he asked again.

"Yes."

"But you cannot."

She said dreamily: "I don't know. That is a dreadful answer to make. But I don't know what is in me. I don't know what I am capable of doing. I wish I knew; I wish I could tell you."

"Do you know what I think, Shiela?"

"What?"

"It's curious—but since I have known you and about your birth—the idea took shape and persisted—that—that ——"

"What?" she asked.

"That, partly perhaps because of your physical beauty, and because of your mind and its intelligence and generosity, you embodied something of that type which this nation is developing."

"That is curious," she said softly.

"Yes—but you give me that impression, as though in you were the lovely culmination of these generations of weeding together alien and native to make a national type, spiritual, intelligent, wholesome, beautiful. . . . And I've fallen into the habit of thinking of you in that way—as thoroughly human, thoroughly feminine, heir to the best that is human, and to its temptations, too; yet, somehow, instinctively finding the right way in life, the true way through doubt and stress. . . . Like the Land itself—with perhaps the blood of many nations in your veins. . . . I don't know exactly what I'm trying to say ——"

"I know."

"Yes," he whispered, "you do know that all I have said is only a longer way of saying that I love you."

"Through stress and doubt," she murmured, "you think I will find the way?—with perhaps the blood of many nations in my veins, with all their transmitted emotions, desires, passions for my inheritance? . . . It is my only heritage. They did not leave me a name even, only a capacity for every human error, with no knowledge of what particular inherited failing I am to contend with when temptation comes. Do you wonder I am sometimes lonely and afraid?"

She turned her face innocently to him in the darkness.

"You darling!" he said under his breath.

"Hush; that is forbidden. You know perfectly well it is. *Are* you laughing? That is very horrid of you when I'm trying so hard not to listen when you use forbidden words to me. But I heard you once when I should not have heard you. Does that seem centuries ago? Alas for us both, Ulysses, when I heard your voice calling me under the southern stars! Would you ever have spoken if you knew what you know now?"

"I would have told you the truth sooner."

"Told me what truth?"

"That I loved you, Calypso."

"You always answer like a boy! Ah, well!—if you knew how easily a girl believes such answers!"

He bent his head, raising her bare fingers to his lips. A tiny shock passed through them both; she released her hand and buried it in the folds of her hat.

There was a pale flare of moonlight behind the forest; trunks and branches were becoming more distinct. A few moments later the Indian, bending low, came creeping back without a sound, and straightened up in the fathomless shadow of the oak, motioning Shiela and Hamil to rise.

"Choo-lee," he motioned with his lips; "Ko-la-pa-kin!"

Lips close to Hamil's ear she whispered: "He says that there are seven in that pine. Can you see them?"

He strained his eyes in vain; she had already found them and now stood close to his shoulder, whispering the direction.

"I can't make them out," he said. "Don't wait for me, but take your chance at once."

"Do you think I would do that?"

"You *must!* You have never shot a turkey ——"

"Hush, silly. What pleasure would there be in it without you? Try to see them; look carefully. All those dark, furry blotches against the sky are pine leaves, but the round, shadowy lumps are turkeys; one is quite clearly silhouetted now, even to his tail ——"

"I believe I *do* see!" murmured Hamil. "By Jove, yes! Shiela, you're an angel to be so patient."

"I'll take the top bird," she whispered. "Are you ready? We must be quick."

"Ready," he motioned.

Then in the dim light one of the shadowy bunches rose abruptly, standing motionless on the branch, craning a long neck into the moonlight.

"Fire!" she whispered; and four red flashes in pairs split the gloom wide open

No extra charge for the guarantee

We make Manheim Mendless Socks so good and strong that they won't rip, tear or go into holes, and we guarantee them without adding an extra profit to cover our risk.

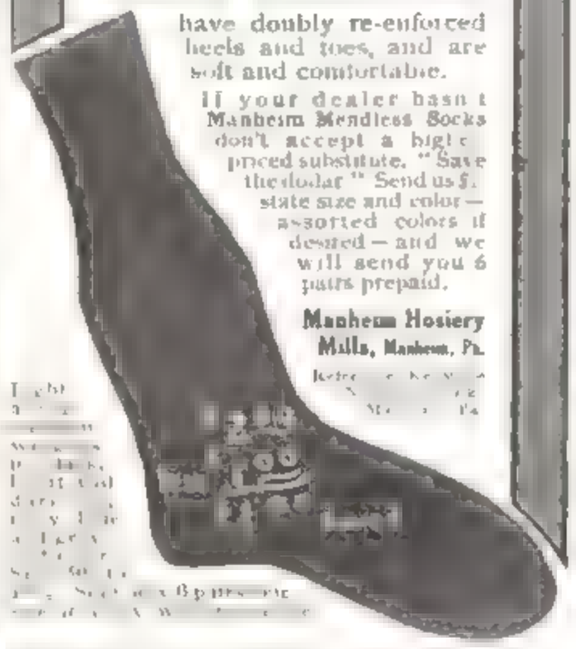
We know that Manheim Mendless Socks wear well and outlast other socks, and our six months guarantee shows our faith in them. If they need darning within six months you get a new pair free.

Manheim Mendless Socks

have doubly re-enforced heels and toes, and are soft and comfortable.

If your dealer hasn't Manheim Mendless Socks don't accept a higher priced substitute. "Save the dollar." Send us $1, state size and color—assorted colors if desired—and we will send you 6 pairs prepaid.

Manheim Hosiery Mills, Manheim, Pa.



A prominent Dentist says:

"I can always tell which of my patients are using Calox, the Oxygen Tooth Powder, by the splendid condition of their teeth. With the daily use of Calox the teeth certainly become whiter and the gums healthier and firmer."

"The Oxygen does it"

All Druggists, 25¢

Dainty sample and booklet sent on receipt of 6 cents.

McKesson & Robbins, 91-97 Fulton St., N.Y.

The Oxygen Tooth Powder

"R.-S." Motorcycle

Reading Standard Company, Reading, Pa.

Makers The Renowned Reading Standard Bicycle

6% AND SAFE!

Interest paid on deposits compounded half yearly. Write for free booklet A.

EQUITABLE BANKING & LOAN CO.

GEO. B. SMITH Pres. MACON GA.

for a second. Then roaring darkness closed about them.

Instantly the forest resounded with the thunderous racket of heavy wings as the flock burst into flight, clattering away through leafy obscurity; but under the uproar of shot and clapping wings sounded the thud and splash of something heavy crashing earthward; and the Indian, springing from root to tussock, vanished into the shadows.

"Two down!" said the girl unsteadily. "Oh, I am so thankful that you got yours!"

They exchanged excited handclasps of mutual congratulation. Then he said:

"Shiela, you dear, generous girl, I don't believe I hit anything, but I'll bet that you got a turkey with each barrel!"

"Foolish boy! Of course you grassed your bird! It wasn't a wing shot, but we took what Fate sent us. Nobody can choose conditions on the firing line. We did our best, I think."

"Wise little Shiela! Her philosophy is as fascinating as it is sound!" He looked at her half smiling, partly serious. "You and I are on life's firing line, you know."

"Are we?"

"And under the lively fusillade of circumstances."

"Are we?"

He said: "It will show us up as we are. . . . I am afraid for us both."

"If you are—don't tell me."

"It is best to know the truth. We've got to stay on the firing line, anyway. We might as well know that we are not very sure of ourselves. If the fear of God doesn't help us it will end us. But——" He walked up to her and took both her hands frankly. "We'll try to be good soldiers, won't we?"

"Yes."

"And good comrades—even if we can't be more?"

"Yes."

"And help each other under fire?"

"Yes."

"You make me very happy," he said simply; and turned to the Seminole, who was emerging from obscurity, shoulders buried under a mass of bronzed feathers from which dangled two grotesque heads.

One was a gobbler—a magnificent patriarch; and Shiela with a little cry of delight turned to Hamil: "That's yours! I congratulate you with all my heart!"

"No, no!" he protested, "the gobbler fell to you——"

"It is *yours!*" she repeated firmly; "mine is this handsome, plump hen——"

"I *won't* claim that magnificent gobbler! Little Tiger, didn't Miss Cardross shoot this bird?"

"Gobbler top bird," nodded the Seminole proudly.

"*You* fired at the top bird, Shiela! That settles it! I'm perfectly delighted over this. Little Tiger, you stalked them beautifully; but how on earth you ever managed to roost them in the dark I can't make out!"

"See um same like tiger," nodded the pleased Seminole. And, to Shiela: "Penna-waw-sue-chai! I-hoo-es-chai." And he lighted his lantern.

"He says that the turkeys are all gone and that we had better go, too, Mr. Hamil. What a perfect beauty that gobbler is! I'd much rather have him mounted than eat him. Perhaps we can do both. Eudo skins very skillfully and there's plenty of salt in camp. Look at that mist!"

And so, chattering away in highest spirits, they fell into file behind the Seminole and his lantern, who, in the thickening fog, looked like some slim, luminous forest-phantom with great misty wings atrail from either shoulder.

Treading the narrow way in each other's footsteps they heard, far in the darkness, the gruesome tumult of owls. Once the Indian's lantern flashed on a snake which rose quickly from compact coils, hissing and distending its neck; but for all its formidable appearance and loud, defiant hissing the Indian picked up a palmetto fan and contemptuously tossed the reptile aside into the bog.

"It's only a noisy puff-adder," said Shiela, who had retreated very close against Hamil, "but, oh, I don't love them even when they are harmless." . . . And rather thoughtfully she disengaged herself from the sheltering arm of that all too sympathetic young man, and went forward, shivering a little as the hiss of the enraged adder broke out from the uncongenial mud where he had unwillingly landed.

And so they came to their horses through a white mist which had thickened so rapidly that the Indian's lantern was now only an iridescent star ringed with rainbows. And when they had been riding for twenty minutes Little Tiger halted them with lifted lantern and said quietly:

"Chi-ho-ches-chee!"

"Wh-at!" exclaimed the girl, incredulous.

"What did he say?" asked Hamil.

"He says that he is lost!"

Hamil stared around in dismay; a dense white wall shut out everything; the Indian's lantern at ten paces was invisible; he could scarcely see Shiela unless she rode close enough to touch his elbow.

"Catch um camp," observed Little Tiger calmly. "Loose bridle! Bimeby catch um camp. One horse lead. No be scared."

So Hamil dismounted and handed his bridle to the Indian; then Shiela cast her own bridle loose across the pommel, and touching her horse with both heels, rode forward, hands in her jacket pockets. And Hamil walked beside her, one arm on the cantle.

Into blank obscurity the horse moved, bearing to the left—a direction which seemed entirely wrong.

"Catch um camp," came the Indian's amused voice through the mist from somewhere close behind.

"It doesn't seem to me that this is the right direction," ventured Shiela doubtfully. "Isn't it absurd? Where are you, Mr. Hamil? Come closer and keep in touch with my stirrup. I found you in a fog and I really don't want to lose you in one."

She dropped one arm so that her hand rested lightly on his shoulder.

"This is not the first mist we've been through together," he said laughing.

"I was thinking of that, too. They say the gods arrive and go in a mist. Don't go."

They moved on in silence, the horse stepping confidently into the crowding fog. Once Hamil stumbled over a root and Shiela's hand slipped around his neck, tightening a moment. He straightened up; but her hand slid back to his coat sleeve, resting so lightly that he could scarce feel the touch.

Then the horse stumbled, this time over the tongue of the camp wagon. Little Tiger was right; the horse had brought them back.

Hamil turned; Shiela swung one leg across the pommel and slipped from her saddle into his arms.

"Have you been happy, Shiela?"

"You know I have. . . . But—you must release me."

"Perfectly happy?"

"Ah, yes. Don't you know I have?" . . . And in a low voice: "Release me now—for both our sakes."

She did not struggle nor did he retain her by perceptible force.

"Won't you release me?"

"Must I?"

"I thought you promised to help me—on the firing line?" She forced a little laugh, resting both her hands on his wrists against her waist. "You said," she added with an effort at lightness, "that we are under heavy fire now."

"The fire of circumstances?"

"The cross-fire—of temptation. . . . Help me."

His arms fell; neither moved. Then a pale spark grew in the mist, brighter, redder, and, side by side, they walked toward it.

"What luck!" cried Gray, lifting a blazing palmetto fan above his head. "We got ten mallard and a sprig! Where's your game? We heard you shoot four times!"

Shiela laughed as the Seminole loomed up in the incandescent haze of the camp fire, buried in plumage.

"Dad! Dad! Where are you? Mr. Hamil has shot a magnificent wild turkey!"

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Cardross, emerging from his section; "the luck of the dub is proverbial! Hamil, what the deuce do you mean by it? That's what I want to know! Oh! *Look* at that gobbler! Shiela, did you let this young man wipe *both* your eyes?"

"Mine? Oh, I almost forgot. You see, I shot one of them."

"Which?"

"It happened to be the gobbler," she said. "It was a mere chance in the dark. . . . And—if my section is ready, Dad—I'm a little tired, I think. Good-night, everybody; good-night, Mr. Hamil—and thank you for taking care of me."

Cardross, enveloped in blankets, glanced at Hamil.

"Did you ever know anybody so quick to give credit to others? It's worth something to hear anybody speak in that fashion."

"That is why I did not interrupt," said Hamil.

Cardross looked down at the dying coals, then directly at the silent young fellow—a long, keen glance; then his gaze fell again on the Seminole fire.

"Good-night, sir," said Hamil at last.

"Good-night, my boy," replied the older man very quietly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

VAITI THE QUEEN

(Continued from Page 11)

of us. There's some broken in nothing worse than health—lame ducks, who can't stand the racket in the big places—and there's some of us broke in character—there's a good few thousand of those—and there's some broke in the pocket—but broken we all are. Remember that grand old villain, your father—you ought to know!"

The thunderclouds began to gather over Vaiti's eyebrows.

"You find it more better, suppose you shut your head about my father," she observed.

"*Pax, pax!*" said Tempest, amiably enough. "One thing at a time. We can't fight and make plans at the same minute. This island you were cast away on—got the bearings?"

"You think me fool?" was his wife's reply.

"Well if you have, that's all right. What size was it?"

"Two mile, three-quarter mile."

"A very nice size, indeed. And till the—the—the Caradoc——"

He boggled a little over the name. In the after days that remained to him Tempest, once Lieutenant Tempest, of her Majesty's Navy, was to find his tongue trip over many a word that had formerly come readiest of all—was to learn how easily the most commonplace of thoughts can hit a man on the raw when he has once slipped into the ranks of the "used-to-be."

"Till the Caradoc came to survey, its position was only roughly known, and it had no name?"

"Yes," assented Vaiti, most unexpectedly tweaking a lock of Tempest's hair—which was her way of offering a caress.

The water stood in Tempest's eyes, but he took the attention as meant, and went on:

"And you're quite sure there had been a lot of Paumotu pearl-shell stored away in this cave-house place inside the coral wall?"

A nod.

"Well, you ought to know shell when you see it. I believe you're right in thinking the place was the bolt-hole of the gentry who cleaned out that Firefly schooner. Now, Vi, shall I tell you what you've been thinking about it? Eh? Well, you've been thinking that the fellows who pirated that stuff got off so safe that they'll do it again. And you've been thinking that, as no one knows the secret of the place but yourself, you might have a look-in, somehow or other."

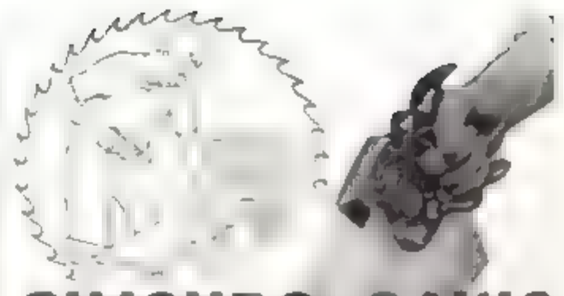
"Yes, some pretty well right," assented Vaiti.

"Well," asked Tempest, lighting a cigar, and taking a preliminary puff, "how do you think of doing it?"

"That pearl-shell, I think him no bother," she remarked. "Very nice place for fight. We stop inside, they stop outside. We kill them, take shell they bring. All right."

"Vaiti, I think you're the devil," declared her partner.

"Too many bloomy time you saying that," drawled the lady. "All the time very true. I thinking. My grandmother mother mother, she marry one 'aitu—



SIMONDS SAWS

Are the Best and They ARE the Best

LOOK For this TRADE-MARK

A Saw that Saws like a Simonds Saw is a Simonds

That clean, neat, straight cut always made by a Simonds Saw is due to the strong, regular-sized, edge-holding teeth you always find, and only find, in Simonds Saws. These perfectly shaped teeth hold their edge the longest, because all Simonds Saws are made from Simonds steel.

Simonds Steel

is made in a factory built expressly for that purpose. It is the toughest and most even-tempered steel made. So strong is it that Simonds Saws will not twist or warp. The difference is greater than most men suppose. Whether it's a circular saw or a band saw, if it does saw like a Simonds Saw, it is a Simonds.

On every Simonds Saw is the above trade mark, and it will pay you [illegible] see that it is on every saw you buy.

Your home dealer will supply you. If he [illegible] his name and we will see [illegible] promptly supplied.

Write for "Simonds Guide"—free. It gives you information that will be valuable.

Simonds Mfg. Co., Fitchburg, Mass.

Chicago New York New Orleans
San Francisco Portland Seattle

IF YOU WANT A PIPE

to carry without spilling the ashes or tobacco, lighted or unlighted, in your vest, trousers or coat pocket, to smoke in an auto, while playing golf, on a boat, in a high wind, *or anywhere*, buy the

Peach Pipe

Stem swings over bowl making a cover, so contents cannot spill when pipe is not in use. Wind shield prevents ashes from setting fire to clothing or inflammables. Made of genuine French briar and has solid vulcanized rubber stem. Ask your dealer for it or

Send $1.00 to Leavitt & Pearce
Dept. 3, United States Selling Agents, Cambridge, Mass., and the pipe will be mailed.

Send for circular.

Special terms to the trade.

Manufacturers
PEACH PIPE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Worth Cushion Sole Shoe

DAVID CUMMINGS
(Pres. The Cummings Co.)
Maker of Shoes for 35 yrs.

[illegible] has so many advantages resulting from the use of this sole that [illegible] all about it, but our Booklet tells the story complete. Worth sole leather, saves the stockings, [illegible], saves money. Try the Worth Sole and prove it.

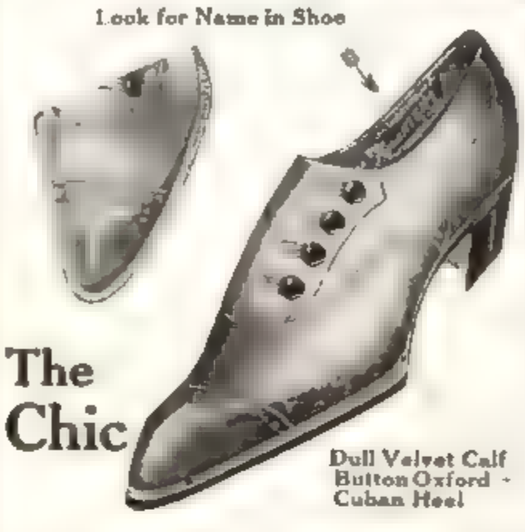
MEN'S $4 00 $4 50 $5 00
WOMEN'S
$2 00 $3 00 $3 50 $4 00

Send for [illegible] and [illegible]

THE CUMMINGS CO
Dept. V 404 Washington St
Boston, Mass.

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Shoe



The Chic

Dull Velvet Calf
Button Oxford
Cuban Heel

It's not so much the leather—Nor the labor—We've no monopoly of *those* factors. It's the Florsheim way of shaping the *lasts*—anatomical *foot-form* shape. Thus your foot lays perfectly natural—comfortable—in a Florsheim Shoe—right from the first hour's wear, too.

There's nothing to pull the shoe out of shape—It retains its smart style throughout its long wear.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most Styles sell for $5.00.

FLORSHEIM & COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

8 pairs for $1

OURS is a busy mill, supplying socks to men who want to make every dollar they spend yield the largest possible returns.

It's a question of cutting out the middlemen. If you are with us enclose $1, give size and colors. Brown, blue, black or gray. Medium weight.

We will deliver the 8 pairs, prepaid. Money back is our guarantee.

Reference, Second National Bank, Reading.

Lorcum Hosiery Mills, Reading, Pa.

SE-NO

PAT JAN 28 19 8

SUSPENDERS

WORN UNDER THE SHIRT

easy on and off. Simple instructions with each pair. Different and superior to

EAGLE SUSPENDER CO
1210 Race Street, Philadelphia

Going to Denver? If so, and when there, call at Colorado headquarters, 314 Seventeenth Street, and see the farm products grown on our choice lands in Eastern Colorado almost within sight of Denver's church steeples. Westland & Shelton.

spilit, you know—she meeting up 'long bush. My mother she say, when I small kid, I very like that fellow devil. You no want to kill that men?"

"Well, I think I'd rather be excused, my dear, gentle girl. A little too cold-blooded, don't you know, even for me."

"Plenty other ways, I think. That way, he no trouble. Suppose you no mind trouble, this way."

They sat down again on the cover of the forward hatch, and talked. The mate and the boatswain stared at the pair, and the mate, at least, was "afraid with amazement," for he knew well that the coming of peace between the married pair meant a general pulling up of loose ends all over the ship, and a sharper eye directed to all shortcomings. The mate was a gentleman, of sorts, so was the boatswain, so was the cook. Tempest had picked them all "off the beach" in various places, and taken them on to run the schooner in company with himself and a small native crew. They were, like him, broken men, but he thought it better to have the company of even beachcomber gentlemen, however far they had dropped, than to put up for the rest of his days with an h-less mate who would never wash from port to port, and a boatswain who had been reared in Limehouse or Wooloomooloo. The cook was the only one of the lot who knew anything about sailoring, but he could make bread and pastry, which fixed his fate in the galley. Tempest promised the others—one of whom had been in the diplomatic service, while the other was a disrated doctor—that he would make sailors of them quicker than they would squeeze a man out of a bit of putty. Of how he kept his promise royally—of how Waters (which was not the doctor's name) and Henry Smith (the ex-attaché had not been christened Henry, and his parents' name was other than Smith) wished themselves dead ten times over before the end of the first voyage, nearly drank themselves into the realization of the wish in port, and, somehow or other, found themselves almost sailors, and quite men, before they reached the next haven where liquor was to be had, and sank temporarily back again—of all this there is not space to tell. But Smith and Waters and Carter, the cook (who really had been called Carter from his birth, and who had done nothing worse than drink, and become a remittance man), were of good service to Tempest in the time that followed.

The ship, which had already done one round trip to the Carolines, and was bound on this occasion for the Santa Cruz group, was put on a new course the day after the great reconciliation, which was a patched-up peace at best, and liable to break down at any minute, but which had done its work in the fortunes of the Sybil, nevertheless. The nameless island was not the schooner's first call. She made for Nukahiva, where she took in wood and water, and Tempest gave his mate certain directions about the anchorage and the harbor. They then set sail for the island of the Makatea.

It was agreed, if they saw any signs of a ship in the neighborhood of the place, to pass by and return again. But they were fortunate in finding the burning little island as desolate and lonely as it had seemed to Vaiti when she had first been cast away there. Tempest found good anchorage on the lee side of the Makatea, or coral fortress-hill, and the ship was left in charge of the native crew, while the four white men and Vaiti went ashore.

The cone-shaped hill of worn gray coral, sharp as a colossal stack of spear-points, looked impregnable enough to make Tempest wonder where the opening could possibly be. When he was shown Vaiti's cherished secret—the winding crack that led into the central open space, masked at the entrance by a curving spur of rock, and half filled up with drooping vines—he was struck at once with the qualities of the place as a fort. It was magnificent. Nothing short of heavy artillery—and very heavy at that—would touch it, and the entrance could be held by three men against a thousand. The caves with the rough banks and the tinned foods were just as Vaiti had last seen them.

Outside once more, Tempest addressed his companions, and told them that he had a scheme that was likely to pay well all around, and he looked for their coöperation. The pearl pirates would most probably return with a fresh haul before long. It was evident that they stored their ill-gotten gains in the island for some time, to avoid the awkwardness of attempting to dispose of shell for which they could not account at a time when suspicion was sure to be on the alert. The stuff was doubtless taken away as soon as it seemed safe to do so. Now, there was something to be cleared up before they went any further.

"The fact is," said Tempest, standing with his back to the reef and the lagoon, and his face to the three white men lounging upon the coral boulders—"the fact is, that these Johnnies are pirates, and we intend to rob them, which makes us pirates, too, or next door to it. Now, we're all in the same box here. We're all comedowns, and none of us much better than the others. I command, but that's because I'm the only one that don't drink, and the only one that can run a ship. In character there's not a rag of difference among us, and not enough rags for decency in the whole lot, anyhow. I suppose you all of you thought, when you were kids at school, that it would be Heaven on earth to be a pirate, and have an island. Well, now you're going to, and you won't find it Heaven—much more like the other place; and it's beastly dangerous, too; so, if any one wants to cry off, now's the time."

There was silence for a moment, and then the ex-doctor, looking at the tarry finger-nails on his flexible hands—hands that spelt "surgeon" plain as print to any observant eye said dryly:

"We're not the sort who can afford to pick and choose. We're in with you. Am I right, boys?"

"Right," chorused the other two.

"Well, then, look here. I propose seven shares of all we get: four for my wife and myself, three for you fellows. That's good enough, I hope?"

They agreed that it was.

"Now, your part in this affair is to ask no questions and answer none, if any are asked you, and to go right back to Nukahiva, and wait there till you see us again. It's the nearest land to this place—five hundred-odd miles. You'll leave us the whaleboat, and we'll manage to reach you in that, when we're ready. You'll take off what stores I want to-night, and to-morrow at sunrise, if the wind suits, you'll sail. That's all, I think."

"What are you going to do?" asked Waters curiously.

"My business, not yours. Now off with you, and get me the things in this list. I'll give Carter the course to-night, as he does know something, and, if you do exactly as you're told, you'll fetch Nukahiva all right. The trades are to be relied on at this time of year, hereabouts. It's a risk, of course, to trust the ship without a proper navigating officer, but I don't see any other way to it. Mind me, this is an uncommonly good thing—means thousands to divide—so you'd best play fair, and be up to no tricks with the schooner. It wouldn't pay you——"

"I hope——" began the ex-diplomat with dignity.

"You needn't. I trust no one. I know you'll do as you're told, because you'll want to. That's enough for me. Now see you get off sharp to-morrow—I don't want the ship hanging about, to give us away, an hour longer than we can help."

Strange things were done that night on the shore of the lonely island, under the waning moon. The Sybil's whaleboat was beached on a slope of fine, dry sand, and buried there, so that not even an inch of gunwale showed. All the stores that could be spared from the ship were taken ashore and hidden underneath loose coral boulders at the fringes of the bush. The palm hut that Vaiti had built some weeks before was taken down and torn to pieces, and all traces of fires removed. At the last, you might have sworn, had you been one of the expected band of pearl pirates, that not a soul had been near the place for years. Then the mate and boatswain and cook went to the ship, and Vaiti and Tempest were left alone in the moonlight, sitting up against the background of the hibiscus scrub at the edge of the strand.

They had made their plans carefully. When the pirates came back they, too, would hide themselves in the bush, and remain there till the ship had left again. Then they would carry off any pearls that might be found in the *cache*, and make sail for Nukahiva as quick as might be. The whaleboat was large, new and fast, the route lay along the course of the trades. There was nothing but outside chance to stop their reaching Nukahiva in a week or

IS IT SAFE

TO KEEP your [illegible] mortgages, your pictures and notes, or your private papers and letters in a [illegible] drawer or an old trunk when you can send them to

THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE WORLD

at trifling expense? The United States Government's Registered Mail Service puts the largest and strongest safe deposit vaults in the world next door to every nook and corner of the country.

Safe Deposit by Mail is absolutely safe—convenient—inexpensive.

Write for the book on the safeguarding of property. It is interesting. You need it.

CARNEGIE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS
U. S. Realty Building
NEW YORK

Special Prices on Watches, Fobs and Monogram

[illegible] Thin [illegible]

[illegible] $6.50

[illegible] 75c

Best Silk Fob $1.25 With Watch $2.25

Seal Leather $1.00 With Watch $[illegible]

Lyman Monogram Jewelry Co.

Dept. D, Lyman Blk., Muskegon, Mich.

Safety Attachment $[illegible] With Watch $4.00

LEARN TO SWIM
BY ONE TRIAL
Ayvad's Water-Wings

Price 25c and 35c

GREAT SPORT IN THE WATER

[illegible]

AYVAD MANUFACTURING COMPANY Hoboken N. J.

Bright Young Man [illegible] as Agents

[illegible] best, [illegible] best [illegible]

[illegible] or your money returned. [illegible] Each "Ever Ready" [illegible] complete at $1.00, [illegible]

12 [illegible] Ever Ready blades [illegible] 10 for 50c [illegible] Ever Ready [illegible] 35c. Only [illegible]

Mail orders prepaid $1

American Safety Razor Co., 320 B'way, N.Y.

Ever-Ready 12 Bladed Safety Razor $1 Complete

Make the Faucet Do Your Washing

You don't turn it

A NEW washing machine!

What everyone has been trying to perfect for years. THE COFFIELD POWER WASHER washes perfectly, *more thoroughly* than any woman can *by hand*. Works itself, you do *nothing* but rinse and hang out. Saves you, saves time, saves the clothes. Pays for itself many times over.

One woman says "I never realized what washing was before we got ours. I used to dread it so long since we have gotten a [illegible]. It has relieved my tribulations. Our little [illegible] shows how it washes and what it is doing for others. It can be used by hand if you haven't city water.

A new [illegible] dealer put one in and do your next washing for you. If we have no dealer in your city we will [illegible] guaranteed. If you can't [illegible] don't say to yourself it can't be done, [illegible] book today.

P. T. Coffield & Son,
1103-1113 E. 5th St. Dayton, O.

Spins 5 Minutes

"The Ideal Ball-bearing Top"

The smallest child can spin it and there is no spring nor string to wind up. Nothing to get out of order. Beautifully nickel plated, with rubber tire that prevents injury to hands or furniture.

Each one packed in [illegible] A top spinning [illegible] comes [illegible]

Buy of your Dealer or Send us 25c.

CUSHMAN & DENISON MFG. CO. 240 West 23d St., New York City

Will keep a child quietly amused for hours

AUTO-SPRAY

Paint or White-Wash YOUR BUILDINGS

Save [illegible] the Labor cost [illegible] Spray with [illegible] Paint [illegible] Lasts [illegible] times as long as [illegible] Spreads [illegible] times as much [illegible] Covers all [illegible] surfaces to any [illegible] Thin [illegible] Heavy [illegible] Coaches

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K
Knapp-Felt

Knapp-Felt De Luxe hats are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars—everywhere.
Write for The Hatman
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

Needraw
BOSTON GARTER
Designed to be Worn With Knee Drawers
NON ELASTIC TUBULAR KNIT LEG BAND
ELASTIC ADJUSTABLE PENDANT
No Metal Touches The Leg
Made With The Celebrated
Velvet Grip
Cushion Rubber Button
CLASP
Of your haberdasher or sample pair on receipt of 25 Cents
Geo. Frost Co.
Sole Makers Boston
GOOD ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Every Catholic

question is answered in The
Manual of Prayers
—the official Catholic [illegible] which Cardinal Gibbons "urges all Catholics to use."
It is more than a prayer-book [illegible]
The Manual is printed in pantype [illegible]
JOHN MURPHY CO Manual of Prayers Dept B Baltimore Md

you round when you get there, my gentle girl."

"Suppose you talk fool talk, you talk yourself," remarked Vaiti curtly, preparing to move away.

"Well, to talk plainly, then, I won't have it," replied Tempest.

"Nice way, that way," said Vaiti regretfully. "I make him up all myself."

"'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,'" replied her husband. "Mind, Vi, if I see you catch one solitary darned fish till the ketch goes off again I'll tie you to a tree and keep you there."

"Then by-'n'-by I poisoning you," stated the lady, with a sparkle in her eye that looked as if she meant what she said.

"Oh, I'm quite aware being married to you is a perilous profession, Vi, but it's been pretty even between us so far. Now, come and see if we can't get some sleep. We may want it."

He expected her to declare her intention of spending the night in further reconnoitering, as she seemed in a contradictory mood. When, on the contrary, she followed him without a word back to their tiny hidden hut in the bush, and appeared to sleep almost as soon as they had laid their heads under the plaited palm-leaf roof, Tempest felt vaguely uneasy. To love, and especially to marry, Vaiti was a liberal education, but hardly in the sense meant by the essayist.

All the same, he slept well, with the ready sleep of the sailor. Dreams of the great sacks of pearl-shell, of the little bag of pearls that might lie somewhere among the ex-convict's treasures, of the wild, gay time that he and Vaiti would have, some of these days, in Mexico or Chili, where money will buy plenty of fun, and nobody asks nasty questions, disturbed his rest a little, but he did not wake till early in the morning, when the east was growing chill and pale, after the black heat of the heavy night, and the boughs about the hut were stirring with the first flutter from the wings of the growing day. Then he opened his eyes, to find himself alone.

He sprang to his feet in an instant, full of the presage of imminent evil. He had scarce stepped out of the hut when he saw Vaiti, and at once the presentiment melted into certainty.

She was standing beside the hut, quite still. The dawn wind stirred the soft, loose robe she wore, and outlined the sculptural beauty of her body. Her eyes, below the floating halo of her hair, were wonderfully bright. Even through the chill of that ugly certainty Tempest saw her loveliness, and when she moved forward and laid her arms about his neck he felt all power of opposition pass from him. Whatever evil work she had been at in that long night, she was the most lovely woman in the world, and the one most after his heart.

"Tempesi," she murmured, "I tell you something."

"Vaiti, don't say you've ——"

She kissed his lips.

"You come see," she said, taking him by the hand.

And Tempest went, through the growing light of the swift tropical sunrise, down the shore to the entrance of the Makatea. He could not speak. He did not know what to expect, yet he knew well what he feared.

Vaiti led the way openly and fearlessly into the interior of the crater. The sky was now full of light, though no ray had yet risen above the high cliff walls. Quite plainly one could see what lay there—four dead men, tumbled together in a heap over a pack of cards.

Tempest swallowed in his throat, and swallowed again, before he began to speak. He knew that on the answer to his words hung his future life—Vaiti or alone. If she had killed these men, those eyes and lips that he had kissed, that small, strong, wicked hand, could be his no longer. He had known that he was marrying no angel when he placed his seal ring on the Sea-Queen's finger—but this ——

His question was stilled at its birth. Vaiti took up the parable quite coolly.

"You one fool Englis'man," she said, "I savvy plenty, suppose I get poison fish for those men, you fight too much. No good fight; suppose plenty money stop for take, better see care money. That what I think.

"Last night, when fool Englis'man sleep all same pig, I come 'long here, look in. Two man he sit close up here," indicating a spot at the verge of the entrance, "two man he sit over there. They play dice, they play card for see who get that shell By-'n'-by they say loud thing, bad thing, Frens' talk—I no savvy Frens', but I savvy men fight. Then one man he put him hand to knife, another man he put him hand to knife, and I say, 'Glory, glory,' and laugh sof' inside own stomach. But the man not take out his knife, only he scream and say more bad word, plenty more. Then I make one step ——"

She illustrated the scene as she spoke, till Tempest could see it as clearly as if it were even then passing under his eye.

"I make one little, little step. I take knife out of belt belong man sit here. I stand in dark that way. I t'row that knife. Not t'row for kill, because I marry fool Englis'man. T'row for hit hard in neck, and he hit. That man, he get up and make one row; I think he say man sit 'long here t'row knife. Man here say, No, no, no, very quick, very much fright other man they say knife belong to him, they shake it, show blood. Then man who been hit, he go for other, and they all go, and they fight—my word—plenty much they fight. Very good that fight, all same bull fight my father taking me to one time, Chili, when I small kid. I like."

She laughed enjoyably over the recollection.

"By-'n'-by, finish. Three man dead. One man plenty hurt. Lie there, look up heaven, look down grass. Grass plenty bloody. That man, I think, he tell himself he die for eat, for drink, all 'lone, no one do nothing for him—very bad he stick—look!"

The injury was indeed a sickening one. The fellow-convict had struck to let the life out, and in failing had let out a good deal else.

"He look up moon one time again, he say, '*Dieu, mon Dieu!*'—I savvy that, savvy plenty Frens' swear—then he take knife belong him, and stick it in heart. One minute, he die. Then all dead. Then I come call you. Tempesi, what you say?"

Tempest was, after all, none of the most squeamish, and the reality, though ghastly, was not what he had feared. Besides, the pirates, convicts—whatever they were—had certainly killed one another. Into the exciting cause it was not necessary to look.

"I think," he said, after a long pause, "that there's a jolly lot of shell for us, got pretty easy. And I think we'll scuttle that ketch and sink her, to avoid ugly questions. And I don't want to think any more for the present."

. . .

The trades proved true, after all, and the boat made a safe voyage, and the Sybil was up at the island a very few weeks later. In Nukahiva, her people had heard of an island schooner that had been relieved of a cargo of pearl shell by a gang unknown, but strongly suspected to be the same who had attacked the Firefly. The owners had succeeded in concealing their pearls (which was no news to the Sybil's commander), but they had lost twenty tons of fine shell, and they were "jumping mad" about it. It was, moreover, thought likely that a man-o'-war would come up from Tahiti and give chase to the offenders.

"Somehow," said Tempest thoughtfully, "I don't think they'll be caught."

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of stories narrating the further adventures of Vaiti the Queen.

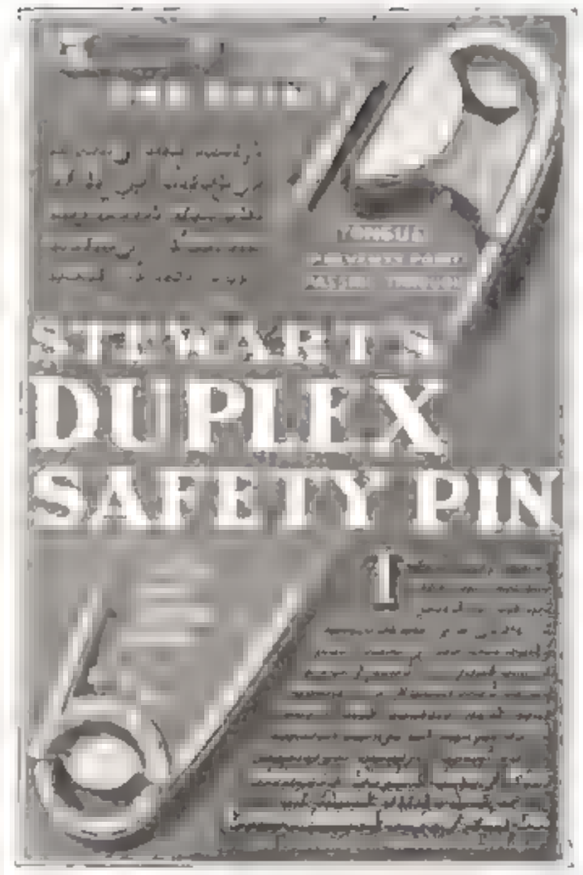
The Peaks Remote

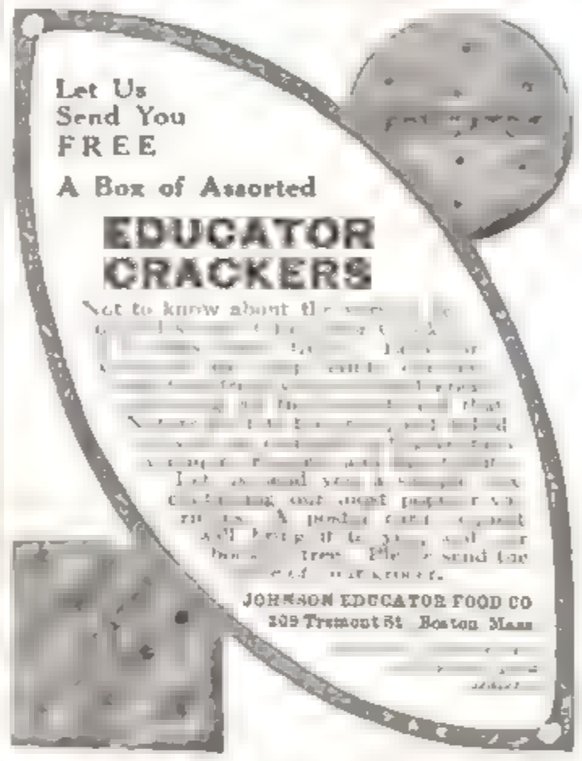
Out in the June-green meadows,
All of the pure spring weather,
Full of the rain and the sunshine
Love and I fare together.
Love and I fare together
Joyously, hand in hand;
Knee-deep in ox-eyed daisies
Down in the meadow-land.

Fair indeed are the meadows
And glad—till I lift my eyes
To where, on the dim horizon,
The purple mountains rise
Rise with the charm of distance,
Glow with the lure of height,
Plead in the voice of knowledge,
Call in the tone of might.

Ah, it is sweet in the meadows,
And sweeter is Love, I know,
And easy down in the daisies
His ransom coldly to go
Only the meadows know him
And the meadows are best I own
But the purple mountains call me
And a man must climb alone

—*R. W. Kauffman.*




Let Us Send You FREE
A Box of Assorted
EDUCATOR CRACKERS
JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO
339 Tremont St Boston Mass

Exceptional Business Opportunity
$5 to $15 Per Day
Only $250

No experience required
Automatic Card Printing Press and Complete Outfit $250
Factory 155 S Jefferson St Sales Office 171 Dearborn St

THE BEST LIGHT

MAKES and burns its own gas [illegible] candle power [illegible] Do not delay
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, Ohio.

SOUTHERN DENTAL COLLEGE, Atlanta, Georgia
A HIGH-CLASS Dental College, member of the National Association of College Faculties. Situated in the center of the [illegible] section of the South. An ideal, beautiful interesting winter climate. [illegible] A DENTAL EDUCATION [illegible]
Address DR. S. W. FOSTER, Dean, 102 N. Butler St. Atlanta, Ga.

"DAEMO" DRAWER-SUPPORTERS
[illegible] can't trust [illegible] 10c [illegible] 10c
D. B. CLAMP CO., Met. Bldg., New York City

PATENTS Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Box C, Washington D.C. [illegible] ful work. Terms moderate. Booklet Free. Write us.

"Under the Turquoise Sky in Colorado"

What a world of pleasures are suggested—what thoughts crowd into mind at the beck of this magical phrase!

"Under the Turquoise Sky" is the title of an eighty page book which fulfills your happiest anticipations with its pictures and description of the ideal vacation land

It shows how delightful and inexpensive a summer outing in the Rockies may be.

The cover in four colors, the illustrations, photographs, the artistic type, initials and ornaments make this book worthy a place in any library aside from its merit as a vacation guide

A Book You Ought to Read

I will send it on request

JOHN SEBASTIAN
Pass. Traffic Mgr.
Rock Island Lines
1766 La Salle Station
CHICAGO

THE STORY *of* BANKING BY MAIL

and the reasons why this favorably known bank pays

4 Per Cent Interest

are graphically told in this book. It will be sent free to any one interested in the subject. Please ask for Book "A."

The Cleveland Trust Company

CLEVELAND, O.

Capital $ [illegible]
Surplus $ [illegible]

Seventy-three Thousand Depositors.

South Carolina Military Academy

Charleston, South Carolina

One of the oldest and best known military schools in the South, with a course of studies as varied and as broad as any college. Unexcelled in its military training and scholastic work. Diplomas admit to [illegible] States Army. A commodious gymnasium recently constructed [illegible] catalogue of this famous [illegible]

The Superintendent.

WE WANT STORY-WRITERS

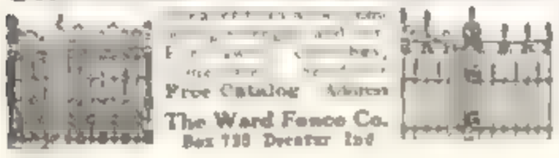
We sell stories, plays, and [illegible] and revise all kinds

Story Writing Journalism

Writing for Profit [illegible]

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind

Ornamental Wire and Steel Fence



Free Catalog Address

The Ward Fence Co.
Box 738 Decatur Ind

THE BIGNESS OF BIG BILL

(Concluded from Page 4)

put on a little since that time, but not much. Compared to his former self he is a sylph now, a rather [illegible] sylph to be sure. But a sylph. Whenever he feels he is getting too plump he takes a week at the dog tracks.

Every morning he does his little series of exercises, which shows, in another way, how thoroughly his mind is in control of his body. Next to stopping eating the hardest thing in the world to do is to perform those involuted convolutions the physical culture professors charge fifty dollars to teach you. It is easy enough to exercise if a professor is standing by, to make you, but to go into the bathroom, with nobody on earth to know whether you shirk or not, and perform that sickening series of bending over and touching the floor with your finger-tips without bending your knees a few score of times, and lying down on your back and bringing up your legs until you think they are going to break off at the hips, requires moral courage of the kind few people have. Taft has it, and he doggedly does his stunts, whereupon his waist-line continues at about the right figure, say fifty inches or thereabouts.

Taft's dieting became a topic of national interest. The newspapers printed bulletins from time to time, telling how much he had lost and how he was standing the grueling. At about the time he finished, a party of North Carolina citizens came to Washington to see about getting some flags and bunting from the Government for use as decorations at the unveiling of the Worth Bagley statue. The leader of the delegation was a fat man. He was a real fat man. He stood alongside Secretary Taft when the delegation visited the War Department and looked Taft over.

"Pardon me, Mr. Secretary," he said, "but did you really take off eighty pounds by dieting?"

"Why, yes," Taft replied, "I certainly did."

"Well, that's curious," commented the North Carolina man, "for your doctor came down our way and told how he had reduced you, and I took a course of treatment with him."

"My doctor?" exclaimed Taft. "Why, my dear sir, my doctor lives in England."

"I suspected something was wrong after a week or so," said the North Carolinian, "for I followed his instructions, and instead of falling off I gained forty pounds."

The Man on Horseback

The Secretary rides a large, square horse, with a strain of Percheron or Clydesdale in it, perhaps, for the horse stands its task very well. Lately, he has done most of his riding on trains, but before he became a candidate for President, and found it necessary to address tumultuous gatherings of citizens in various parts of the country, such as Yale Alumni Associations, and the Ancient Order of Heptasophs, and Civic Federations, and Bronx Social Circles, he pounded around Washington suburbs nearly every afternoon. The Secretary is not a graceful horseman, but he is an impressive one. When he gets firmly seated on the back of a horse the only way the horse can get him off is to fall down and roll over, and then the chances are he wouldn't get off. He never did get into the Tennis Cabinet and he does not join the President on walking trips.

He plays golf when he goes on his vacation up at Murray Bay on the St. Lawrence, but golf is a game any fat man can play, for you can stop and rest whenever you feel like it.

There are still about two hundred and sixty pounds of Taft, two hundred and sixty pounds well disposed on a big frame. Maybe he runs to two hundred and seventy, for there have been no bulletins lately. At any rate, he is a fat man of type *b*—a fat man in whom the man predominates, not the fat—Big Bill—Fit, Fat and Fifty.

As the poet truly says:

> Taft and the world Tafts with you,
> Root and you Root alone.

Editor's Note—We know of no one better qualified to write sympathetically of the bigness of Big Bill and of fat men in general than Mr. Blythe. Like the illustrious candidate from Ohio, he, too, has for some years past found it necessary to weigh himself on hay scales.

ELASTIC SUSPENDERS continually stretch longer. Rubber weakens and every now and then—perhaps every week—you shorten the suspenders by raising the buckles. With all-elastic suspenders your trousers sag, and bag at the knees, and the bottoms trail in the dust. With loose hanging trousers you're not as comfortable as when they're held up snugly in place. Therefore wear

GORDON SUSPENDERS

THEY NEVER GROW LONGER

1 – Buttonhole [illegible] back ends are [illegible] they are woven in [illegible] makes button [illegible] cannot strain.

2 [illegible] of stretch in back ends [illegible] spending.

3 [illegible] Double stitched and clasped [illegible]

4 The sliding back takes the place of rubber in the shoulder parts.

5 [illegible]

6 Once fitted the buckles need never be raised. On elastic suspenders buckles need frequent [illegible]

7 [illegible]

8 [illegible] which [illegible] leve all strain [illegible]

9 – White cable-yarn ends are the strongest of all suspender ends. **Proof – our one year guarantee.**

10 Pliable cable yarn buttonholes which cannot tear. Button holes in leather do widen and tear.

Gordons have enough of the best rubber in the back ends to relieve the strain on the back buttons when you bend, but have no rubber in the shoulder parts, no rubber is needed—**the sliding back takes the place of rubber and leaves your shoulders free and easy.**

Heat and perspiration weaken rubber; so does sun shining on elastic suspenders displayed in store windows. Elastic suspenders are often half dead when you buy them, having been in stock a long time.

Whenever and wherever you buy Gordon Suspenders you'll find them as good as on the day they were made.

***OUR ONE YEAR GUARANTEE*—If ends break within one year we give new ends FREE. If other parts break within one year we give a new pair of Gordon Suspenders FREE.**

Gordon Suspenders are made in sizes to fit short, medium and tall men

[illegible] 34 to 47 and 40 inches. Size is on every pair. Where [illegible] length from back suspender button over shoulder, to front suspender button

Gordons are now sold in a large number of cities. Being NEW they are not yet on sale everywhere. Any painstaking retailer should gladly get Gordons for you. If he will not, buy of us by mail, 50 CENTS A PAIR, POSTPAID. After one week's wear if you don't like Gordons send them back, and we will return your money. Please try your home stores first.

Gordon Suspenders are made in plain Black, White, and Plain Colors, also in stripes.

GORDON MFG CO., 269 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Electricity Now Does All the Washing and Wringing

We now attach an electric motor to the famous 1900 Washer. It operates the wringer too. Connect it with a light fixture, as you connect a table lamp. Turn on the current as you turn on the light.

The Washer then operates just like our hand washer, only you don't need to touch it.

When the washing is done, move a small lever, and the motor connects with the wringer. The one motor, operating both the washer and wringer, does every whit of the work. Please think what that means. The hardest drudgery there is about housework done by two cents' worth of electricity.

Servants happy; laundry bills saved, clothes lasting twice as long. For the "1900" does washing better than any other method known.

Now electricity makes the washer go. Doesn't that sound like a newera for women?

Send No Money—We Pay Freight

The outfit does just as we claim. It does all of the washing [illegible] do it by hand. Does it without less wear on clothes.

The facts, we know, seem too good to be true. So we propose this:

If you are responsible [illegible] you the Washer. We [illegible] all on 30 days' trial. We [illegible] the freight.

You [illegible]

You have no obligation whatever. Treat us just like a dealer who shows you a washer. If you don't want it when the month is up, simply [illegible]

But don't go on washing in the old way without knowing what this method means to you. Women have no right to do such hard work when electricity can do it for them.

Send first for our Washer Book, to know all about it. Then, if you'll try it just tell us to send it on.

Please cut out this coupon—now—before you forget it.

The [illegible] Co.,

[illegible]

[illegible]

We have also a Canadian factory

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

We invite you to send for a copy of our new booklet, "Questions and Answers concerning Banking by Mail," which will tell you of a safe and convenient method whereby you can lay aside a portion of your earnings and have it draw 4% interest, compounded twice a year. Please ask for Booklet "M."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
CAPITAL & SURPLUS 6½ MILLION DOLLARS
THE CITY OF [illegible]

HAGGERTY THE LIONHEARTED

(Continued from Page 7)

when at last the city clocks began striking eight he rose.

"Good-night, Mrs. Cronin!"

"Good-night, Misther Haggurty. Now *plaze* don't git downhearted."

Soon there came times when Dan felt ashamed of his surly gloom. How she stood it with sympathy so untiring, encouragement so steady, was more than he could see. As he told himself, it was only "becomin' an' right" to seem less anxious to leave on the minute. So he began staying later.

With the first sharp emptiness softened, it was really not so bad. For somehow, as she sewed, her talk flowing quietly on demanded fewer and fewer replies. And Haggerty peacefully drifted away with the smoke of his pipe, away to memories of the *happy* nights in the distant Past.

Nora and Billy passed almost invariably at a quarter to eight o'clock. Spruce and apparently happy as larks, they were on their way to the "theayter," for Billy was taking no chances. Haggerty dreaded this moment. He awaited their coming in fierce impatience, tingling suspense. For the sight of her sheer loveliness (she had never dressed as now) and her glad unconscious eyes, that seemed to see nothing but Billy and Billy's natty store clothes—this made Dan feel doubly clumsy, ugly, helpless, old.

He was grateful to the widow for the way she lifted him through the ordeal. When Nora and Billy appeared down the street, Mrs. Cronin never failed to begin some comical story or joke, so that when the pair passed they found Dan to all appearances shaking with mirth.

When they had gone, the widow, whose eyes were quicker than his, told him all the good signs she had noticed. And all through the rest of the evening she gave him more signs, gathered from neighbors during the day, signs of a gradual breaking down in the haughty spirit of Nora. Haggerty hungrily listened. In spite of the chuckles of Bull Street, he stayed some nights till eleven o'clock.

And now, very gently, the widow's voice, which before had been only a lullaby far away and confused, crept into his dreams, and finally took complete charge of the beautiful image of Nora.

In her patient excuses for Nora the widow was so amazingly kind.

"Poor little thing," she would say, "how kin yez blame her? Wid first thim newspaper lies so outrageous, an' now all the tiresome gossup—shure it's no wonder she's mad! Don't yez know the whole strate is a-sayin' I've took yez out iv her hands?"

Haggerty started and shot a quick glance around. But his friend only laughed in his face, showed him two honest, kindly, safe eyes, and said very low:

"Jest yez wait, Misther Haggurty, wait till they're fooled, till they see yez wid poor little torminted Nora happy an' lovin' again—thin how'll they feel? Three weeks ago I give yez me wurrd that *if yez kape on lovin' that gurrl ye'll git her.* An' yez will!"

She certainly stuck to her purpose. She not only kept that image straight before Haggerty's eyes, giving in vivid detail the picture of the young heart slowly breaking. The widow did more. She stoutly upheld little Nora; she praised her for all the nerve that she showed in hiding such deep and increasing suspense.

One night, in the midst of her praise, she caught big Dan staring at her bewildered.

"An' what are yez starin' at?" asked Mrs. Cronin, dimpling deep in surprise.

"I was wonderin'," said Haggerty slowly, "why *you* shud stick up fur the gurrl who has only done yez durrt!" The widow arched her pretty brows.

"Shure it's lovin' the gurrl that yez are?"

"Yes," said Dan stoutly, "I am!"

"An' why shud I *not* be upholdin' her thin? An' why shudn't *you*—in place iv talkin' agin' her?"

Dan slowly lit his pipe.

Another week passed. The praise, the excuses for Nora, the patient, kindly cheer—all went steadily on.

One night, glancing sideways as she talked, Mrs. Cronin saw a huge hand creep guiltily up. And a moment later Haggerty yawned.

She stopped talking. When he looked around with a start he met a look of such gentle reproach that a shiver flew down his long spine

"As I was sayin'" said Mrs. Cronin, and she plodded patiently on.

"Poor Misther Haggurty. The way wimen hev talked is a downright shame! *You—bein'—lionhearted.* The—idea. But niver yez mind, we'll fool 'em yet!" She paused a moment, thinking hard; her face had set in a frown.

"Yes," she said decisively, "the time has come! I was thinkin' it had when she went by to-night. I saw it in her face—poor thing. Don't yez lose no chance by waitin'! That other young man is wurrkin' too hard, an' besides, her pride is so awful hurt that she cud marry him jest out av spite. Go an' see her to-morrow night—not wan night later! An' thin come back an' tell me how happy yez are!"

Haggerty slowly rose.

"Are yez sure?" he asked.

"I am," she said firmly. The voice of Dan grew gruff and low:

"Mrs. Cronin, I will!" For a moment he looked down in silence. "Ye're the truest frind I iver had!" he added. The widow looked up with a brave little smile.

"Dan Haggurty," she said, "yez saved me life an' little Mike's! Yez done it brave. . . . An' it's me that 'ud like to see yez the happiest man in New York!"

Haggerty turned abruptly and walked up the street.

Mrs. Cronin looked after him—thoughtfully.

. . . . .

Late the next night, when she saw him coming, she caught her breath and quietly turned the other way, gazing reflectively off toward the corner.

"Mrs. Cronin!" Dan's voice behind her was low and excited. She jumped up and faced him.

"I knew it!" she cried an instant later, with both her warm hands shaking his. "I knew ye'd do it! My! How happy yez are!"

Haggerty looked down at his shoes.

"Shure I am," he said in a dazed tone of voice. "Shure I am!" he repeated with sudden conviction. "Only I ain't had time to think it out. There's an awful lot to it," he added.

"S'pose we sit down," the widow suggested. They did.

"Ye see," began Dan, "I was so long gittin' up steam fer to do it, that whin it was done an' we was walkin'—divil a wurrd cud I say! I don't belave," he added, "that I've spoke more'n a dozen wurrds to the gurrl all night!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Cronin.

"I asked would she come fer a walk," he went on, "an' she says, 'I will. But I ain't much time, because Misther Howe wud be gettin' impatient.'" Over the face of the widow there spread a slow, reminiscent smile.

"So we wint down by the docks," he continued. "An' Mrs. Cronin, ma'am, you was right!" The widow glanced up and saw Dan bending forward, beaming. "Yez landed," he said, "wid ivery guess yez made! She's game, Mrs. Cronin, she's game!" This point he seized eagerly, as a man who is groping in the dark. "The bravest little gurrl I iver see," he went on with rising warmth. "In all yez said, an' yez said a whole lot, yez didn't put it wan ounce too strong! What that little gurrl has been t'rough has been somethin' awful!" Haggerty tenderly smiled. "She ain't said much about it. Nora ain't that kind. She was quiet an' aizy as ye p'aze. I niver wud have guessed it at all if yez hadn't put me wise. But I got it from hints in her talk, whin she was spakin' so quiet iv all the old times we had had. An' it made me feel like an all-fired brute, Mrs. Cronin!" Dan's voice thrilled with remorse. "An' whin we was out on the ind av the dock where we used to go evenin's, lookin' up at the clouds an' the stars"—the widow was watching him closely—"thin all she said about all she's been t'rough was this:

"'I've been thinkin' about yez an awful lot, Dan,' she says. An', afther she'd said it, I felt like it was me fer the river!"

The watchful widow cut him short, in a tone of gentle reproof:

"But yez oughtn't to be afther tellin' all this to *me*."

Dan jumped slightly. He rose and towered above her, looking uneasily down.

"That's so," he said. His face slowly set in a frown. He took off his slouch hat and ran one puzzled hand through the shock of red hair.

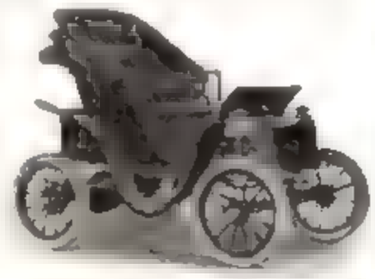
Yes-It's A Pope-Waverley

"The Electric is the Simplest of All Automobiles"
The Pope-Waverley is the Simplest of All Electrics."

Pope-Waverley Electric—Model 67

Victoria Phaeton, with Leather Top, $1,600.00

People are buying gas cars every day only to discover, too late, they should have bought an Electric; that their friends who own Electrics go around in comfort and luxury without soiling their hands, gloves, clothing, and without fuss or noise. They discover, too, that during the winter months while their gas car is snugly housed "in storage," and they have given themselves up to the irksome, unsanitary street car, their friends who own Electrics smile complacently on them from the comfortable seclusion of a Pope-Waverley.



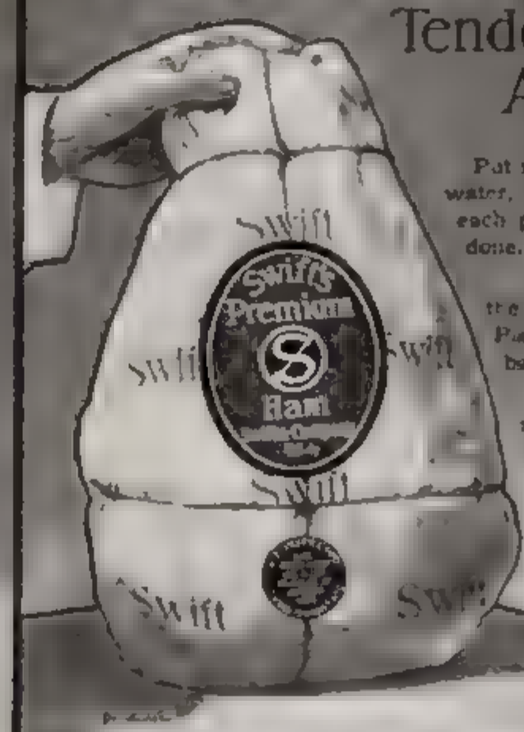
Don't let any dealer tell you that the Electric is not the car for you. Investigate for yourself. If you will write us we will put plenty of evidence into your hands that the Pope-Waverley Electric is not only superior to all other Electrics, but that for town, pleasure and general utility it is the superior of any other make.

Our new catalogue shows a complete line. Write for it to-day.

Pope Motor Car Co. Waverley Department Indianapolis, Ind.

Swift's Premium Ham

Tender and juicy
Always the same



Put a whole Swift's Premium Ham in cold water, then boil slowly (one-half hour for each pound) changing the water when half done.

Remove the rind and insert cloves in the soft fat, cover thickly with brown sugar. Place in a baking dish with water, and bake for one-half hour.

A Premium Ham cooked in this manner will be the most delicious ham you have ever eaten.

Try it

The ham left from the first meal is fine for hot weather lunches, or suppers.

Swift & Company U.S.A.

"There's only wan thing made me mad," he said. "An' that was about yerself."

"Meself?" asked the widow in frank surprise. "Why, Misther Haggurty, surely ye wasn't thinkin' iv *me* at the time?"

"No," said Dan. "I wasn't. Yez didn't come in at all."

"Nor I shouldn't," said Mrs. Cronin slowly.

"I mane not at first. Nora was good about that. She *kept* yez out right along."

"Av coorse," said the widow, smiling. "*Dearr* little Nora."

"Only jest at the ind she asked me: 'Dan,' she says, wid her hand on me arm, 'will yez lave the widder alone?'"

The eyes of Mrs. Cronin sparkled in sudden relief!

"Wull, I didn't like that," he continued intently. "An' so I told her right out what a friend yez had been an' how yez had fixed it all!"

Mrs. Cronin caught her breath.

"An' thin," he went on, his voice low and shaking, "she said wurrds about yez, wurrds that made me mad as ——"

The widow rose.

"Don't talk like that," she cried. "It ain't right! Wid her waitin' so patient all them weeks! An' her so brave, as you remarked." She paused and then quietly held out her hand. As he took it he felt it grow suddenly cold.

"Good-by, Misther Haggurty. . . . Nora was right. . . . It's bettur that you an' me don't see anny more iv each other." She looked up into his red, angry face. "I'm glad to see yez so happy," she said very low. "I said I'd see yez the happiust man in New York. An' yez are! . . . So good-by! An'—an' may the blissid Saints presurrve yez!"

For one moment Dan stared down. Then he took out his pipe.

"I ain't had a smoke," he said gruffly. "If ye don't mind I'll have it here."

The widow sank suddenly down as though something were giving away. For some time she said nothing at all. Dan grew uneasy.

"I hope ye don't mind," he said. "Ye see, I've said so little to-night that I want to kind av talk it out av me blood!"

"Now that's queer," the widow murmured. "I'd been thinkin' ye'd have *so much* to tell her."

Haggerty looked slowly around. He scowled, and then followed another long silence. Mrs. Cronin broke it with a merry laugh.

"Poor Misther Haggurty. How dape in love yez are—an' so excited an' nervous an' happy. We'd bettur jest talk of anny old thing, or it's little slape ye'll be gittin'—this momintous night."

As the widow talked and Haggerty smoked, little by little the friendly, intimate tone crept back. And with it came the old dreams of Nora, till at last Dan's uneasiness floated away, and he *knew* how happy he was! He smiled blissfully up at the stars.

"Good Hivins!" The widow rose.

"What's wrong?" asked Dan with a start. She gave him an embarrassed look.

"The city clocks've jest struck twelve," she said quietly. "I must be goin' in."

On the following night all Bull Street was amazed. At Nora's steps the buzz began, and it spread like fire down both sides of the street, till it reached Mrs. Cronin's stoop, and round that spot it became a bedlam of voices. Eyes glanced hungrily over at young Mrs. Cronin, who sat all alone on her doorstep: alone, except that close beside her, held tenderly under her arm, little Mike was snuggled, peacefully sleeping.

"Aw, it's a crime!" the men muttered.

Nora and Dan were coming her way.

The widow seemed not at all disturbed. She was knitting. And on account of the fast fading light she was bending close over her work.

As the pair came nearer the buzzing voices all grew hushed.

The lovers came on slowly, in stiff and solemn silence, with the black eyes of Nora snapping in triumph. Dan stalked beside her, his lean face red and ashamed, his eyes fixed straight before him.

They reached the widow's doorstep. They had almost passed; and still Mrs. Cronin's eyes were bent on her work, and over her face there played a quiet, contented smile.

"Mrs. Cronin! Good-evenin'!" Dan had stepped suddenly back. The on-lookers gasped. Nora flushed, the widow glanced up.

"Why, Dan Haggurty!" In her eagerness to rise she pushed little Mike down the steps, he awoke with a yell; and the widow, blushing and laughing, seized him up and tenderly rocked him in her arms. Nora glared. At last Mike's yells subsided.

"Why, Dan!" cried the beaming widow, "an' you, Miss Nora! How glad I am that it's all come right!" Her voice rang out to all the street. "Afther all the plannin' we've done!" She seized Haggerty's big, hot, quivering hand. "Didn't I tell yez we'd fix things?"

"Ye did!" Dan's voice was husky and low. "An' Nora an' me both thank ye, Mrs. Cronin, wid all our hearts, fer the help yez have give!"

Nora's face turned white.

"I'm sure we do," she said icily. "You've been so kind, Mrs. Cronin, so awful kind! But, Dan!" Her voice rose high. "We really must be goin'! Me friend Mister Howe may be gittin' hurt! Good-night, Mrs. Cronin!"

She seized Dan's arm, and together they walked quickly up the street.

The widow, still beaming with honest benevolence, slowly resumed her seat. And while the low hubbub of eager discussion rose all about her, she bent over Mike, and hummed soothing songs and said loving, quieting things—though Mike was long ago sound asleep.

An hour went by. The voices sank lower and lower. The darkness deepened. And under its safe, friendly cover the widow sat stiff and chilled with suspense. The honest, flushed face of big Dan rose vividly in her mind. And the hand in her lap clutched the knitting tighter and tighter.

"She says I'm changed!"

Haggerty stood before her. His voice was harsh

"She said it whin we was walkin' back home! She said she has found I ain't nawthin' like what I was, an' there ain't anny use in our tryin'!"

"Oh!" The widow spoke as though a big lump had come in her throat. "Oh, Dan! I—I hope it ain't all because iv the honest thanks ye was givin' me—like the true frind that yez are!"

"No," said Haggerty. "I asked her that meself, an' she got red an' said that had nawthin' to do wid it! She says I'm changed an' so is she. I ain't got nothin' to say to her an' she can't think fer the life av her what to be sayin' to me. She said I was so good an' honest—*but Howe was so genteel.* An' then she called me 'Misther Haggerty,' an' said good-night and went off wid him! So here I am—t'run down!" He gave a short laugh.

"Oh, Misther Haggurty," the widow said softly, "I'm so awful sorry."

"I ain't!"

Dan gripped her hand, dropped it, drew the deep breath of a resolute man, and gripped it again, this time as though he would never let it go. The widow Cronin's breath came fast.

"D' ye know where I've been?" he asked brusquely. "Down on the river front, walkin' an' thinkin' it out! An'—an' not to take too much iv yer time—*I want to be wid yez always!*"

The widow drew back.

"Oh! . . . Oh, Dan!" But the mighty Haggerty arm had swept out and was drawing her closer and closer.

"Aw, plaze come an' decide," he was tenderly saying. "I'll do me best, on de level I will, Mrs. Cro ——" He gave a low laugh. "Shure I ain't even knowin' yer Christian name! But I will! An' Mike, little Mike, maybe he won't git ivery allfired t'ing dat he—aw, come on, Mrs. Cronin, me darlin', come on!"

. . . . . .

The street was dark. The street was asleep—all except for one eager old lady, who, from the way her eyes glittered and bulged, seemed in grave danger of never sleeping at all. Her breathing was labored, she leaned slightly forward, one trembling hand to her wrinkled ear. And this is about what she heard:

"An' now I'm thinkin' ye'd bettur go home—you wid the heart av a lion." For answer there rose a deep growl:

"Aw, fergit the lion!"

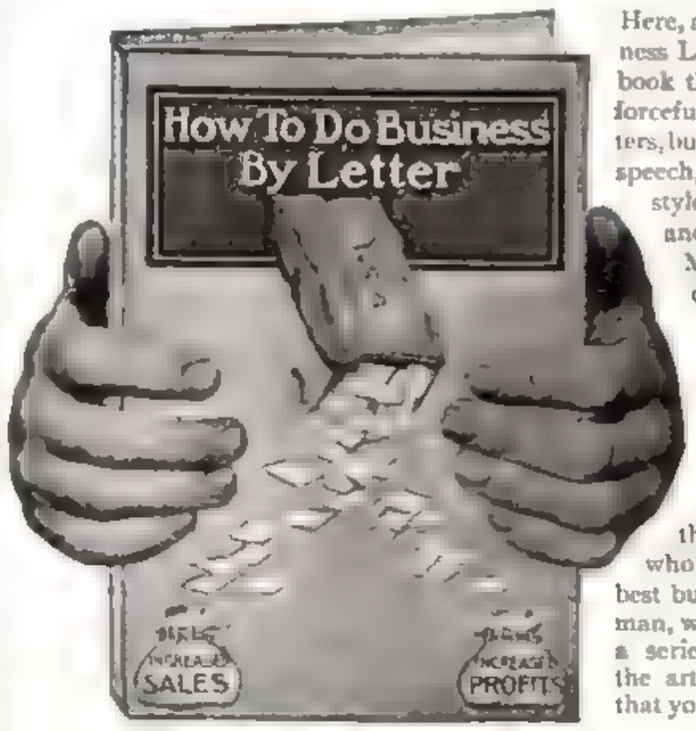
And then came a laugh, a laugh so unsteady and joyous and low that it flowed through the darkness like dazzling light.

"Whin we was up on the ledge—wasn't ye plazed at all—Misther Haggurty?"

"Mrs Cronin—I was!" And then silence.

Tighten Your Grasp
On The English Language

No man can hope to reach the highest place in business if he is unable to express himself clearly and forcefully. The language you use in correspondence—or even in speech—must help you sell goods, win customers, collect debts, even secure the positions you hold, but it cannot do these things if weak, clumsy and half-intelligible.



Here, at last, is a practical book on both Business Letter Writing and Business English—a book that will not only tell you how to write forceful, effective, dollar-winning business letters, but how to improve your every-day business speech, how to gain that smooth, easy, forceful style of expression that commands attention and influences opinion the wide world over. Mr. Cody stands to-day head and shoulders above every other authority in the country as an expert on English for business men. When big concerns like Lyon & Healy, Sherwin-Williams Company, Marshall Field & Company need the instruction of an expert to gingerup their correspondence, to rejuvenate their daily dictation and to train their letter writers, Mr. Cody is the man who is sent for. And in this, his latest and best business work, he has given the business man, who has no time for scholarly theory, a series of simple, fascinating lessons in the art of writing and speaking effectively, that you can master and apply in a few weeks.

Condensed Synopsis of Contents

Using Words So as to Make People Do Things. —Easy Lessons in Rhetoric, Composition and Word-Study. —How to Acquire an Easy Style in Letter Writing. —How to Begin a Business Letter. —When to Write a Long Letter and When to Write a Short Letter. —Answering Inquiries. —Talking on a Letter. —Complaint Letters. —Collection Letters. —Writing Advertisements. —Advertising and Follow-up Letters. —Salesmanship in Letters and Advertisements. —Social and Official Forms.

There are over one hundred model letters of all kinds, including many that have pulled large amounts of business.

Actual business letters are criticised in detail and rewritten as model letters.

Hundreds of notes call attention to minor points of correctness and style.

There is a complete classified list of Words Often Misused, of the Rules of Grammar and Common Errors, of the Rules of Punctuation for business office use.

If you want to spend your spare moments—on your way home—at the lunch hour—in the evening—to cultivate the most precious asset a man can possess—if you want to secure the "style" and "polish" of writers who are masters—this handy book should be your daily companion.

The way to get a copy of this splendid new Sherwin Cody book absolutely free is through SYSTEM, which stands pre-eminent the monthly Magazine of Business. 260 to 356 pages in every issue of SYSTEM, and every page bubbling over with priceless business information, plans, hints, pointers, methods, systems, that you ought to put into practice in your own business. It makes no difference whether you own your own business, or whether you are working for someone else—SYSTEM will show you new ways of saving time and money and effort—new ways of cutting out drudgery. SYSTEM goes into the offices of the biggest men and brings forth for your benefit every month the fruits of their costly experience. SYSTEM will show you how to accomplish more—how to make more, in your present daily work. Each issue contains special inside information on buying, accounting, selling, manufacturing, shipping, collecting, advertising, business letter-writing, banking, real estate, insurance, business management, handling men, short cuts, worry-savers, short systems, retail salesmanship, trade-getting ideas, window dressing, circularizing, import and export trade—and everything in which a man in business—big or little—is interested.

A Successful Manufacturer

"The value of SYSTEM as a business magazine [illegible] By [illegible] suggestions [illegible] a sufficient channel and the change is always more profitable—YOU NEED IT.

ALEXANDER H. REVELL, Chicago.

A Successful Retailer

"No [illegible] without system, the [illegible] SYSTEM the common [illegible] It is one of the best things I know of and I recommend it to every [illegible]

SAMUEL BRILL, Brill Bros., New York.

Nearly every standard volume that has hitherto been published on business letter writing has sold for $2 or $3 a copy or more. But as a special introductory offer we have decided to give away an introductory edition of this splendid Sherwin Cody book, bound in handsome De Luxe vellum, absolutely free with a new subscription to SYSTEM. Simply send $2 with the coupon (or $2.50 if the magazine is to be sent to a Canadian address). The book will go forward immediately—securely packed—all transportation charges prepaid.

FREE

SYST P

Enclosed find $2 for which please send SYSTEM one full year to the address below; also forward to me all charges prepaid, full cloth copy of Mr. Cody's new book "How to Do Business by Letter."

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

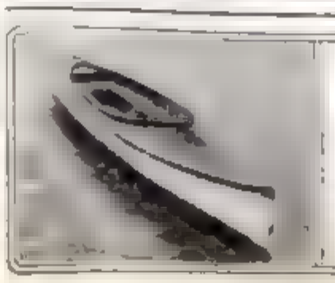
[illegible] Wabash Ave. Chicago

SYSTEM THE MAGAZINE OF BUSINESS

[illegible] 4th Ave. New York

How to Write Letters That Win

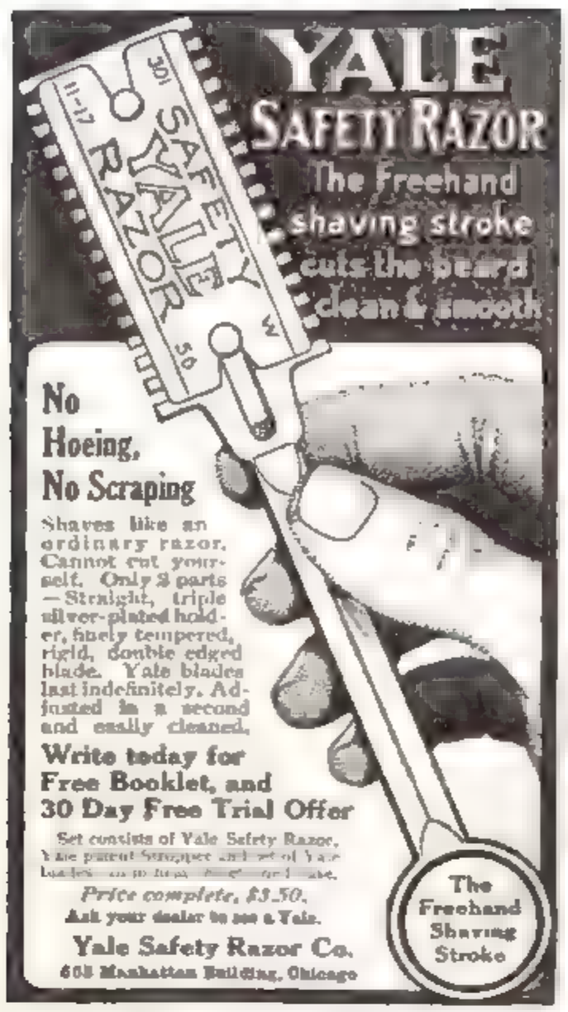
Sell Goods—Collect Debts—Settle Disputes—Build Up Businesses



Mullins Steel Boats Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

[illegible] They can't sink. Faster, more absolutely safe. Highly endorsed by sports-[illegible] No calking, no bailing, no trouble [illegible] The ideal boat for pleasure [illegible] Boats shipped day order [illegible]

The W. H. Mullins Co. 120 Franklin St. Salem, Ohio. Write for Catalogue


YALE
SAFETY RAZOR
The Freehand shaving stroke cuts the beard clean & smooth
No Hoeing, No Scraping
Shaves like an ordinary razor. Cannot cut yourself. Only 3 parts—Straight, triple silver-plated holder, finely tempered, rigid, double edged blade. Yale blades last indefinitely. Adjusted in a second and easily cleaned.
Write today for Free Booklet, and 30 Day Free Trial Offer
Price complete, $3.50.
Ask your dealer to see a Yale.
Yale Safety Razor Co.
605 Manhattan Building, Chicago
The Freehand Shaving Stroke

This Summer
Wear the
De Bevoise
(New Outing)
Brassière
"It's Great"
For women who Play Tennis, Ride Horseback, Play Golf, Ride Bicycles, Bathe or Swim, Walk, Run or enjoy any outdoor sport which requires easy yet supporting but non-binding underclothing.
WORN WITH OR WITHOUT CORSETS
It holds the bust perfectly. Made of three qualities batiste, lightly boned, and lace trimmed.
Price $1.00 Extra Strong, Fancy $1.50 Made especially for Bathing 50c
At all stores or sent upon receipt of price; if ordering direct send bust measure. Dept. E.
Chas. R. De Bevoise Co., 33 Union Sq., N. Y.

$1.00 Mexican Palm Leaf Hat 50c
A comfortable, durable hat for [illegible] outings and gardening. [illegible] Mexican [illegible] woven from [illegible] Instead of $1.00 [illegible] Prepaid for 50c to introduce our Mexican and Panama hats. [illegible] Allowed.
SPECIAL OFFER. For $1.00 [illegible] Indian basket free. Art catalog Mexican and Panama hats free.
THE FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. B 4, Mesilla Park, N. M.

6% Land Secured Bonds
at par in sums of $100, $500 and $1,000. Interest paid every six months at American Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago, issued by the
Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co.
Mortgages on lands lying close to Denver are deposited with the above named Bank as collateral security to the bonds in the ratio of 125 to 100. Also all the property of the Company, estimated worth
SECURITY UNDER THE BONDS
Two to Three Million Dollars
Consisting of Canals, Reservoirs, Sites, Water Rights etc.
Trowbridge & Niver Co.
Municipal Bonds
First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.
Fill out and return this coupon today
TROWBRIDGE & NIVER CO.
First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me full particulars of 6% Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co. Bonds.
Name
City State

BIG KELLY

(Continued from Page 12)

that's pledged to devote their lives to th' assassination of other people's bank accounts, puts up a howl.

"Th' pool-rooms an' th' race-tracks, bein' th' rival shops, have been see-sawin' about this Percy-Gray law from th jump. But it's a city fight, an' th' country where most of our morals come from along with th watered milk an' th' fake maple sugar — ain't buttin' in. You see, Timmy th race-track push was dead cunnin', they've had th' country on their staff from th start.

"'Remember th rural regions,' they whisper to their lawyers when they go draftin' th' Percy-Gray law. 'Be sure an' give 'em theirs.'

"So there you be. Th' law gives th' county fairs one-twentieth of th race-track gate for th' season. Quite a bit of dough it makes; something like a quarter of a million! Sure; it rocks th' rural regions to sleep. A dollar goes as far down on th' farm as on th' Bowery, an' th' lad who thinks th' agricultural element hates money's got another guess comin'.

"That's th' way th' thing's ribbed up. Th' pool-rooms denouncin' th' race-tracks, an' th' race-tracks soakin' it to th' pool-rooms, an' th' police runnin' about between th' lines with a sandbag. Meanwhile, horse-racin' never was so pop'lar, an' wherever you turn your eyes there you see cashiers an' clerks an' messenger-boys, robbin' an' forgin' an' embezzlin', to get th' cash to play th' ponies. Now an' then, when some hopeless party, broke an' up ag'inst it, can't see nothin' for it but Sing Sing an' th' lock-step, he springs a gat an' blows his brains out.

"All this goes on for five, ten, fifteen years, an' finally th' moral element begins to notice it. Also, Gov'nor Hughes notices they notice it. It's right here th' crusade spirit of th' community begins to prance. Th' spot-light is made ready, an' th' voice of th' reformer is heard in th' land. Th' crusade shapes up so that Gov'nor Hughes gives th' legislature th' office to repeal th' Percy-Gray law, which, to th' race-track crooks, has been as th' shadow of a great rock in a weary land, an' make bettin' a crime inside a race-track fence th' same as out.

"With that th' millionaire track-owners packs their grips an' points for Albany."

"D'yez belave they took anny av th' long green along, Kell?" interrupted Old Timmy.

"It's to be supposed they didn't overlook a single argument in their favor. Bein' in Albany, th' race-track crowd goes to a quick clinch with crusader Hughes.

"'Racin' improves th' breed of horses,' says they.

"'It improves th' breed of scoundrels,' says crusader Hughes.

"'It's healthy,' says they.

"'You don't look it,' says he.

"'New York ain't no country village,' says they.

"'Th' crim'nal records show as much,' says he.

"'There was racin' on Hempstead Plains in 1688,' says they.

"'There was a pillory, a whippin'-post an' a gibbet at th' head of Broad Street in 1688,' says he, 'to say nothin' of a duckin' stool, down at th' Battery water-front, workin' double turn, sousin' loquacious dames who'd been gettin' too gay at church sociables an' mothers' meetin's,' says he; 'an' if we're goin' back to th' seventeenth cenchurry, let's go back for th' limit—go back for th' whole box of tricks,' says he.

"'You'll never abolish racin', take it from us!' says they.

"'I'll land th' racin' evil astride th' ridge-pole of th' capitol roof,' says he, 'an' make it think that every shingle's a jew's-harp. Either that, or Taffy wasn't a Welshman!' says he.

"They go to a show-down in th' Senate, virtue versus vice, crusader Hughes ag'inst th' race-tracks, an' they break even. Th' result's a stand-off a dog-fall twenty-five an' twenty-five.

"It's then th' Gov'nor raps for an extra session."

"An' d'yez think that extra session's a cunnin' move, Kell?"

"Th' Gov'nor had to call it. You see, a gov'nor's so much like a copper that when he starts anything he can't quit. He's got to go through. A cop may wish he hadn't collared some young husky who's givin'

Money Earning In Vacation

Last summer several thousand young men and young women, free from school and college duties, devoted their leisure hours to earning money through an offer made by The Curtis Publishing Company. Instead of loafing away the time they acted as subscription representatives for The Saturday Evening Post and The Ladies' Home Journal, gaining a business education and earning money under mighty pleasant conditions. Some worked among their friends and neighbors, others worked among strangers, thereby taking pleasant trips which would otherwise have been impossible.

Most of these young people will this summer repeat their experience of a year ago, but they will earn more money than they did then, for the pay is larger. The same opportunity is open to you. It is simply this:

If you will give either all or a part of your time to the work of representing The Saturday Evening Post and The Ladies' Home Journal—looking after renewals and sending new orders—we will pay you a weekly salary and an extra commission on each order. We require no guarantee as to the amount of business to be sent and there is no expense to you. Just ask for information; everything necessary will be sent.

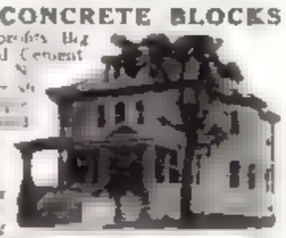
Circulation Bureau
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, perspiring, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.
"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."
FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.

Life of Robert Fulton
Published by
FULTON TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK
30 Nassau Street, New York City
Copies free on application

Chicago Beach Hotel
American or European Plan
Finest Hotel on the Great Lakes
An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—ten minutes' ride from city, close to great South Park System. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the variety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Nearly 1000 feet of veranda overlooking Lake Michigan beach. For handsomely illustrated booklet address Manager
51st Blvd. and Lake Shore, Chicago

MAKE YOUR OWN CONCRETE BLOCKS
Save dealers' and manufacturers' profits. Big saving in cost. Sand, Portland Cement and water only is [illegible] required. No [illegible] necessary. We furnish complete [illegible] and a system [illegible] rapid outfit for $33.25 and up. Buildings erected are handsome [illegible] fireproof, [illegible] proof and [illegible] quarter whether painting [illegible] Thousands [illegible] own [illegible] at [illegible] gain. Catalogue and [illegible] free.



THE PETTYJOHN CO., 866 N. 6th St., Terre Haute, Ind.

TYPEWRITERS AT SAVING OF 50%
All makes — good as new — biggest bargains ever offered. Machines shipped on approval for trial. We rent all makes at $1 per month and allow rent on price. 980 Smith Premiers, Extra Special. Remingtons $20 to $60. Olivers $35 to $50. Others $15 to $30. Send for Catalog and Bargain List.
Rockwell-Barnes Co., 1717 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago

INCENSO
THE HYGIENIC DEODORIZING INCENSE

This Burner FREE

Should be burned in every home in America every day in the year. Its pungent, spicy fumes will reach the most remote corners and destroy every germ and odor, purify the air and leave a pleasing perfume in the room for several hours after burning.
Incenso destroys the odors of cooking and tobacco smoke, sick-room and toilet-room odors, and takes the place of moth balls in the closets. Introductory Offer. If you have never used Incenso, we will send you this beautiful bronze burner and a generous free sample for your druggist's name. Send 10c for packing and postage. The INCENSO CO., 415 Fifth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Examine FREE the Indispensable New PARSONS

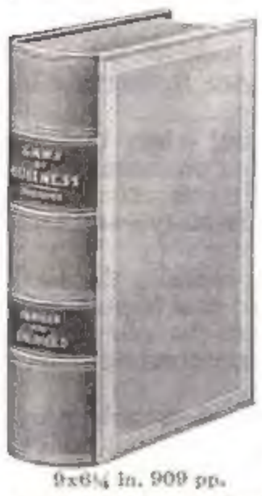
The foremost of money-savers in telling one what not to do.

The Famous Legal Standard

PARSONS'

LAWS OF BUSINESS

The invaluable companion of every one *in* business, every one who *does* business, every one needing knowledge *about* business; every one who holds property or wishes to hold it; that is, all the world.



9x6¼ in. 909 pp.

Over 220,000 Sold of former editions. *Whether or not you have one,* **You cannot afford not to own The New Greatly Enriched 1908 Edition.**

With up-to-date chapters on Employers' Liability; Powers and Liabilities of Stockholders, Officers and Directors of Corporations; Food and Drug Law; New Trade-Mark Law, Bailment, etc. Also a Full Glossary of Law Terms.

It treats also of rights and duties under Contracts, Sales, Notes, Agency, Agreement, Consideration, Limitations, Leases, Partnership, Executors, Interest, Insurance, Collections, Bonds, Receipts, Patents, Deeds, Mortgages, Liens, Assignments, Minors, Married Women, Arbitration, Guardians, Wills and much besides.

Up-to-Date 1908—The book contains also abstracts of **All State Laws** relating to Collection of Debts, Interest, Usury, Deeds, Holidays, Days of Grace, Limitations, Liens, etc. Likewise nearly **300 Approved Forms** for Contracts of all kinds, Assignments, Guaranty, Powers of Attorney, Wills, etc. Sent by prepaid express, on examination for twenty days. If what we claim, remit $3.50 in payment; if not wanted, notify us and we will send stamps for return.

Mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The S. S. Scranton Co., Hartford, Conn.

Save 25¢

by buying the Penn Revolving Rubber Heel. An improvement on all others, because, in revolving, it wears evenly over the entire surface. **Price 25c a pair.** If dealer won't supply you, we will.

Trace outline of heel on paper and mail with price. (Agents wanted.)

PENN REVOLVING RUBBER HEEL CO., Philadelphia

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

allowed on every bicycle we sell. We **Ship on Approval** and trial to anyone in U. S. and *prepay the freight.* If you are not satisfied with bicycle after using it ten days *don't pay a cent.*

Factory Prices *Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price* until you receive our latest **Art Catalogs** of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn *our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers.*

It Only Costs a cent to write a postal and everything will be sent you **FREE** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do Not Wait**; write it **Now!**

Tires, Coaster Brakes, single wheels, parts, repairs and sundries at *half usual prices.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. F-55, Chicago

SOLD ON **EASY PAYMENTS**

The Postal Typewriter

This magnificent, high grade, **visible** typewriter does every kind of work. Takes 9½ in. paper. Has Universal Keyboard; Interchangeable Types. Been on market over five years.

Three models: $30, $35, $50

Agents Wanted

Postal Typewriter Co., Dept. F Norwalk, Conn.

Wheel Chairs

A Wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort. We offer over 75 styles of these easy, self-propelling and Invalid's Rolling Chairs, with latest improvements. **Ship direct from factory to you, freight prepaid,** and sell on **THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.** Liberal Discounts to all sending for free Catalogue NOW.

GORDON MFG. CO.
998 Madison Ave., TOLEDO, O.

AGENTS

There's big money in selling our wonderful **Seven Piece Kitchen Set** Send for sworn statement $12 daily profit. Experience unnecessary. Outfit free. **Thomas Mfg. Co., 7818 N St., Dayton, O.**

Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

him a stiff battle; but that don't let him out. Once he's put his hand on him, it's up to him to land him on face charges. A gov'nor out crusadin' is in much th' same boat."

"Phwat's goin' to be th' finish?"

"You can search me! To win, th' gov'nor's got to have backin'. An' at your age, you don't have to be told, 'Timmy, that no end of these crusaders ain't on th' level. They believe they are, but they ain't. They feel moral, when it's merely dyspepsia; they think they're virtuous, when they're only sick.

"Also, there's differences to consider. Virtue's a sprinter; for th' first one hundred yards it makes vice look like a crab. But vice is a stayer; in such events as a Marathon it shows strong. Virtue likes a rockin' chair; vice puts in most of its time on its feet. Virtue belongs to th' union; it's for th' eight-hour day, with holidays an' Saturday afternoons off. Vice is always willin' to break th' wage schedule, work overtime, an' do anything else to oblige. Virtue wants two months off in th' summer; vice never asked for a vacation since th' world began.

"It's th' old story of th' hare an' th' tortoise, an' Mr. Rabbit's got to watch his corners or he'll get th' flag. It's morals in a war with money. There's easy millions in th' racin' game; an' unless, from th' standpoint of virtue, all hands an' th' cook goes back of th' gov'nor, that reformer'll find himself runnin' for th' end book.

"Not that I'd be understood as knockin' indiscrim'nately all them that's took th' racin' end. I've a heap of sympathy for sinners. Some of 'em ain't so bad. There's thieves who take home every dollar they steal, an' never think of holdin' out, while very honest men spend their days double-crossin' their wives on th' money question. Sinners are not without their uses. Every time you locate an angel here on earth you'll find some son of darkness sweatin' an' frettin' an' toilin' day an' night to support her."

"Annyhow," observed Old Timmy with a flash of interest, "they got a roar out of Croker over in Ireland. Th' ould la-a-ad's for racin'; an' for a quiet Pris'dent."

"Th' old Boss is in Wall Street; also he's in racin'. Ownin' race-horses, he's for th' race-tracks. Bein' in stocks, th' panic put a crimp in his bundle, an' so he goes shoutin' for a quiet President, an' joins th' Let Us Alone Club."

"How much d'yez figger he cleaned up, Kell, whin he med his get-away six years ago?"

"Without comin' down to bookkeepin'," returned Big Kelly carelessly, "my understandin' is that, by havin' th' whole wad changed into one-thousand-dollar bills, he was able to get it down to th' dock on a dray."

CATNIP BALL

(Pat'd) a toy for cats—they can't let it alone; ridiculously amusing; positively beneficial; will last for years. Price **10 Cents,** together with package of catnip and other herbs beneficial to cats.

10 cents postpaid.

For sale by department, sporting goods, drug and bird-stores, and newsstands, or mailed by us on receipt of price.

National Cat Supplies Co. 1308 S. Liverpool St. East Boston, Mass.

Dealers write for prices.

Allen's Kushion Komfort Shoe

For Men and Women

Its Style, Shape; Resilient Cork Inner Sole; Felt Cushion Center Sole; Damp-proof Outer Sole; Cushion Rubber Heel, make it the most attractive and comfortable shoe ever offered to the public. If you are not wearing this shoe **Try a Pair.** Write us for catalogue.

Agents Wanted An exceptional opportunity for active agents, either men or women, to handle this **Quick Seller.** Write at once for terms to

Kushion Komfort Shoe Co., 11 R South St., Boston, Mass.

6%

Deposits with this bank on our Certificate plan draw interest at the rate of six per cent. Capital $100,000.00. Please write for booklet "S."

FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONT.

Printers, Engineers, Mechanics and Workmen

Wanted to Represent **VANCO HAND SOAP** in shops where they work. $25.00 to $40.00 per month has been made on the side. You can work up a profitable independent business. Send 10c for full size can and particulars. **The J. T. Robertson Co., Box 8, Manchester, Conn.**

IN THE STUD

Desert Bred Horses, imported direct from the Anezeh Bedouins. **HALED,**—Winner of Justina Morgan Cup, and fifteen representative stallions of the other favorite strains. Address, **Davenport Desert Arabian Stud, Hingham, Mass., or Morris Plains, N. J.**

Going to Stay in the City this Summer?

Then keep cool—do not feel that your home must be hot and stuffy. It will be surprisingly refreshing and comfortable, if you have

"THE STANDARD"

Special Model Nine Inch **ELECTRIC FAN**

Price $9.00

This fan is just right for home use. It is light and easy to move about, yet highly efficient, and serves admirably every purpose of the heavier, more clumsy fan. Its cost is so slight that you will not feel it, as it actually requires only about one-half the current consumed by an ordinary 16 c. p. lamp.

"The Standard" line includes fans for every requirement in either **direct or alternating current,** and every model carries our guarantee of perfection in both material and workmanship.

Stocks of fans are carried by dealers in all principal cities. If your dealer has not these fans on hand, send your orders to our factory or nearest branch below, and prompt shipment will be made. Write to-day for our special fan booklet "S."

New York, 146 Chambers St.; Philadelphia, 1109 Arch St.; Chicago, 48 W. Jackson Boulevard; Dallas, 204 Live Oak St.; Cleveland, W. E. Horning, 307 Frankfort Ave., N. W.; New Orleans, E. J. Stewart, 216 Bourbon St.; St. Louis, E. C. Van Nort Electric Co., Locust and 11th Sts.; Kansas City, E-R Electric & Telephone Mfg. Co.

The Robbins & Myers Co., Main Office and Factory **SPRINGFIELD, OHIO**

We also make motors in all sizes and for every requirement. Our special illustrated booklet on this subject is ready to mail.

Saves Money

for fruit growers, farmers, dairymen, stock breeders, poultry raisers, florists, gardeners, tobacco planters, cigar manufacturers, and all others who have use for a Sprayer.

The "Climax" On legs $10.50 On Bbl. $13.55 Including hose, etc.

Dayton Sprayers and Whitewashers

the best and simplest, do not get out of order, easy to operate and always ready for use. For whitewashing buildings or factories the saving in labor alone pays for a Sprayer in one or two coatings.

Prices $1 to $150.

Write for Catalog and our Liberal Trial Offer.

The "Progress" 12 gal.—$21.00 20 gal.—$30.00 Including hose, etc.

Dayton Supply Company
Dept. L, Dayton, Ohio

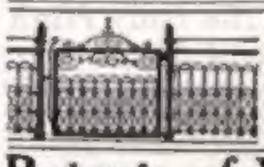
$33 Profit in one day

made by a man who earned $1174 in 111 days. Ask for proof. Book free.

$30 Automatic Photo Button Machine $30

Outfit includes 12 inch Wonder Cannon Photo Button Machine, 1000 plates, 1 gross gilt frames, tripod and 2 sets of developing powders (enough for one month's work). Everything necessary to start a highly profitable business. Camera takes, develops and finishes photo button in 30 seconds ready to wear. No experience required. Can be set up in 30 seconds ready to operate. A big money maker at fairs, carnivals, picnics, celebrations or political rallies. Sent C. O. D. upon receipt of $5.00.

Schnadig Sales Agency, 171 Dearborn Street, Chicago.



IRON AND WIRE FENCES

Plain and heavy, also light and ornamental. Wire or Iron Fences. **Highest grade at lowest prices.** Write for catalog. FREE.

Enterprise Foundry & Fence Co.
264 S. Senate Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Patents of Value

Secured by Patent Experts

Skilful and conscientious services. Pamphlet free.

E. T. & J. F. BRANDENBURG, Washington, D. C.

The Nickeled Box Hinged Top

To do one thing is to do that well

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

is the product of seventy years of specializing upon Shaving Soaps.

Mailed by us postpaid on receipt of 25c., if your druggist fails to supply you. Trial size (enough for 50 shaves) sent postpaid for 4c. in stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.

SOUPS STEWS and HASHES

are rendered much more tasty and appetizing by the use of

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a rare relish for Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, Cheese, etc.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N.Y.

Pens for All Purposes

Perhaps you're an artist, or an engrosser, a bookkeeper, a student, or just an ordinary letter writer—there's a

SPENCERIAN STEEL PEN

for you. Points are delicately adjusted and smoothly ground. A sample card of 12 different patterns sent for 6 cents postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 347 Broadway, New York.

Business Book Free!

Simply send us a postal, and receive free our illustrated, 9,000-word Business Booklet, which tells how priceless business experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 successful men, may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, yours to increase your profits. Sending for this free Booklet binds you to nothing, involves no obligation; yet it may be the means of starting you on the road to better things. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Send to

SYSTEM, Dept. 26, 151-157 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Get Over 20 Facts On the Only High Wheel Motor Car

The only durable motor car in high wheel form, low first cost, cheapest to keep—handsomest—solid rubber tires—greatest power on hills or mud—easiest and simplest to run—perfectly safe—absolutely guaranteed at Direct from Factory price for a

Pontiac Motor Car

No gears—double-side chain—friction drive—most reliable to steer, stop or start—any speed to 35 miles per hour. Just write for special price. BOOK FREE.

Pontiac Motor Vehicle Co., 106 Franklin St., Pontiac, Mich.

We Sell First Mortgage Railroad Bonds on Easy Monthly Payments

THE BONDS are in denominations of $100. We sell them for $96—$16 down and $10 a month, or $92 for cash. They pay 5% on $100, 5.21¢ on $96, or 5.43¢ on $92. Interest payable semi-annually. Send for free booklet "The Earning Power of Money," containing full particulars regarding these bonds.

HOME SECURITIES COMPANY

Oakland, California

631-632-633 First National Bank Building.

6%

PROFIT AND SAFETY

Don't speculate with your money—You can't afford to.

Certificates of Deposit

bearing 6 per cent. interest and guaranteed by abundant real estate security, offer a sound, conservative, profitable investment. Write for the booklet.

Calvert Mortgage and Deposit Company
Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

THE CARE OF GEMS

(Concluded from Page 5)

change, but if the same pearls had been hidden away from light and air for even twenty years it is quite possible that they would have grown dull and dark if in contact with woolen materials.

Enamels of all kinds are essentially some form of glass, containing compounds of lead, iron or other metals, to impart color. They are not affected by alcohol or ammonia, and can be made as fresh as new by either of these applications, as described at first for diamonds. Enamel should be thoroughly dried after the washing.

Opals should never be put into hot water, or exposed to any considerable degree of heat, or they will lose their fire, and may even crack. They require to be repolished at intervals to preserve their fire and brilliancy. It is well to remember that the opal is very brittle and that a sharp knock may be sufficient to ruin a fine specimen of this gem. Dilute alcohol or ammonia applied with a soft cloth will cleanse them. Opals are sometimes improved by putting them for a time in clean, cold water, as the iridescent coloring is partly due to water in the fissures in the stone.

Warm water and a linen cloth will clean amber, which needs to be guarded from heat or extreme cold, as, in any case, it is liable to crack in process of time.

It should be borne in mind that many precious stones are liable to injury if subjected to rough usage, and jewelers exercise great care in setting them on this account. There is, indeed, a great difference in the fragility of precious stones. Despite its well-known hardness, the diamond, because of its perfect cleavage, may cleave if dropped on stone or metal, while the corundum gems (rubies and sapphires) have less cleavage and are not so easily damaged in that way. The emerald is much more sensitive, because it is not only less hard than the ruby and sapphire, but is more brittle.

As a general rule it is wise to remove rings when washing the hands, especially those containing pearls or turquoises, for the reasons already indicated, and also on account of chemicals that may be present in soaps; and the same precaution should be observed in applying perfumes to the hands, as they all contain more or less alcohol with essential oils. But also use great care in laying the rings each on a place of its own, not allowing the gems to rub; for if you do, the diamonds will scratch all the other gems if they only slightly touch them.

For a plain, polished gold surface, clean first with ammonia or alcohol; then rub vigorously with a piece of chamois which has been rouged. Jewelers' rouge is made of hematite (red oxide of iron) ground to an impalpable powder. When this is rubbed on with cloth or chamois, as it is slightly harder than the gold, it produces a bright, lustrous surface. It should be washed off with Castile soap and water and the ornaments placed in warm jewelers' sawdust. The rouge is often applied with a burnisher or stick, or upon the face of a nail-polisher.

Gold chains composed of close links wherein dirt and dust are apt to accumulate should be placed in a dish half filled with warm soapsuds to which a small quantity of chalk has been added. They may remain in the dish for half an hour. The chains must next be rinsed in warm, then in cold water and thoroughly dried. Plain-plaited gold or antique snake rings may be cleaned in the same way.

In cleaning rings especial attention should be paid to removing the accumulation of dust that gathers around the points of the setting which hold the gem in place. No metal object should be employed for this purpose, and the dust should be very carefully removed, preferably with a small piece of wood, such as a toothpick.

There remains, further, the matter of security. For this the setting of gems should be examined occasionally by a reliable jeweler, although it may last for many years. Modern diamond-setting is both delicate and very strong, yet the wearing away, the tearing open of, and catching one or two of the slender points that hold the stone in a ring or pin may cause, in time, the loss of a fine gem.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Doctor Kuns, who for many years has been one of the world's leading experts in pearls and precious stones and their use in jewelry. The second article will explain the etiquette of gems.

The Great Truth

Back of our Inability to Build Enough Elmore Cars to Supply the Demand:

3 Cylinder ELMORE $1750.00

Elmore VALVELESS 2 CYCLE

4 Cylinder ELMORE $2500.00

We have no more Elmore cars to sell; and therefore no more Elmore cars to advertise.

But the fact that we have no more Elmore cars to sell is in itself worthy of advertisement.

It is more than that, indeed—it is momentous, because it records the triumph of a principle.

We notified our agents early in April that no more orders for Elmore cars would be accepted.

Had we decreased the 1908 output, or even built the normal number—the announcement would have carried no special significance.

The truth was, however, that ours was the only factory in America to increase its output over 1907.

Our agents knew this and when the announcement came that no more orders could be accepted, it was received at first almost with incredulity—and then with consternation.

Our only reason for emphasizing the facts now is that they are of vital importance, not to this factory or to our agents alone, but to every automobile buyer in the United States.

This extraordinary demand—utterly unaffected by industrial conditions in the automobile trade—is directly due to the fact that the valveless-two-cycle principle of the Elmore car has secured such a hold on popular favor that nothing less perfect can ever take its place.

That is why we emphasize existing conditions. Not to help Elmore agents to sell cars, because they could sell many more than we could supply; but to induce you to inform yourself for your own future advantage concerning the Elmore valveless two-cycle idea.

THE ELMORE MFG. CO., 704 Amanda Street, CLYDE, OHIO

MEMBERS A. L. A. M.

Sectional Bookcases

The Lundstrom Sectional Bookcases are made for and universally used in the finest homes and offices throughout the country.

Artistic appearance, solidity of construction, with latest practical improvements, combine to make them the leading Sectional Bookcases.

Rigid economy, acquired by the manufacture of a single product in large quantities, combined with our modern methods of selling direct to the user, enable us to offer a superior article at a considerable saving in cost to the purchaser.

ON APPROVAL FREIGHT PAID **$1.00** PER SECTION AND UP

Send for our latest Catalogue No. 25 in which we illustrate the different grades from neatly finished Solid Oak to the highly polished Solid Mahogany cases for the more elaborate library.

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. COMPANY, LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets. New York Office—Flatiron Bldg.

Ask Your Dealer for the Only Cool and Comfortable Summer Shoe **E. C. Skuffer Sandal**

Made in 30 Different Styles. Suitable for Men, Women and Children

When you wear E. C. Skuffers, you have foot comfort, no bodily ills from the feet, such as close, unventilated shoes cause in hot weather. Skuffers give the feet proper protection and perfect ventilation. On the warmest day the feet are cool and comfortable. Sandals will relieve many a foot ill. Made of the best material with most careful construction over the most hygienic lasts.

We will ship any size to any address in the United States, shipment prepaid, upon receipt of **$1.00** per pair for children's sizes 4-8; **$1.25** sizes 9-11; **$1.50** sizes 12-2; boys' and women's larger sizes 3-5, **$2.00**; men's 6-10, **$2.50** per pair. Send also name of your dealer.

Engel-Cone Shoe Co., East Boston, Mass.

Send for our free book on the Care of Feet

Weedless Wheel
Weedless Rudder

Free

Send now for handsomest Boat and Engine catalog ever issued.

Don't Think of Buying Any Launch Until You Write for Free Boat Book

Only $99 For this Complete 16-ft. Launch and 2-H. P. Engine

Write and Investigate Before Buying Any Launch

For a limited time we offer to ship you, *on approval*, for $99.00 this graceful, substantial, ready-to-launch Motor-Boat—an ideal craft for Fishing, Hunting and Pleasure Boating. Safe for family and children.

This Launch (the result of 30 years' successful experience in boat building) is a scientific compromise of the auto-boat and flat-bottom boat. Has sufficient dead rise to prevent tipping and wabbling when you stand up in it. Seating capacity for 6; 16 feet long, 42-inch beam, solid, 9-16-in. dressed planking; seams and nail indentions rendered permanently smooth and water-tight by our Elastic Seam Composition.

Floor space equal to 18-ft. boat. Can change seats and move about without danger of tipping. Boat is propelled at a speed of 8 to 10 miles per hour by a powerful Gile self-starting, odorless, noiseless, 2-H. P. Engine of the Single Cylinder, 2 Cycle type. Controlled absolutely by one single Lever which starts, stops, reverses, etc. Develops full 2-H. P. at 500 rev. per minute; 3-H. P. at 700 rev.; construction simple, no cams, levers or gears to get out of fix. Guaranteed to give lasting satisfaction. Engines up to 100-H. P. can be purchased separately. **Send your Name on a postal today** for detailed description of this beautiful, ready-to-launch Motor Boat. Investigate before buying any launch. Our special $99.00 Price with *Immediate Shipment Guaranteed* is offered for a limited time only.

C. T. WRIGHT ENGINE COMPANY 1001 SPEED ST., GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN

A Boy's Vacation Money

EVERY BOY needs spending money during vacation. If you will write we will put you in the way of earning it. We helped thousands of boys to earn lots of money last Summer and are again doing the same thing for them now. Instead of dreaming about the good times they would like to have these boys got right down to work, hustled for what they wanted and got it. You can do the same. We want boys in every town to sell

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

No money is required to begin. We furnish the first week's supply free and *the entire proceeds belong to you.* After that you order all you want at the wholesale price, and in addition to the liberal profit made on each copy sold you receive a lot of premiums—just the sort of things that boys most want. These consist of

$300 in cash each month, besides watches, sweaters, rain capes, rubber boots, vacation trips with all expenses paid, Shetland pony outfits, etc.

If you will try it write and we will send next week's supply and everything necessary to start at once, including a booklet showing photographs and describing the methods of some of the most successful boy agents. Don't send any money; we start you at our expense.

The Saturday Evening Post, 625 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Full Enjoyment of Fresh Fruit

The full enjoyment of fresh fruit comes to the person who knows enough to combine it with a food that is properly acted upon by the fruit acids, thereby promoting digestion and preventing stomach discomfort and bowel disorders. The ideal food for this purpose is

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

The shape of the biscuit and the porous nature of the shreds make it peculiarly adapted to combinations with all kinds of acid fruits, in season and out of season.

You do not know "The Joys of June" until you have eaten Shredded Wheat with strawberries and cream. Nothing so wholesome, healthful or nutritious in summer. Try it for dessert in place of soggy white flour short-cake and other pastries. Deliciously palatable and easily digested by the most delicate stomach.

Our new Cook Book is sent free.

Shredded Wheat is made of the choicest white wheat that grows, is cleaned, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the finest and cleanest food factory in the world.

"It's All in the Shreds"

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY

Niagara Falls, N. Y.